The Saturday Evening POST

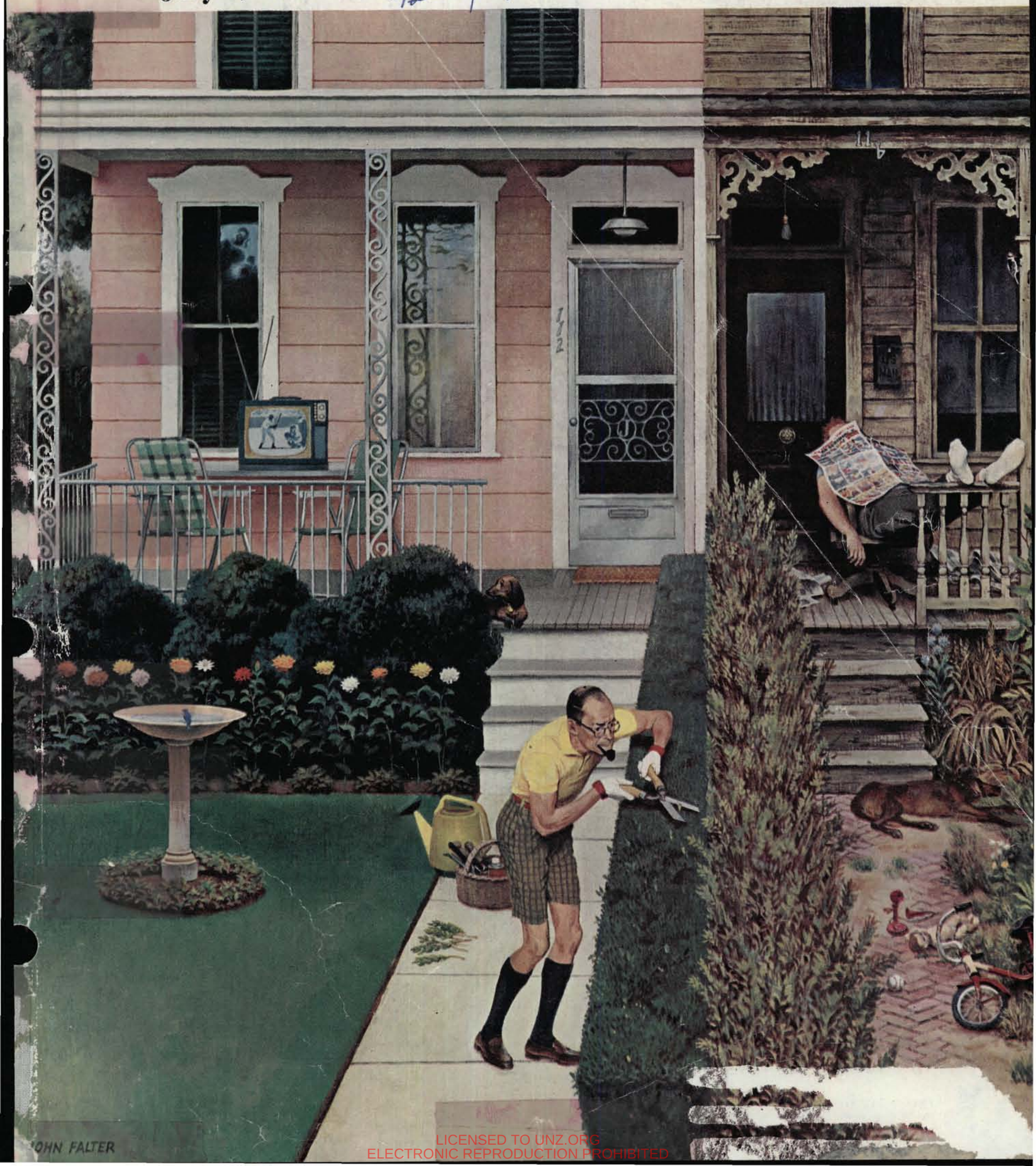
July 1, 1961 – 15¢

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Pasadena, California
40459

Oklahoma

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM TV?

By N.B.C.'s ROBERT W. SARNOFF



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Every two minutes...

...somewhere in the world, a Boeing jetliner departs or arrives

Boeing jetliners can carry you luxuriously to more than 135 cities in the U.S. and 69 other countries. In spanning the oceans and the continents of the globe, Boeing jets have established more speed records (240-plus) than any other airliner. Boeing jetliners are preferred by more airlines and more passengers than any other jet. Next trip, fly Boeing —world's most proved, most popular jetliners.

BOEING Jetliners

LONG-RANGE 707 • MEDIUM-RANGE 720 • SHORT-RANGE 727

These airlines offer Boeing jetliner service: AIR FRANCE • AIR-INDIA • AMERICAN • AVIANCA • B.O.A.C. • BRANIFF • CONTINENTAL • EL AL • IRISH • LUFTHANSA • NORTHWEST • PAKISTAN PAN AMERICAN • QANTAS • SABENA • SOUTH AFRICAN • TWA • UNITED • VARIG *and* WESTERN. *Boeing jets go into service later with:* EASTERN • ETHIOPIAN • GHANA *and* PACIFIC NORTHERN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©1961 VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

Impossible.

A Volkswagen can't boil over.

It's physically impossible.

The reason is absurdly simple: the VW's rear engine is cooled by air, not water.

Since air can't boil, neither can the car.

If you had to, you could drive a VW all day at top speed through a desert. Or edge along in bumper-to-bumper traffic on the hottest day of the year.

You may get all steamed up, but not your Volkswagen.

Chances are you'll appreciate the air-cooled engine even more in winter. Air can't freeze any more than it can boil. So you don't need anti-freeze. (You couldn't put any in a VW even if you wanted to; there's no radiator. And so no hoses to leak. No draining. No flushing. No rust.)

In the past, a few VW owners have been amused to find a perplexed gas station attendant with a bucket of water and no place to put it.

But we've taken care of that in our '61 model. This year, a windshield washer is standard equipment.

It uses water.

Let the man fill it up.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARKETING PUZZLE

WITH A SURE-FIRE SOLUTION

If you're an advertiser and your puzzle is piecing the selectivity and impact of magazines into a regional advertising picture, Ladies' Home Journal's new Regional Edition Marketing Plan provides a sure-fire solution.

Now you can advertise in any one or combination of *seven* regional editions of the Journal.

The price is low—examples: $3,110 buys a full page, black and white, covering all of New England. $3,690 buys the edition covering the five Southwestern states.

Results are measurable—Journal regions closely correspond to standard marketing areas.

And your sales potential is fantastic—Journal readers have 25% more to spend than the average; and one out of every two women spending in top stores everywhere is a Journal reader.

Which is why regional advertisers looking for a bigger piece of the market find the best solution is in a regional piece of Ladies' Home Journal.

WHEN THE JOURNAL SPEAKS—WOMEN LISTEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883–1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor*
William J. Stevens Jr., *Asst. Managing Editor*
John Bird, *Asst. Managing Editor*
Clay Blair Jr., *Asst. Managing Editor*
Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor*
Beverly Smith Jr., *Washington Editor*
Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor*
Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Senior Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Frederic Nelson, Robert Murphy, Wesley Price.

Contributing Editors: Stewart Alsop, *National Affairs;* Arthur W. Baum, *Business;* Demaree Bess, *Foreign;* Ernest O. Hauser, *Foreign;* Harold H. Martin, *Special Assignments;* Harry T. Paxton, *Sports;* Steven M. Spencer, *Science;* John Kobler, *Special Assignments.*

Associate Editors: Marione R. Nickles, Peggy Dowst Redman, Arnold Nicholson, Ashley Halsey Jr., Robert L. Johnson Jr., Merrill Pollack, Richard L. Lehman, Bill Breisky, Peter Wyden, Morton D. Hull, Robert N. Taylor, Irv Goodman, Don A. Schanche, Thomas B. Congdon Jr., Barbara Graybeal Kremer.

Editorial Assistants: William J. Bailey, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Zen Yonkovig, Katharine Britton Mishler, Ursula Mahoney, Jack Haring, Benton R. Patterson, Vivian Croake Ward, Daniel Knapp, Mary Duncan Wright, Dick Pryce, Homer Grosvenor, Davis Thomas, David A. Lyle.

IN THIS ISSUE

July 1, 1961 *Vol. 234, No. 26*

4 Short Stories

Captive Captain . . . . . *John Paul Heffernan* 20
Letter From the Past . . . . . *Gertrude Schweitzer* 24
The Little Store on Bleecker Street . . . . . *Harry Mark Petrakis* 28
The Unwilling Huntress . . . . . *Olaf Ruhen* 31

7 Articles

What Do You Want From TV? . . . *Robert W. Sarnoff, as told to Stanley Frank* 13
Oklahoma: The State That Struck it Rich . . . . . *Arthur W. Baum* 18
The Face of America: White Water Parade . . . *Photographs by Jack Fields* 22
L.A.'s Fiery Strike-Out Artist . . . . . *Melvin Durslag* 25
My Life in the Httdock Country . . . . . *John M. Gray* 26
How To Be Really Clean . . . . . *Joe Alex Morris* 30
Adventures of the Mind: Goal for Americans . . . *Howard Mumford Jones* 32

2 Serials

A Town Named Hate (First of two parts) . . . . . *John Prebble* 16
Passage to Danger (Second of six parts) . . . . . *Edwin Lanham* 37

Other Features

Letters 5
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 34
Verse . . . 44, 50, 55, 65, 76
Hazel 78
Keeping Posted 80

THE COVER

John Falter's cover shows us that twin homes, like twin humans, usually dress differently as they get on in years. At the residence on our right we find a reclining retriever at the foot of the steps and an irretrievable recliner at the top of the steps, in an office chair. We deduce that both Red and his neighbor, Mr. Jones, seek relaxation in activities which provide a change of pace from their workaday pursuits. Red is a handyman who likes to assume the posture of an executive, and Mr. Jones is an executive who enjoys playing handyman. Red has no desire to keep up with the Joneses, for he has observed a danger of overgrooming: Red's head of hair is a jungle, but it flourishes; whereas Mr. Jones's hair seems to have been combed and plastered to within a couple of inches of its life.

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1961 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. Issued weekly with the two year-end issues combined. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $5.95; longer terms $4.00 each additional year. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $10.95. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; E. Huber Ulrich, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Ford F. Robinson, Sr. Vice Pres. and Manager, Business Department; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.
Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

What a difference...

Alka-Seltzer®
BRAND

can make in the way you feel

When you want fast, comforting Relief of a Headache, Acid-Indigestion, Muscular Aches and Pains, Simple Neuralgia or that Ache-all-over feeling of a COLD—try ALKA-SELTZER! It's remarkable how ONE preparation can provide relief in any or all of these discomforts so pleasantly—so fast!

AND WHAT IS *MORE*—when you have a headache and an unsettled stomach both at the same time—take ALKA-SELTZER! The analgesic (pain-reliever) eases the pain of an aching head while the alkalizing agent reduces excess gastric acidity and helps you feel better in a hurry.

Get a package of pleasant-tasting, effervescent ALKA-SELTZER. Keep it handy. You never know how soon you may want it!

MILES PRODUCTS
Division of Miles Laboratories, Inc.
Elkhart, Indiana

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATLAS®
TIRES · BATTERIES
ACCESSORIES

When the choice is yours

The **ATLAS** Plycron Cushionaire* Tire
tested and proven for all-purpose driving.

1. **WITH ATLAS TIRES,** you can drive at highway speeds with greater safety. Long mileage is another plus with tires built to Atlas high standards.

2. **STOP WITH EXTRA SAFETY** on wet or dry roads. Atlas Tires pass rigid tract tests on surfaces far more slippery than you'll find.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

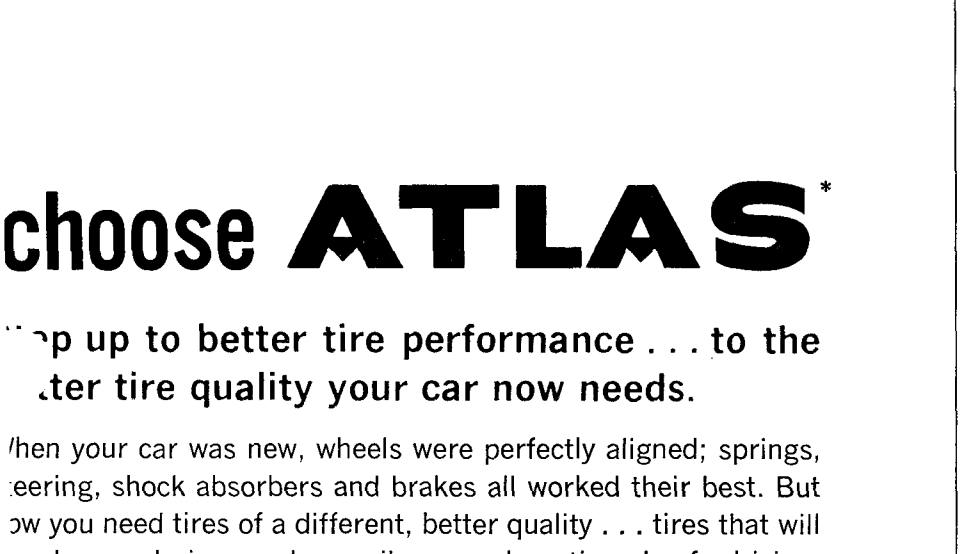
choose ATLAS*

...p up to better tire performance . . . to the ...ter tire quality your car now needs.

When your car was new, wheels were perfectly aligned; springs, steering, shock absorbers and brakes all worked their best. But now you need tires of a different, better quality . . . tires that will stand up and give you long mileage and continued safe driving. Atlas Tires are built for this. Atlas is the tire to step up to and pay with yet you pay no more than for ordinary tires.

Sold at more Service Stations than any other tire!

Service station men, who know tires and tire performance, recommend Atlas Tires. 38,000 dealers in all 50 states and Canada sell them. You're never far from Atlas service!



HUNDREDS OF TREAD DESIGNS are tested and compared to determine which one provides best traction and wear under toughest driving conditions.

*Trade-marks "Atlas", "Plycron", "Cushionaire" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. © 1961 Atlas Supply Co., Newark 2, N. J.

Letters

Too Soft? Just Right? Not Tough Enough?

Dear Sirs:

Louisiana is not embarrassed. Louisiana is enraged by... THE EMBARRASSMENT OF LOUISIANA [by Harold H. Martin, May 27]. It is a superb collection of lies, half-truths, innuendoes, insults and sarcastic exaggerations and compliments which could have been written only by a past master of Communistic propaganda for the sole purpose of causing trouble.

MACY O. TEETOR
New Orleans, La.

Dear Sirs:

Louisiana owes *The Post* sincere thanks for its recent coverage. It is the only nationwide publication to present a sympathetic voice.

MRS. CHARLES DYE
Barksdale A.F.B., La.

Dear Sirs:

Your whitewash of Louisiana in the current racial dispute is commendable. While you're at it, why not extoll the virtues of Adolf Eichmann?

JOHN T. POULSON, M.D.
Akron, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Your Harold H. Martin is to be censured. . . . The screaming mothers in New Orleans were fighting for what they believed was best for their children. They did not spit on innocent colored children but on trouble makers from outside.

J. MCCARTHY
Dallas, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

As a native Louisianian I was somewhat embarrassed by the author's words, but he gave a true picture of our state, showing both the seamy and the bright sides. . . . My two sons will have to attend an integrated school, I'm sure, but I hope to teach them that just because a classmate is colored doesn't mean he is inferior.

MRS. BOBBIE MOFFATT
New Orleans, La.

How Many Readers Are "Lollipop Addicts"?

Dear Sirs:

I was so alarmed at reading in your May 27 LETTERS section five letters condemning and only one praising your April serial, THE LION AND THE DAGGER, that I feel I must hasten to add my "for." . . .

For a time it seemed to me that *The Post* was occupied entirely with the sappy, happy, boy-meets-girl theme, and for some time I quit reading it at all. Imagine my happy surprise at finding THE LION AND THE DAGGER.

MRS. H. SWEET
Issaquah, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

It seems very true to life to me. . . . Mrs. Jameson has discerned the animality of those who have no basic sense of love and how easily this animality can be directed into channels of hatred and lust.

LOUISE K. STETSON
Chicago, Ill.

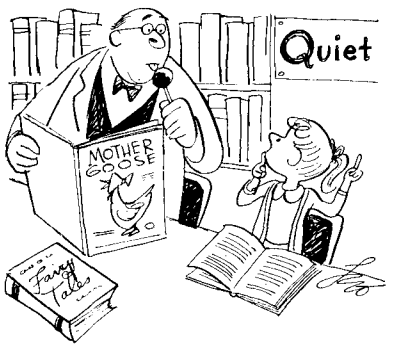
Dear Sirs:

Here are living persons who react as human beings must do, burdened with the handicaps that cling through life. May we hear soon again from Storm Jameson, a master craftsman.

E. JEAN MAGIE
South Gate, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

May I suggest that those lollipop addicts among your readers who thought the novel's realism too honest henceforth



find their literary fare in the children's division of their local library, where I'm sure they'll find lots of lovely little stories filled with sweetness and light.

PHILIP ALLEN
Albany, N.Y.

Help for Binh Hung

Dear Sirs:

Thank God that President Kennedy thought of having *The Post* publish the report on the people of Binh Hung village, South Vietnam [THE REPORT THE PRESIDENT WANTED PUBLISHED, May 20]. It is an inspiring story of magnificent courage.

BOB RAMSEY
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

Where is the justice for the people of Binh Hung village, who live, fight and die every day, year after year, for the freedom that too many Americans take for granted? We are so obsessed with our day-to-day living that we are oblivious to a world of shrinking freedom.

JOHN F. MONROE
Winchester, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

I have read of the fight of the brave people of Binh Hung against the Communist Viet Cong terrorists. If our Government cannot help them, I think it is up to us individual citizens to do something.

PVT. WALTER P. CHASE, *USA*
Fort Knox, Ky.

● *By special arrangement, CARE (New York 16, N.Y.) will convert dollars into food and tools and put them directly into the hands of the Binh Hung villagers. CARE will also forward letters.* —*ED.*

A New Frontier

Dear Sirs:

Let me express my appreciation for the article by E. L. Grant Watson which appeared in your May 27 issue. [ADVENTURES OF THE MIND: THE HIDDEN HEART OF NATURE.]

As a science major in college, I could never bring myself to swallow the Darwin theory whole. On the other hand, despite my orthodox religious background, I

(Continued on next page)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't put shoes on
HOT, ITCHY FEET!

Unless you apply
Absorbine Jr.

. . . with YG-7* — the effective penetrating fungicide for Athlete's Foot

Itching cracks between toes are sure signs of Athlete's Foot—a fungus infection which can burrow deep and become a serious medical problem.

Absorbine Jr. contains penetrating YG-7 (*chloroxylenol)—the fungicide that's absorbed into skin tissues.

Proof that fungi-destroying ingredients of Absorbine Jr. penetrate into skin was revealed in modern radioactive isotope tests.

Warning signs of Athlete's Foot are rawness, peeling, scaling. *Liquid* Absorbine Jr. works instantly to relieve that hot, tormenting itch—fights Athlete's Foot fungi with penetrating YG-7.

NEW Applicator — Convenient Easy • No Waste

Laboratory test-tube experiments prove:
Absorbine Jr. kills 100%
of Athlete's Foot fungi
within 5 minutes after contact

It's America's number one Athlete's Foot relief

Letters

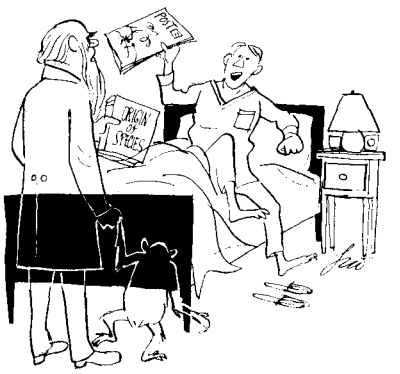
(Continued from Page 5)

could not with complete conscience accept the fundamentalists' idea of creation. Mr. Watson has advanced what is, to me, a most credible theory. I feel that this is the vanguard of a new scientific frontier—the most fascinating and challenging yet. . . . Thank you for publishing this stimulating and provocative essay.

MARY MURPHY
Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

Plaudits! . . . I read Mr. Watson's article to put me to sleep, and got so



excited about the contents I had to get up and get this letter off my chest.

F. S. CARLSON
Gibsonia, Pa.

Can Ivan Read Better Than Johnny?

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for printing CAN IVAN READ BETTER THAN JOHNNY? by Arther S. Trace Jr. [May 27]. Mr. Trace cuts to the heart of the matter. I will be in the eighth grade when school commences again in September, and they will still be feeding us second-grade reading matter. At least that's the way of it in Tennessee. I don't know about the civilized world.

JOE THOMAS STATON (*age 13*)
Milan, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

If I should walk into my classroom and find books such as the ones Mr. Trace depicted Ivan as having, I would feel them a godsend to my students. It is my sincere hope that what Mr. Trace has written . . . will have some great influence upon the authors of readers for primary grades.

DON PULLEN
Fulton, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

He does not consider the possibility that the Russians may be teaching gifted children while leaving the average or slow child behind. . . . American schools do not send nonreaders to the salt mines.

WALTER J. LIDMAN
Long Branch, N.J.

● "*No,*" *says author Trace,* "*we send nonreaders to college instead. Although nearly every Russian child completes eight years of school, Russian schools do neglect the slow child to a degree. American schools neglect all but the slow child.*" —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

You do not take into consideration the relative difficulty of the two languages.

The Russian language is phonetic; once the alphabet is mastered, the student can correctly read any word printed simply by pronouncing each letter. You will agree that this is far from true in English. Each letter of the alphabet has many sounds which cannot, in most cases, be accounted for by the rules. This is one fact which justifies the use of the sight vocabulary method rather than phonics for beginning readers.

DORIS WARD
FRONI BIGGARD
Connecticut College for Women
New London, Conn.

● "*Russian,*" *says Professor Trace,* "*is less phonetic than this letter suggests, and English is a good deal more. Furthermore,*" *he argues,* "*nothing justifies the sight-vocabulary method for beginning readers.*"—*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

My son is now finishing the first grade and is rated by his teacher as being in the top group in his class. Yet he looks at the word "hide" and guesses "stay." Earlier in the school year I was upset to hear him saying "something" when the word was "what." This was explained when I found that these words were memorized at the same time. No attention was paid to the beginning sound or length of the word.

MRS. RICHARD R. ROBINSON
Cocoa, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I look back with disgust on those years of boredom and wasted time when I was forced to read "See funny Dick," when the schools forbade my reading above my prescribed age and grade level, and when I was supposed to flourish on endless hours of after-school playtime instead of an occasional dosage of that forbidden element, homework. Let's start our revision where it's really needed—in the first grade.

SARAH GRANT
Dunbarton, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

The author is to be congratulated for writing so important an article, and you deserve the thanks of the country for publishing it. Probably the situation is not so desperate throughout the entire country. Where schools have libraries and the librarians and teachers are competent and have vision, the children come in touch with great literature. If the child gets no reading except the kind described in the article he will be deprived of the information and inspiration that broad reading can give him. Reading, after all, is the basic tool.

JUDGE FLORENCE E. ALLEN
United States Court of Appeals
Cleveland, Ohio

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

13–Hans Knopf. • 14–C.B.S.; Wide World; C.B.S. • 15–C.B.S.; two from N.B.C. 16, 17–Fred Ludekens. • 18, 19–Gus Pasquarella. • 20, 21–Ken Riley. • 22, 23–Jack Fields. • 24–Robert Jones. • 25–Wide World; Sid Avery; Wide World. • 26–Horace Bristol Jr. • 27–Three by Horace Bristol Jr.; from John M. Gray. • 28, 29–Earl Mayan. 30–George Burns; two by John Burns. • 31–Paul Nonnast. • 33–George Lazarnick. 37–Bernard D'Andrea. • 80–Polyfoto; Mack Millar; cartoon by Jeff Monahan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Salem refreshes your taste —"air-softens" every puff

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Take a puff... it's Springtime! Gray rocks and the fresh green leaves of springtime reflected in a mountain pool... where else can you find air so refreshing? And where else can you find smoke as refreshing as Salem's? Special High Porosity paper "air-softens" every puff. And fine tobaccos make Salem taste rich as well as refreshing. Smoke refreshed... smoke Salem.

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now it's Pepsi-for those who think young

This is today's lively life: going places, doing things, ready for fun even at the end of the day. This is the life for Pepsi—light, bracing, clean-tasting Pepsi. In stores, at fountains, think young. Say "Pepsi, please!"

PEPSI-COLA AND "PEPSI" ARE TRADEMARKS OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY, REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

Farmers Produce Most When They Are Owners

Famine conditions have forced Communist China to arrange to purchase 235,000,000 bushels of wheat and barley—$365,000,000 worth—from Canada. Red China has bought more from Australia. Meanwhile in the U.S.S.R. Khrushchev has been purging bureaucratic and collective-farm officials in an effort to increase lagging food production.

These Communist deficiencies have been blamed on bad weather in China and official shortcomings in Russia. But the basic reason is Communism itself. Marx and Lenin were city-bred men with no understanding of the relationship of man to the land. The system they implanted on the Russian people has failed to produce successful agriculture anywhere it has been tried.

Only countries where men are free to own the land they work can produce enough to feed their people adequately, let alone have a surplus.

This fact has a significance that ought to be better understood. While there were plenty of errors during the period of this country's settlement, we came out of it with most of the land in the hands of independent landowning farmers and ranchmen—the most productive system of land utilization history has known. Those who occupied our land had the opportunity to better themselves by their own efforts, to develop and use their own skills and judgment and to enjoy the satisfaction of personal accomplishment. Because they had these incentives they have been eager to apply scientific research and technological skills to create an increasingly productive agriculture.

The abundant and varied supply of food this system has given us is taken for granted. Because food has always been plentiful here, the food bill has taken relatively less of the American people's spendable income than is the case anywhere else in the world. The balance has been available for investment in the products of industry, the many services we enjoy and the comforts and luxuries that make up our high standard of living. In too many other countries the slim margin of personal income, after food requirements are met, leaves little chance for economic and social improvement.

We do have agricultural surpluses, and they cost us money. But instead of decrying them, we should be thankful that we can produce this extra food supply and try to make a more effective use of it. A surplus of food is one Cold War weapon which the Communists do not have. Moreover, it is going to be an even more important asset in the future. Population experts predict that the next twenty years will confront us with a billion more mouths to feed in a world that does not have enough food for all those who are here now.

It is not too early to begin considering a long-range policy to meet this situation. Two aims should take precedence: One is to conserve our soil resources until their excess productive capacity is needed. The other is to safeguard the independent, individual landowning system that has made American agriculture the most productive in the world.

In Making a Will Be Sure to Consult Your Clairvoyant!

Government, which takes an ever-increasing bite of the citizen's money while he is alive, seems inclined to move further in the direction of dictating how he must dispose of what is left of his assets after his death. An example of this manifestation of progress is a decision by the New Jersey Supreme Court, which ruled that the terms of a man's will could be evaded because they involved "discrimination."

The deceased individual had left a considerable sum to Amherst College to provide scholarships for "deserving American-born, Protestant, gentile boys of good moral repute, not given to gambling, smoking, drinking or similar acts." Amherst declined to accept the money from this eccentric donor on the ground that its charter forbade discrimination; whereupon, heirs of the would-be benefactor demanded that the money be returned to his estate, inasmuch as it could not be handed over to a beneficiary who refused to accept it.

To most people this would seem to be the proper solution, as indeed it appeared to one member of the New Jersey court. The majority, however, reached the conclusion that Amherst could keep the money by the simple expedient of striking out the words "Protestant" and "gentile" from the document. In other words, the terms of a man's will could be carried out by the simple process of doing the opposite of what the document stipulated!

Unless the making of wills is to become a matter of guessing what pressure groups will be on top when the bequests are implemented, it seems to us that an individual should have the right to dispose of his money pretty much as he pleases. If he wants to give scholarships to candidates for rabbinical orders, or to young men who have learned to hold their liquor, or to converted Confucianists, it is ridiculous for a court to declare that the generous one was a wrong thinker and should have bequeathed his money otherwise.

As things are now, a woman like Sophia Smith, who founded Smith College for "the higher education of young women," might find that she had really founded a school for male basketball coaches, thereby ending "sex discrimination." Pious churchmen like those who endowed scholarships at Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut, available to young men preparing for the ministry of the Episcopal Church, might expect to find that their beneficence had been broadened by the addition of a phrase like "or the Shinto faith." Indeed, makers of wills and their advisers have problems that their predecessors never thought of!

Buyer, Seller and Donor: All Win at The Rummage Sale!

By CAROL SPICER

The armory had been rented, and the long-pole racks for the dresses and the men's suits had been borrowed from the fire station and put in place; baby sitters had been engaged by the workers to take care of the children left at home, and husbands had been cajoled into lugging in the boxes laden with the cast-off clothes and toys and china and bird cages and electric toasters and skis and jewelry and tablecloths.

All now in readiness, with the articles displayed on the tables categorically and priced, the doors of the hall are opened, and the people waiting outside surge in. One of our great national institutions—the rummage sale—is in business.

Just as there are good rummage-sale workers—with women boasting the titles of "expert markers" and "fast sorters"—there are good and very good rummage-sale towns. Ours is very good. Every two weeks, at least, a really first-class sale takes place, and several hundred dollars is made for some good cause. Many boys and girls in our town have been sent to college by rummage sales. The kids in the hospital wards have had merry Christmases because of them. The old folks at the County Farm have a TV set and bright new lamps in their lounge.

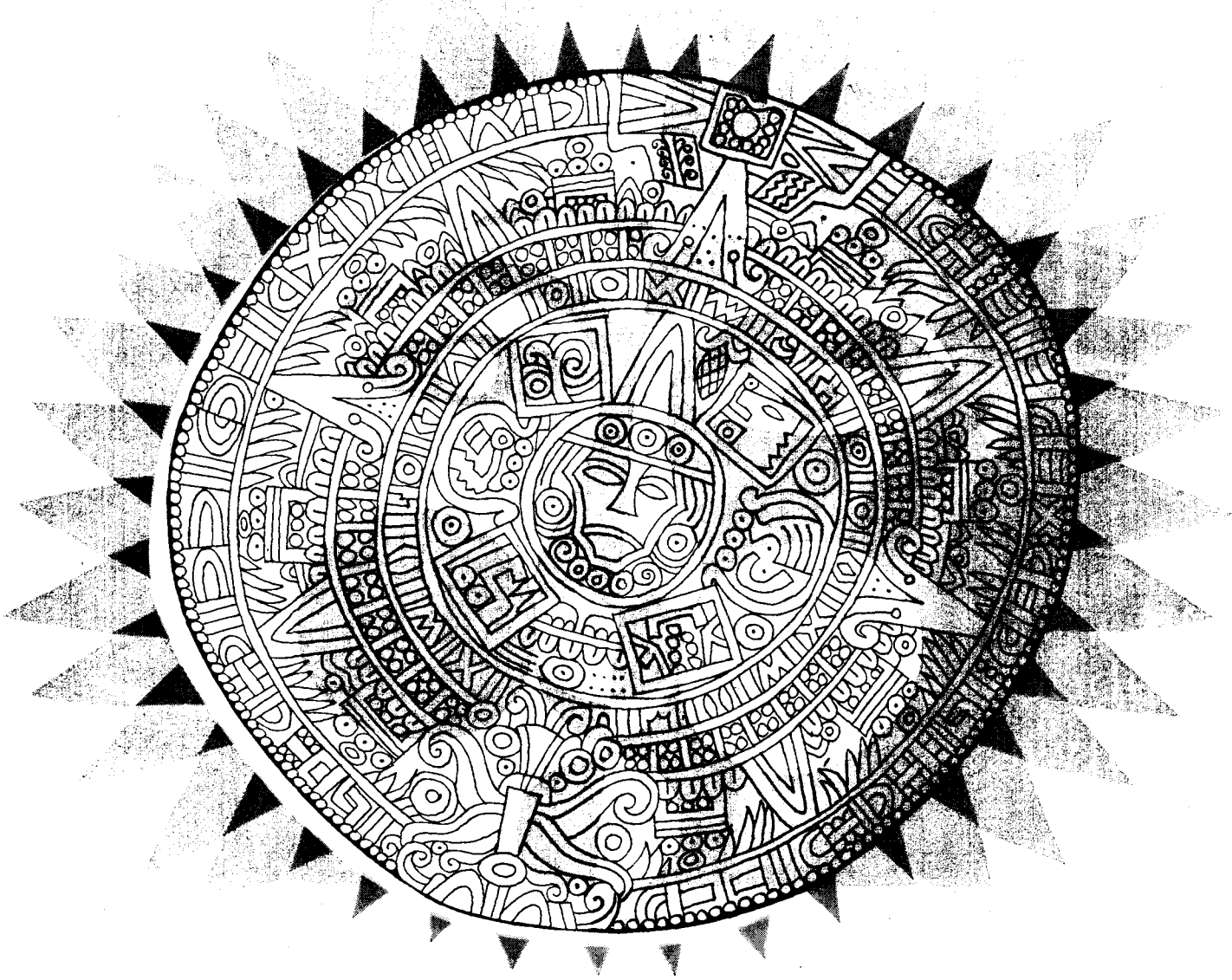
Besides the beneficiaries, others are the happier for rummage sales. The donors have finally got their top shelves cleaned out and the corners of their garages emptied, and they can now fill the cupboards with newer vases and relish dishes, the garage with brand-new fertilizer spreaders and snow shovels—all potential fodder for another rummage sale next year. And the buyers, of course, have their bargains, which may also show up next year.

The rummage sale, along with the equally beneficent bake sale, book sale, greens market and church bazaar, has edged the afternoon tea—unless it's a tea "for the benefit of"—to one side of what used to be called the society page of the local newspapers. Where formerly were recorded the doings of the people on the hill, the women's pages nowadays play up the dentists' wives' bake sale for the benefit of the town's free dental clinic, or the rummage sale at the electric-appliance store put on by the P.T.A. to raise money for municipal swimming pool.

From Texarkana to Fargo, from Sacramento to Falls Church the Society of the white kid gloves and the calling card has changed. It has been metamorphosed into a lower-case society into which a lovely lady sallies, carrying an armload of old books and wearing an apron.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS ILLUSTRATION IS BASED ON THE CALENDAR STONE
OF THE ANCIENT AZTECS OF MEXICO.



How to survive your season in the sun...

TO HELP YOU have a wonderful time during your season in the sun, the following do's and don't's are worth remembering.

Do get your suntan gradually. This summer, many work days will be lost . . . and many vacations spoiled . . . by overexposure to the sun. Never expose more than a few minutes at first. Increase sunning five minutes daily thereafter.

Even if you get tanned, you can still burn if you're unprotected for long periods. Use a protective cream or lotion. Should you get a severe burn with blisters, have your physician treat it.

Do take it easy. If you suddenly plunge into strenuous activities on the first days of summer, you'll probably regret it. Break in gradually . . . that way you'll avoid undue muscular aches and pains and perhaps a strain on your heart. During vigorous physical activity, the heart may have to beat twice as fast and pump twice as much blood as usual.

Pace yourself. Stop when you begin to feel pleasantly tired. If you can't resist the urge to be very active, wait at least until the cooler parts of the day for your workout.

Do be a careful camper. If you plan a camping trip at some far-away place where you'll really "rough it," take along an adequate selection of first aid supplies—plus a few household remedies.

When building a fire outdoors, keep it small, watch it constantly and have pails of water or sand nearby. Never leave a fire until it is out completely.

Don't take chances in the water. Accidental drowning will claim some 3000 lives in our country this summer. Always follow a most important rule of water safety . . . *never swim alone. And when toddlers are around water, watch them constantly.*

Even if you think you're an expert swimmer, be extra careful in strange waters. Waves, breakers and swift currents take more out of you, more quickly, than swimming in placid waters.

Stay out of water during thunder storms. Lightning, water and humans don't mix! Learn rescue breathing as illustrated and explained on Metropolitan's first aid chart offered below.

Don't be a risky boater. Know and obey all the marine "rules of the road." Provide life jackets for every passenger at all times. If possible, stay with any small craft that upsets, and signal for help. Most boats float . . . cling to them.

Keep away from swimmers and go slow when near docks and where the waterways are crowded. Watch the weather. Stay ashore if it's threatening.

Metropolitan Life

INSURANCE COMPANY

A MUTUAL COMPANY

THE LIGHT
THAT
NEVER FAILS

COUPON MAY BE PASTED ON POSTAL CARD

Metropolitan Life (Dept. A),
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.
Please send me the free "*First Aid Chart.*"

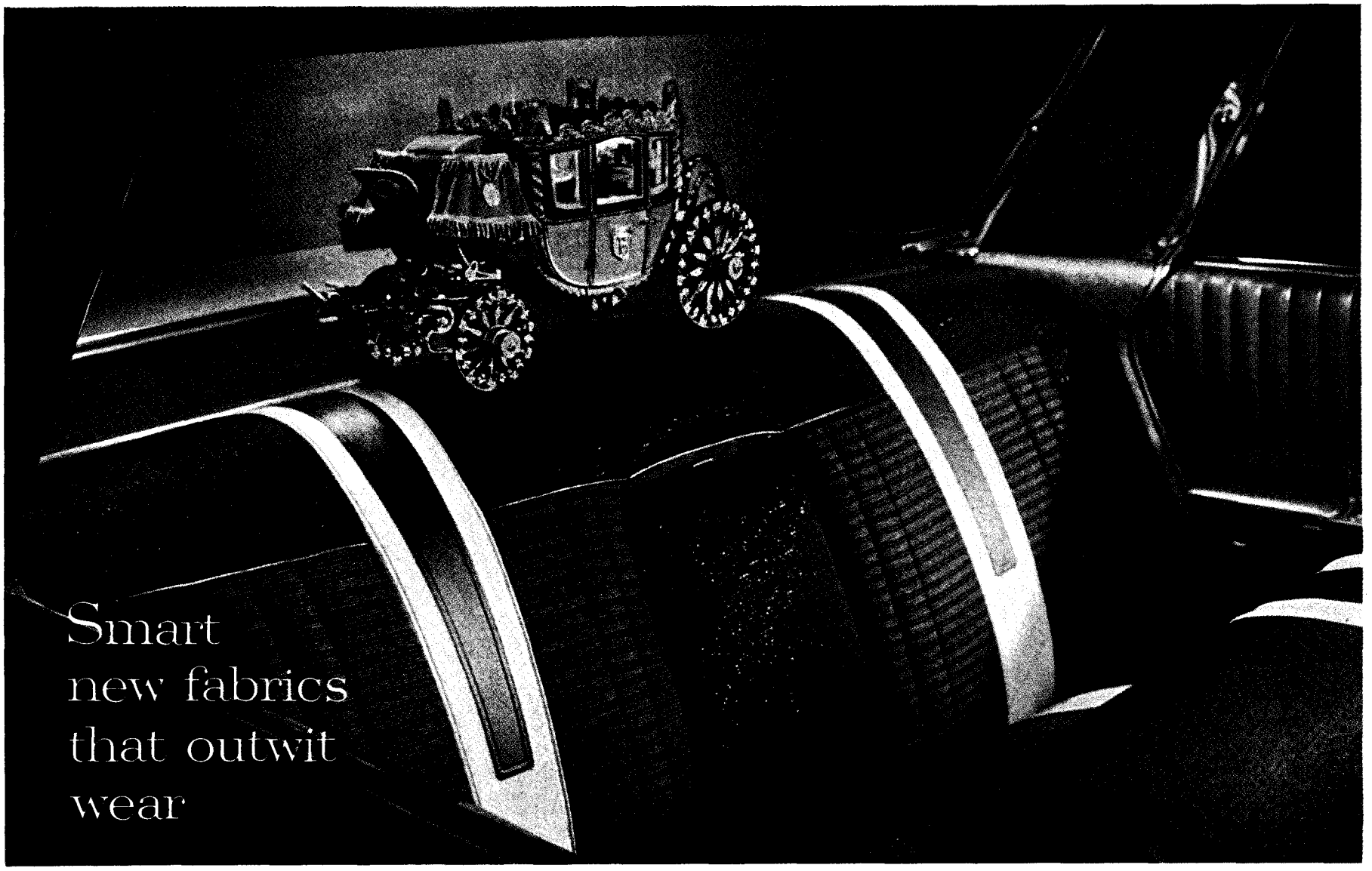
Name_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Street_____

City & Zone_____ State_____

7-61-E

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BODY BY FISHER

makes it a better buy!

1961 Pontiac Bonneville Vista

Childproof, petproof fabrics keep their showroom glamour through years of "rumpus room" treatment. Hardwearing weaves are wedded with heavy-duty vinyls, deep-embossed *dielectrically* for lasting good looks. Add this example of Fisher Body craftsmanship to the many other extras at no extra cost — including Magic-Mirror Finish, Year-Round Ventilation and Sound Barrier Silencing—and you'll see why you get more for your money and more to enjoy when you buy Body by Fisher.

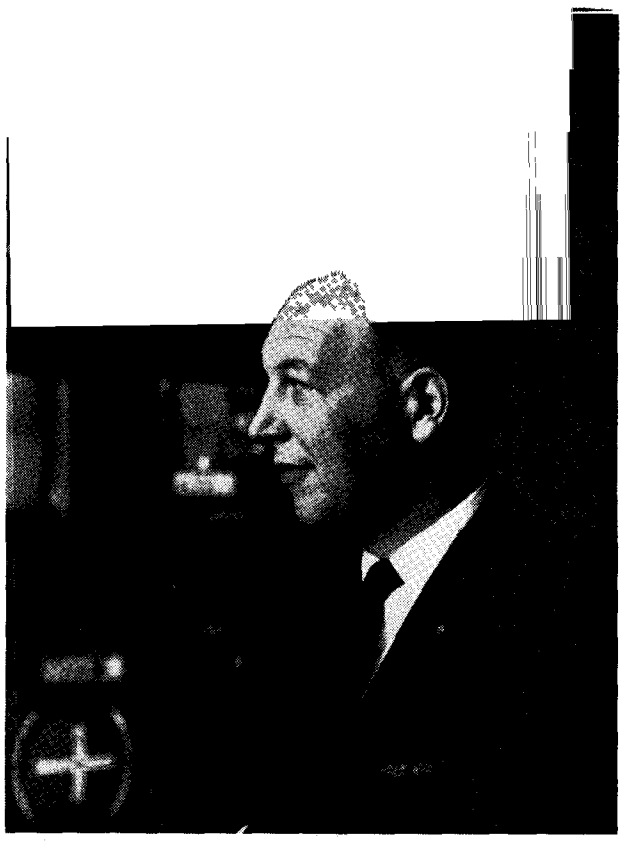
The Exclusive Extra
IN ALL GENERAL MOTORS CARS

Body by Fisher

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin



Author Sarnoff is chairman of the board of N.B.C.

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM TV?

A top television executive vigorously argues the right of the networks to broadcast whatever the public wants.

By ROBERT W. SARNOFF as told to Stanley Frank

Television constantly is accused of debasing the republic's cultural standards, and sometimes I wish one charge in the indictment were true. The absurd notion that the black box has seduced people from reading and writing is refuted by 3,000,000 letters sent annually to the National Broadcasting Company and its affiliated stations in 182 cities. Indignant viewers daily criticize our intelligence and artistic taste in selecting shows, and some blasts are little gems of invective. I remember two particular complaints, because they point up the dilemma confronting TV—the problem of mass appeal vs. specialized programing.

In July, 1958, this country probably was closer to a shooting war than at any time since Korea. United States Marines were sent to Lebanon at the urgent request of that government to thwart a military coup engineered by the United Arab Republic, and England answered a similar alarm from Jordan. During four tense days, N.B.C. and the two other major networks, C.B.S. and A.B.C., canceled dozens of scheduled programs for on-the-spot coverage of the deliberations in the United Nations. The rush of events knocked twenty-nine N.B.C. shows off the air, among them the enormously popular *Dragnet*.

We braced for the barrage of protests which invariably comes when a regular show is preempted for a special program. A Brooklyn woman immediately dashed off a scorcher. "In the name of God, whose idea is it to cut in on *Dragnet* with a UN session?" she demanded. "Of all the ridiculous things, that boob wins the extra-large portion of fried cockroaches."

A more formal, but equally vehement, objection came from a retired four-star general, a famous combat officer in World War II. He chewed us out in 1957 for pre-empting *Twenty-One* to present *Romeo and Juliet* with the Old Vic Company of London, the world's foremost Shakespearean troupe. It seemed the general had invited guests to watch the quiz and was miffed when the Bard intruded on the party. "I like to choose my own programs," he groused. "I resent having your idea of entertainment forced on me."

You can decry the Brooklyn woman's indifference to an international crisis, and you can deplore the general's dim view of an aesthetic treat, but you cannot ignore their attitudes. Not when you operate a huge communications system that serves the public interest and must reflect to a fair degree the mass audience's preferences. TV's programing headache is similar to the parking problem. Everyone would like to find curb space at his destination, a convenience that obviously is impossible to get all the time. Drivers don't agitate for the elimination of other cars from the streets as a solution. They make concessions for a difficult situation and walk a few blocks.

Viewers likewise must recognize the necessity for exercising selectivity when flipping the dial, because TV cannot cater to eggheads and Western fans in equal measure. The best a network can do is to produce a balanced blend of light and high-brow entertainment, public affairs and news that gives reasonable satisfaction to all elements of the audience. Shows with mass appeal cannot be permitted to monopolize the schedule and override minority tastes—but intellectuals, however well intentioned, should not expect to impose their special interests on the general public and turn TV into an esoteric medium.

Before showing how N.B.C. implements this concept of a balanced blend, I should state a few hard facts we must consider. The great majority unquestionably wants diversion—Westerns, mysteries and adventure yarns. Although audiences are more sophisticated than they were several years ago, action shows still are the biggest attractions. All surveys reveal that average viewing time is increasing slightly, an indication that the customers are satisfied with the general run of programs today.

Speaking for myself, I can't give a blanket endorsement to everything on TV. I don't believe any individual can give unqualified approval to a medium which must be geared to a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CROWD PLEASERS:

Comics, Cops and Cowboys

Jackie Gleason. At the height of his popularity, his show had a total audience rating near 52.

A scene from *The Untouchables*, sometimes criticized as too violent. The 1960 rating was often above thirty.

Gunsmoke, which stars Jim Arness (hatless, right) as battling marshal Matt Dillon, attains ratings near forty-five. The author says that top-grade Westerns have better plot construction than arty, pretentious dramas.

FCC Chairman
Newton N. Minow

"A Vast Wasteland. . . ."

In recent months television has been under attack as never before. For example, on May ninth the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, Newton N. Minow, in a speech to the National Association of Broadcasters, stunned his audience with a devastating indictment. In the course of his remarks, he said:

"When television is good, nothing—not the theater, not the magazines or newspapers—nothing is better. But when television is bad, nothing is worse. I invite you to sit down in front of your television set when your station goes on the air and stay there . . . until the station signs off. I can assure you that you will observe a vast wasteland.

"You will see a procession of game shows, violence, audience-participation shows, formula comedies about totally unbelievable families, blood and thunder, mayhem, violence, sadism, murder, Western badmen, Western goodmen, private eyes, gangsters, more violence, and cartoons. And, endlessly, commercials—many screaming, cajoling and offending. And most of all, boredom. True, you will see a few things you will enjoy. But they will be very, very few. And if you think I exaggerate, try it. . . .

"I believe in the people's good sense and good taste, and I am not convinced that the people's taste is as low as some of you assume. . . .

"I am unalterably opposed to governmental censorship . . . I want to see broadcasting improved and I want you to do the job. . . ."

(Mr. Sarnoff's article on these pages was prepared before Mr. Minow's speech was made and is not intended as a reply to it.) —THE EDITORS.

wide range of interests. I try to watch it every evening, and I'm hardly enchanted by all I see. Taken indiscriminately, programing on various stations can add up to too much violence. Conflict is a basic ingredient of drama but sometimes it seems that blood and brutality are laid on with a trowel, after the fashion of Mickey Spillane, just for the shock effect.

Phony social philosophy in plays about beatniks and characters full of self-pity annoys me, especially when issues are not resolved realistically. Many situation comedies leave me cold, and I don't care for most audience-participation shows—an opinion, I might add, that predated the quiz scandals of 1959. My pet personal peeve is the exaggerated emphasis put on the Top Ten rated shows by the trade press, advertising agencies and sponsors, a practice that spawns a rash of bad imitations patterned on a few formats and themes which happen to be popular at the moment.

Certainly TV can stand a lot of improvement, but I contend it is better in terms of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR EGGHEADS:
Symphonies, Specials and Shakespeare

quality and professional competence than critical observers acknowledge. They assume that anything labeled aesthetic is superior to mass-appeal entertainment. I like Westerns because they are relaxing—and because top-grade shows such as *Wagon Train* and *Maverick* have better motivation, plot construction and production values than serious dramas that are arty and pretentious.

People who harp on TV's mediocrity refuse to make moderate allowances for its insatiable drain on creativity. The N.B.C. network furnishes 92½ hours of programing a week, embracing 143 shows. Every ten days the actual playing time of original material we produce exceeds Broadway's output for an entire year. During the same period we use more dramatic scripts than the three biggest movie studios complete in a year. Inevitably some of our stuff is trivial, just as Broadway and Hollywood have their share of flops despite the high-powered talent lavished on their productions.

A more serious complication is unique to TV among mass media—the problem of serving the *total* public. *The Saturday Evening Post*, for example, is edited for readers whose interests differ distinctly from subscribers to *Playboy* and *Horizon*. *The New York Times*'s extensive coverage of news is not designed to attract readers who are content with a tabloid's once-over-lightly treatment. A local movie theater and a downtown art house that shows avant-garde films by Ingmar Bergman do not draw the same type of patrons.

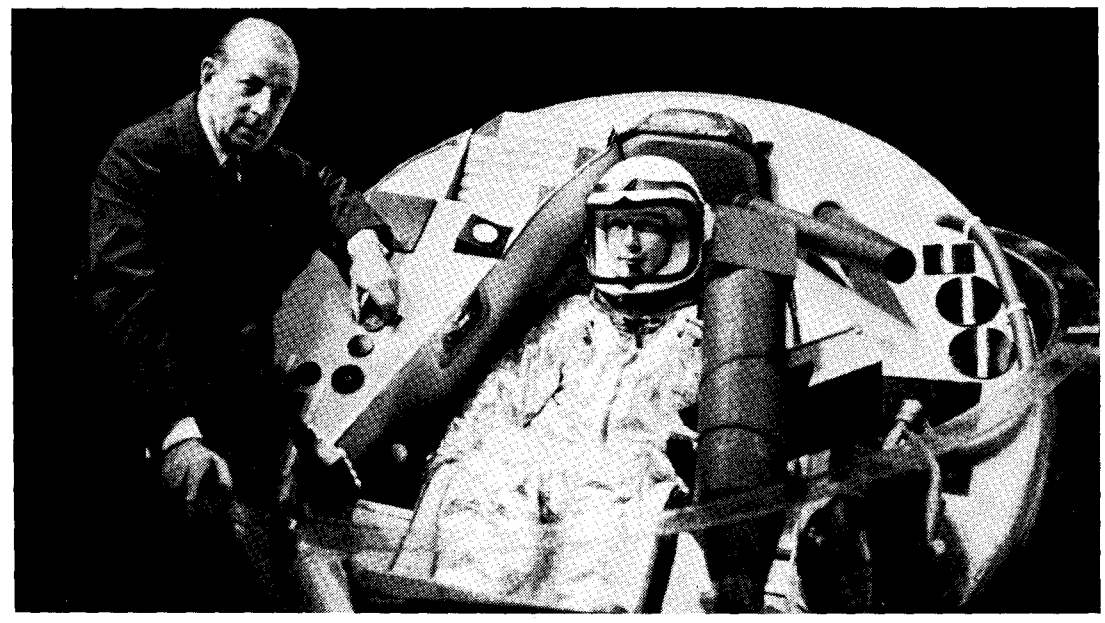
Such distinctions go by the board when a viewer clicks on TV with a proprietary flourish. He wouldn't dream of reading a book taken at random off a library shelf or going to the movies without checking first to see what is playing, but he expects the set to do his bidding like an all-purpose genie because it is in the intimacy of his home. He wants a program tailored to his mood at the moment, and if it is not available he dismisses TV as a bore.

What do you want from TV? No matter how elevated your tastes are, I guarantee that it offers more than you have time to watch, as I will demonstrate. It merely involves consulting the schedule in a newspaper; that is less effort than is customarily made for any other medium of entertainment or information. I think occasional viewers who constantly sound off about TV's responsibility for raising the country's cultural level have an equal obligation to watch programs put on for the discriminating minority. Music lovers have had the gall to tell me they don't listen to the N.B.C. Opera Company because Sunday afternoon is not a convenient time. Yet they will go to the trouble of buying tickets weeks in advance and traipsing to the Metropolitan Opera to hear some of the same stars TV brings into their living rooms.

Another glaring inconsistency continually pops up in caustic comments on TV's mediocrity. The legal standard for broadcasting is programing in the public interest. But how do you interpret "interest"? Does the word denote that which holds the attention of the vast majority, or does it carry the connotation of promoting the welfare of society?

The answer, of course, is a combination of both definitions. It is (Continued on Page 44)

Leonard Bernstein's New York Philharmonic broadcasts won two 1960 Emmy awards (for music and children's programing). Profits from other, more popular shows have kept the concerts (rated about 10–15) on the air.



Alistair Cooke (left) presenting an *Omnibus* report on American rocket power. *Omnibus*, which Sarnoff calls television's most coddled show, has been shifted from network to network because of low audience ratings.

The Hallmark Hall of Fame production of *Macbeth*, starring Judith Anderson and Maurice Evans, had an exceptional rating for a "cultural" show: 26.8. It was voted the 1960 season's best and won five Emmy awards.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

why did they want to lynch an Apache twelve years after the peace had been made?

A TOWN NAMED HATE

BEGINNING A TWO-PART STORY

BY JOHN PREBBLE

Martha Boyd was the first to see the ride She was busy making starch from potato-wate settlings. She was standing by the window at th back of The Boyd House when she happene look to the west and saw the rider.

He was a long way off, perhaps four mile maybe more, and he was like a fly on the yello earth. Martha watched him for ten minutes, he body relaxed in her cotton dress, and her brow drawn together in a frown. Now and then sh

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pushed two fingers at her pale hair where it clung with sweat to her cheeks. The rippling heat played tricks with the rider, moving him up and down like a leaf on a creek, but at the end of ten minutes he seemed to be no farther from the blue mountains and no closer to Salt Flats.

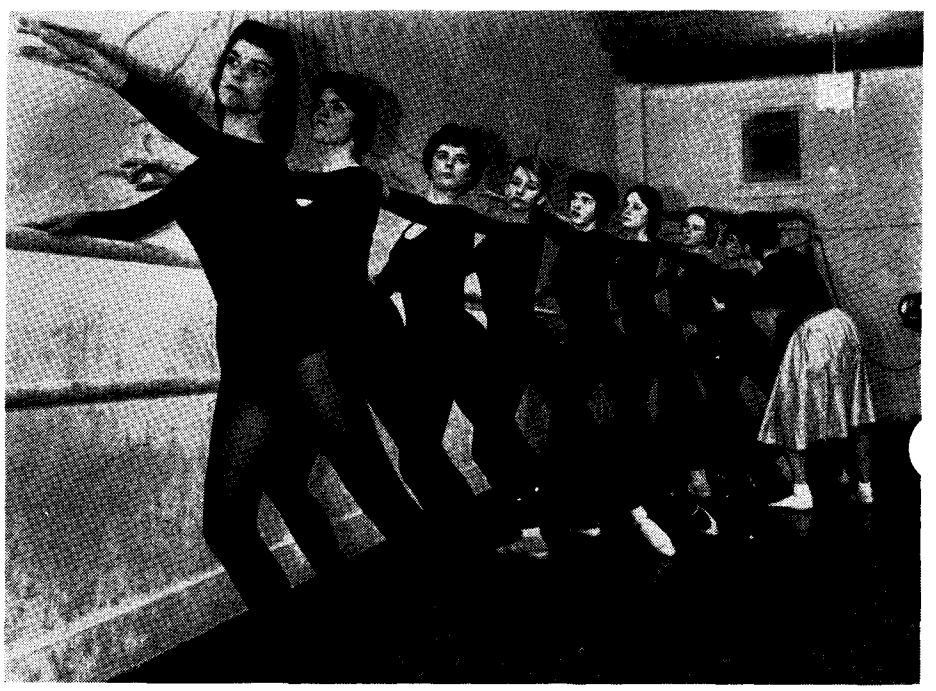
Martha thought awhile of telling her father, but in this heat it scarcely seemed worth it. In any case the men on the veranda would see the rider soon, if they had not already seen him. She gave the bowl of settlings a twist with her hand and then looked away from the rider to the old Halladay wind pump on the edge of town. Boyd had ordered it from Illinois almost twenty-three years before, when he and the rest of Salt Flats believed that the drovers would pass through every summer on their way to Denver. Water and whisky were important to drovers, and Boyd had set up a plank bar and a wind pump to supply both at a price. *(Continued on Page 46)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OKLAHOMA:
The State That Struck it Rich

Oklahoma City: The capital and one of Oklahoma's two big cities; the other is Tulsa. The state has been described as having two parts—"a pair of cities and nothing."

Below: A "social dance" at Indian City, a model settlement near Anadarko. Oklahoma's Indian population is the second-largest in the United States.



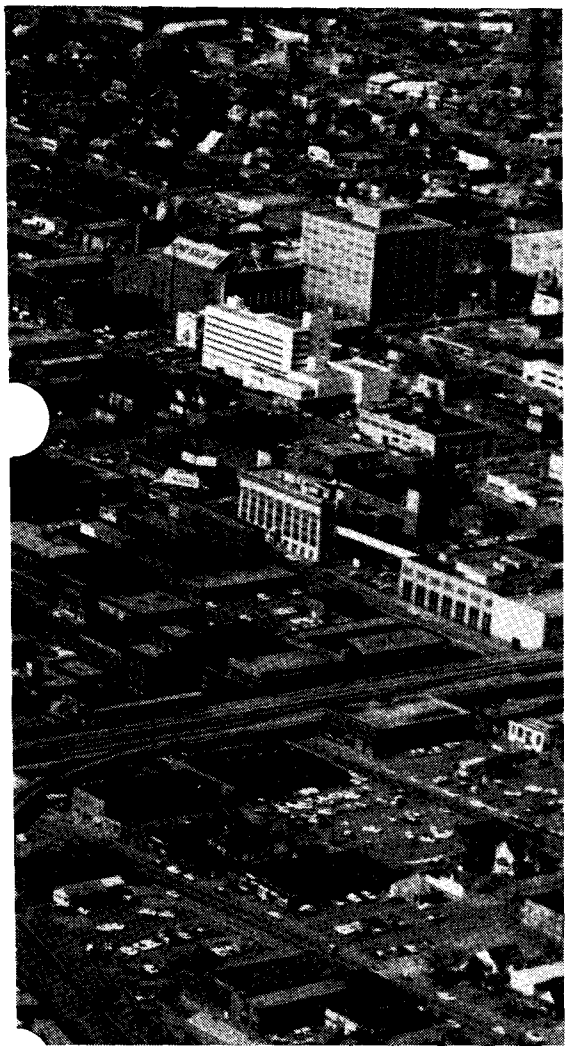
Above: Student ballerinas in a dance class at Oklahoma City. The capital offers its culture-conscious citizens two symphony orchestras, an art center and new fairgrounds.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Since the grimy bad time of the dust-bowl years, the Sooner State has emerged as a resource-rich giant floating on a sea of oil.

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

By ARTHUR W. BAUM



The place where "the corn is as high as an elephant's eye" is Oklahoma. This bucolic information, sung in the musical play *Oklahoma!* to express lush greenery and rich fruitfulness, is sheer misrepresentation. Corn is one of Oklahoma's failures, now largely supplanted by more suitable crops. Peanuts are worth more than corn to our forty-sixth state.

Even such harmless theatrical upgrading of Oklahoma is remarkably rare. The state is more often downgraded, underestimated and misunderstood—"If we were California, you can bet we'd be known for nothing but Death Valley." But Oklahomans are surprisingly cheerful and forgiving about the slanders they suffer. In the mild example of the musical *Oklahoma!*, which cast Oklahomans as tuneful hillbillies, they not only enjoyed the slur but promptly adopted the show's theme song as the official state song.

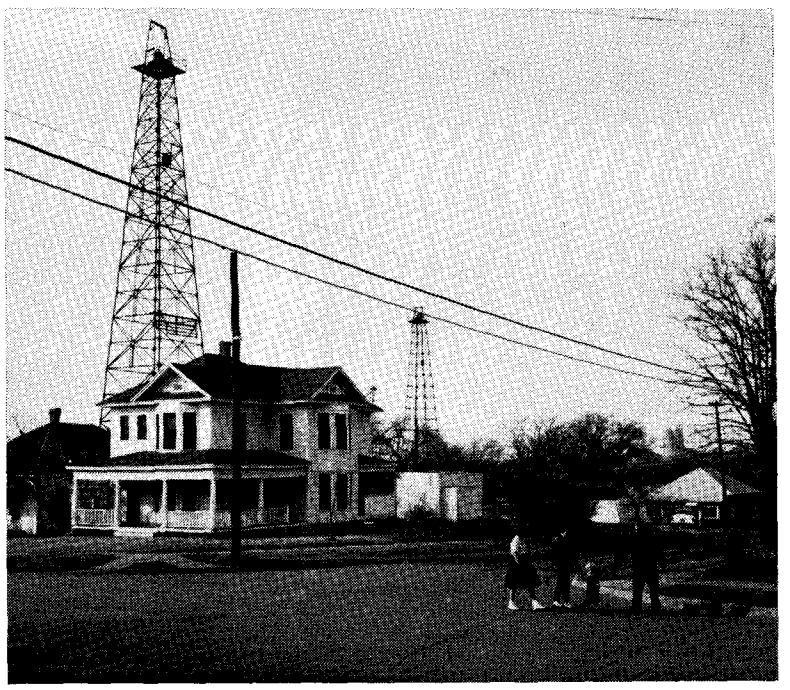
It was much more difficult to forgive a book, *The Grapes of Wrath*, depicting the 1934–36 era when a large section of the high plains was whipped into dust clouds that drifted to the Atlantic Coast. Oklahoma was neither the center nor the worst of this dust bowl, which included only westernmost Oklahoma, but the Steinbeck book pinned the name "Okies" on those who fled the dust. The term quickly acquired popularity—outside of Oklahoma—as meaning poverty and nomadic shiftlessness, or worse. In 1957 Steinbeck wrote that this interpretation was in error, that the Okies he knew were "strong, intelligent, fine, loyal people."

Oklahomans accepted this belated commendation with scant notice. In 1957, their fiftieth year of statehood, they were beginning to realize that they had just about proved Oklahoma an unsinkable state. They had corrected their mistakes in land usage. They had impounded so much water that the demise of their reputation for dust would inevitably come soon. They not only had survived production declines in major minerals, coal, lead and zinc, but had balanced the state's economy by raising manufacturing above either agriculture or mining. And Oklahoma in the '50's had checked more than two decades of population decline and started to rise.

The state is exceedingly backward in blowing its own horn about these achievements, partly because it has been on the defensive so long and partly because the tough years have implanted thrift in the state character. Moreover, state problems are not altogether ended. Oklahoma, even its major cities, enjoys poor roads and streets. Just recently the state has been discussing a shortened school year because of insufficient school funds, even though money was saved some time back by a calm and untroubled racial integration of schools.

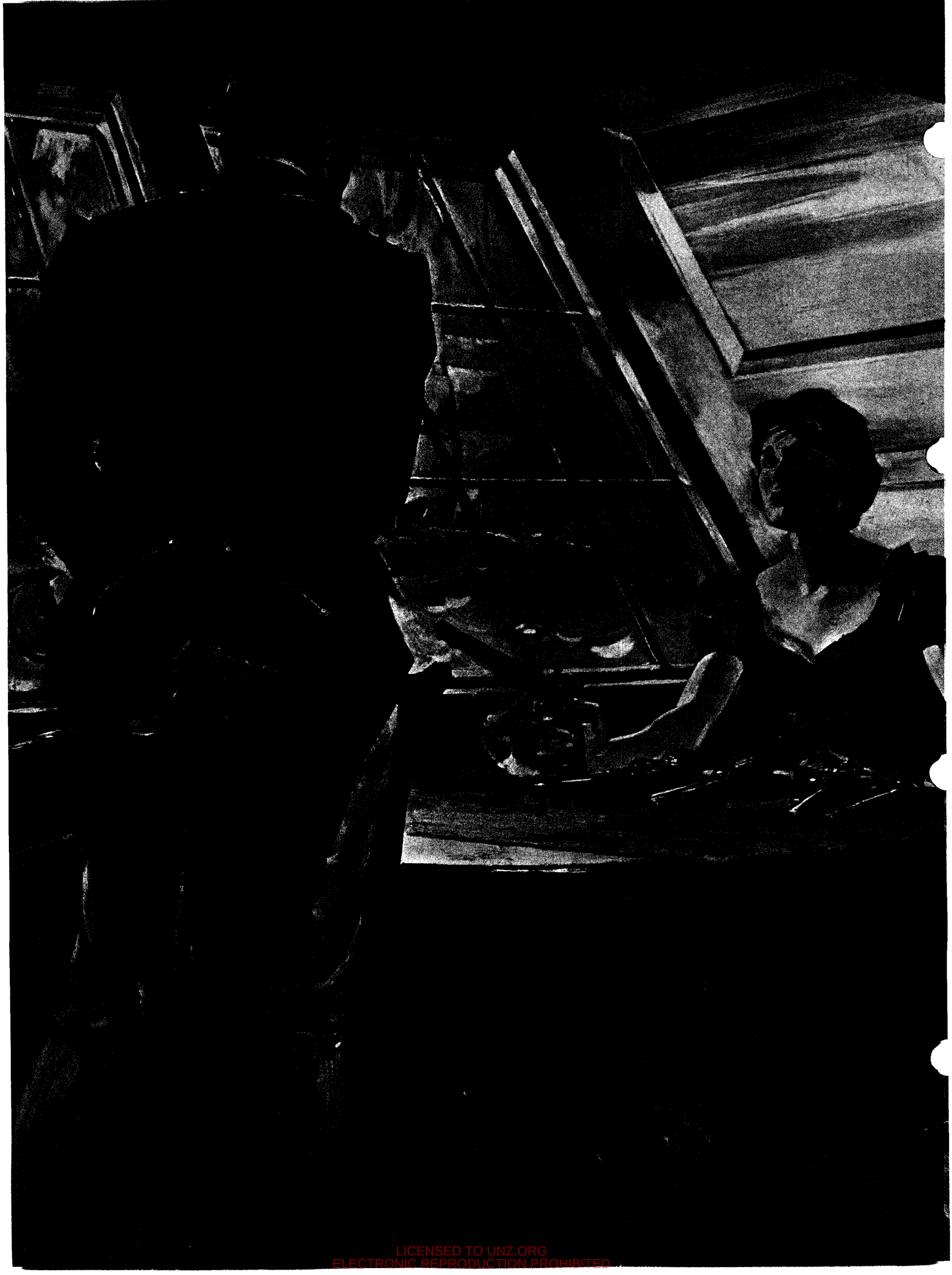
There is also the fact that Oklahoma politics remain loose and old-fashioned. Governors and legislatures still fight—of the handful of governors thus far in her history, Oklahoma legislatures have impeached two. The present incumbent, young, redheaded J. Howard Edmondson, a Democrat, was elected by the largest plurality in state history, but both legislature and electorate now behave as if they hated him for (Continued on Page 69)

J. Howard Edmondson, Oklahoma's 36-year-old governor. Despite his record plurality, the voters and the legislature "behave as if they hated him for winning," says the author.

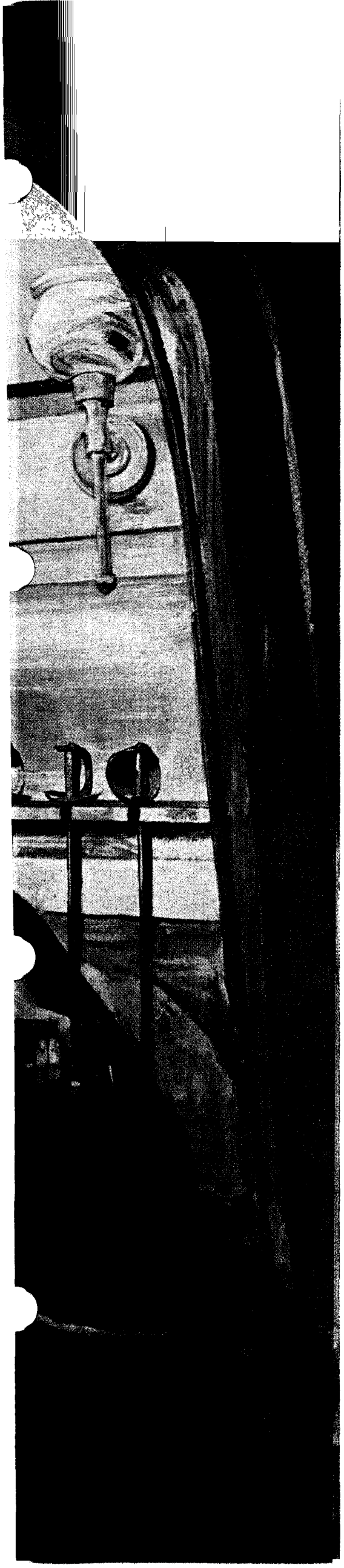


Oil derricks, symbolic of many a new Oklahoma fortune, rise from residential lawns in Oklahoma City. The state is the nation's fourth-biggest oil producer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"I have only to fire a pistol into this keg," she said, "and we'll all disappear."

A Yankee privateer boards a British merchantman commanded by a woman . . . captive captain

By JOHN PAUL HEFFERNAN

When Jonathon Bailey fitted his brig *Nancy* for a privateer and put to sea in late 1812, there were deep-water sailors who wagged their heads and claimed that an education, a liking for fine clothes and a few years in the tiny United States Navy weren't enough to carry a man in the chancy business of privateering.

But there were some who gave him a second look and said that there was more to the man than his six feet, unruly black hair and his eyes with the look of the sea in them. "You can't tell," they said.

And they were right, for Jonathon Bailey had gone ahead to make fools of his detractors and, by the summer of 1813, virtual idiots of a number of British captains.

Half a cable's length under the *Nancy*'s lee lay his latest victim, a British merchantman, ship-rigged and well laden, judging from the solid way she rode the gentle Caribbean swells. Prodded by superior gunnery from the American, her ensign had fluttered down only moments before, and with canvas clewed up she was awaiting a boarding party.

Bailey trained his glass on her and read the name *Countess of Pembroke* supported by ornate gilt scrollwork on her stern. She was a handsome ship, paint fresh and brightwork gleaming. Contrary to practice, he decided he would board her himself. Turning over the deck to Joshua Varney, his first officer, he descended to his gig and was rowed across to the *Pembroke*, followed by the *Nancy*'s longboat carrying men who had been told off as a prize crew.

He went up a swaying ladder and through the merchantman's entry port, where he was greeted by a dour, puffy man who tried hard to be civil and made a poor job of it. He announced that he was Edward Pearson, the *Pembroke*'s first officer, and added that it was he who had struck the ship's flag.

"I fired a shot across your bows," Bailey said, "and hoped you'd heave to without any nonsense. It's unfortunate that your captain chose to make a one-sided affair of it. I trust the captain hasn't been wounded?"

Pearson shook his head. "The captain refused to strike, so I assumed responsibility. Captain Smith is in the great cabin aft, surrounded by an arsenal of pistols and daring anyone to enter."

Every situation, Bailey reflected, had to be handled differently, but this was one he had not faced before. Shrugging it off as one of the facets of his dangerous calling, he said to Pearson, "If you'll come along with me, perhaps we may persuade your captain to be reasonable."

Pearson didn't move. "By your leave, I'd as soon remain here. The captain would probably shoot me on sight for striking our ensign. She's in a frightful temper."

"As you wish. I'll beard the lion alone." He took several paces aft before the impact of Pearson's words struck him. He wheeled. "You said 'she.' Do you mean the master of this ship is a woman?"

Pearson nodded heavily. "Aye—an Amazon you might say, though I don't recall that Amazons were seagoing."

Bailey heard his crew chuckle behind him. Mythological allusions were lost on them, he was sure, but the word "woman" was enough to titillate any sailor's imagination, and he could almost hear (Continued on Page 57)

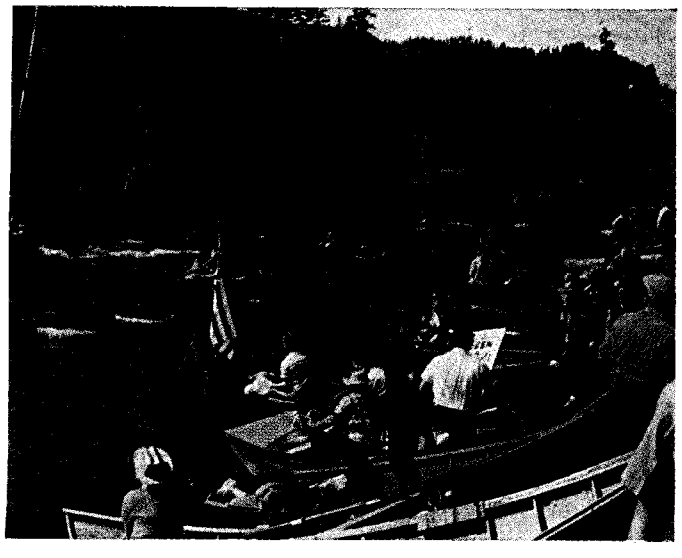
Illustrated by Ken Riley

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Face of AMERICA

White Water Parade

Oregon's McKenzie River provides good fishing, but is better known for its annual White Water Parade: a splashy festival involving hundreds of damp *voyageurs* in goofy hats and outlandish costumes. Object of the game is simply to careen through a downriver stretch, braving a torrent swollen and icy from springtime melting of mountain snow. As many as 20,000 spectators—a few are shown at right, watching a tense trio shoot the rapids—swarm to strategic spots, anticipating upsets. Spills are common, but no one has drowned in the twenty-three-year history of the event. The McKenzie River Guides serve as lifeguards and stand by dangerous rapids, retrieving dunked boatmen. Starting at the small town of Blue River, the parade covers twenty miles and lasts six hours. It ends at Leaburg Lake—about twenty-three miles east of Eugene (pop. 51,000), Oregon's second-largest city. Although more than 200 boats participate, river traffic is never as congested as on U.S. 126, the highway paralleling the McKenzie and providing easy access to vantage points for those who prefer to take their white-water kicks vicariously. ● Photographs by Jack Fields



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM THE PAST

It arrived four years late . . . but its contents gave a new meaning to her life.

By GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

Not long ago Millbrook was beyond commuting distance of the city. Now, with the advent of faster trains, faster cars and better roads, it is in the process of becoming a suburb. The houses that were once boarded up all winter, waiting for the wealthy summer people, are being fitted out with oil burners and radiators and sold for year-round living. Some of the old-timers—the ones the summer people call "the natives"—can't resist the chance to sell their homes for five times what they cost, even if it means moving away from the place where they have lived all their lives.

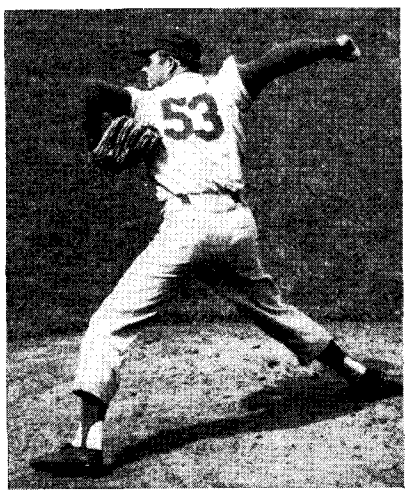
But there are things that haven't changed. Except for one or two new stores, the village is the same as it has always been. The young fellows hang around the firehouse, watching for girls; the kids come down from the new elementary school on the hill at three o'clock to buy bubble gum and candy and comic books in Mr. Marconi's stationery store; the old-timers drop in at the post office for their mail and to hear the latest gossip from Cob Henderson, who has been the postmaster for thirty-eight years.

Most of the new people, the commuters, have their mail delivered in boxes set up along the roads near their homes, but Ward Harrow had a box in the post office. He was a commercial artist who did not go into the city regularly. After working at his easel all morning, he liked to walk the two miles to the village. He had been a sprinter in college and he was used to exercise. Besides, (Continued on Page 38)

Ward took the letter from his pocket and handed it to her. "I hope it's good news," he said.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

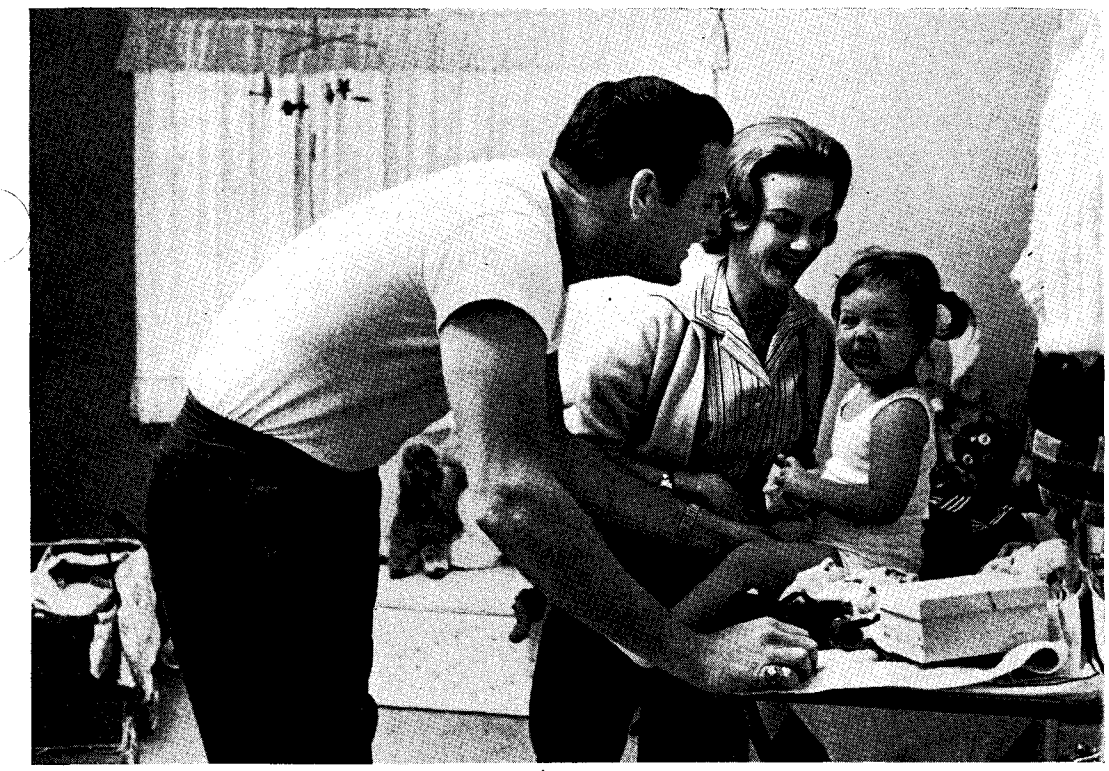
L.A.'s Fiery Strike-Out Artist



Drysdale on the mound. His sweeping delivery frequently baffles the hitters.

Don Drysdale of the Dodgers has tantrums that send players, managers, umpires and fans scurrying for cover.

By MELVIN DURSLAG



Don and Ginger Drysdale with their two-year-old daughter, Kelly Gene. "Don never brings his anger home," says Ginger. Her opinion of his outbursts on the field: "He's old enough to know what he's doing."

At the beginning of the current season Don Drysdale was asked whether he intended to promise the Los Angeles management and the fans that he would try to change the behavior that had earned him such headlines as: ANGRY DRYSDALE BLASTS COACHES; HOT DRYSDALE ROARS 'TRADE ME'; DRYSDALE VOWS TO SUE N.L. IF FINED; DRYSDALE BLOWS UP OVER FANS' DUMB QUESTIONS.

The Dodgers' combustible pitching ace, a right-hander who throws a fast ball once clocked at 95.31 miles an hour and tantrums to match, stated flatly that he intended to make no such promise. He explained, "One day I was charged with both defeats when we lost a double-header to Pittsburgh. Obviously I wasn't happy. I began thinking that possibly my critics were right. My temper could be hurting my pitching. I swore I would restrain myself for a while—and I did. And I lost three straight. I said nuts to this. I went back to my old habits and pulled out of the slump O.K. I haven't tried to be anything but myself since."

This statement assures his followers that they can expect Drysdale-brand pyrotechnics before this season is over. They also will probably see fine pitching performances—although Don, according (Continued on Page 55)

This 1957 free-for-all between the Dodgers and the Braves began after a pitch by Drysdale (center, swinging) hit Milwaukee's Johnny Logan (hatless, back to camera).

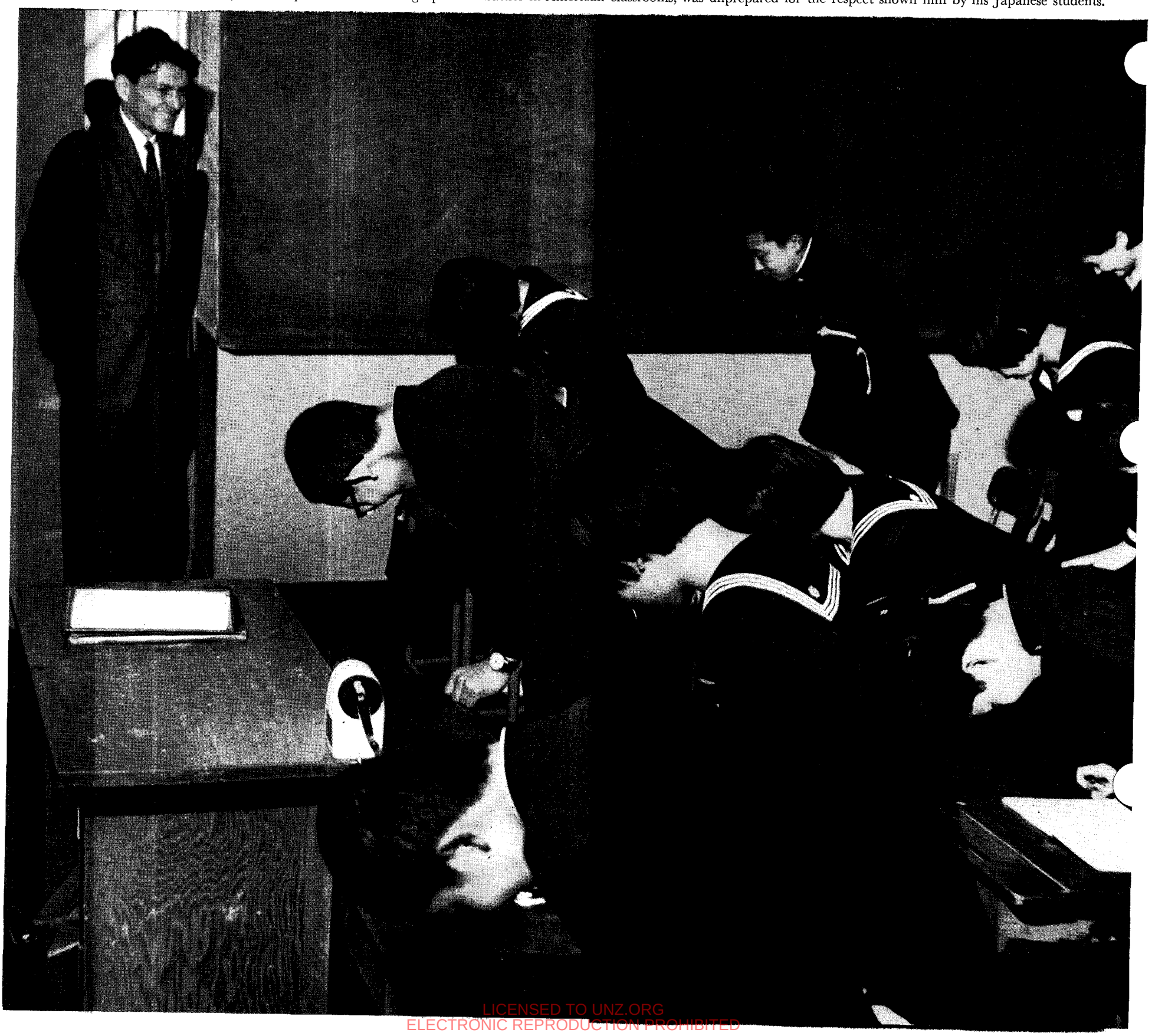
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Author Gray lives with Japanese friends in Tokyo. He is shown above with his host's children, Kayoko (left) and Naohiko Niwa. Gray's own family is now back in America.

My Life in

In Japan a young American exchange teacher has learned to eat octopus and bathe in public. But all is not frivolous—his teen-age students spend eight hours doing one day's homework.

Gray, who has thirteen years of experience at breaking up eraser battles in American classrooms, was unprepared for the respect shown him by his Japanese students.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Httdock Country

By John M. Gray

Tokyo.

After three days in Tokyo last September I decided that my acceptance of a year's grant as a Fulbright teacher was all a hideous mistake. The typical small-town boy from Walpole, Massachusetts, I was lost and bewildered in the big, steaming city. Two Japanese teachers had just taken me on the longest five-mile taxi ride in the world—through Tokyo streets at rush hour—and I had approved of the house they had chosen for me and my family—an approval which had visibly melted them in relief.

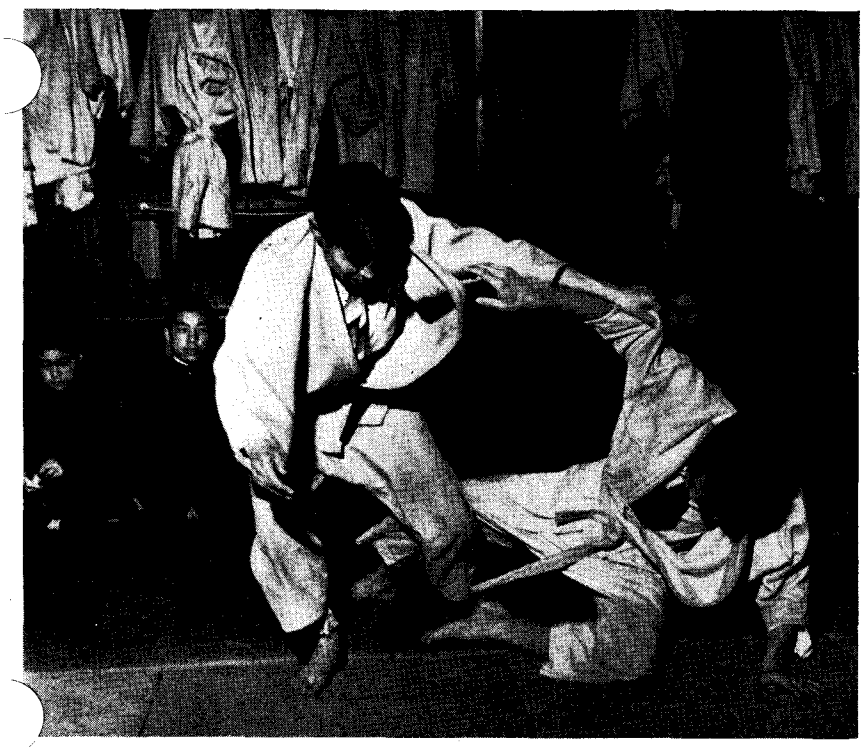
"We never thought an American would agree to live in a house without a telephone," said Mr. Sato, my closest colleague at the junior high where I was to teach. Mr. Watanabe, his friend, smiled goldly.

I assured them that the house was fine, not adding that I'd have taken anything just to get my family away from the hotel where we were all heatsick and homesick.

Relaxed now that they had found me a good house, my colleagues abandoned the English language and went happily rattling off in Japanese. This made me feel even worse. I'd spent months in America studying both the spoken and written language. But I found I could hardly understand a word of their odd hissing and muttering.

The taxi suddenly emerged into an area of tall buildings after miles of the little shops and crowded homes that make a vast village of most of the world's largest city.

"This is Shinjuku. We'll take you to eat," said Mr. Sato abruptly, his English excellent, but his manners quite Japanese. I was *told*, not asked, to eat with them. Dreading what sort of octopus and eel goodies I might meet, I meekly followed Sato and Watanabe down the jammed streets. (Continued on Page 53)



Gray (on the mat) practicing judo with Ted Sato, a fellow teacher at Fuzoku High School. Sato has received a Fulbright grant to come to America this year.

The author, a former Yale athlete, helps coach the school track team. By the time a Japanese boy is a high-school senior, sports are out: Too much homework.

Lunch in the faculty dining hall. Gray has now mastered eating with chopsticks and is accustomed to Japanese food, but at first he lived mainly on peanut-butter sandwiches.

A tubful of Grays demonstrating the Japanese custom of communal bathing: (from left) Merrick, ten, wife Mary, Gray, Linda, twelve, and Kate, four.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAS IT SO WRONG FOR A MAN TO CLING TO HIS MEMORIES?

THE LITTLE STORE ON BLEECKER STREET

In the fifteen years since the end of the Second World War many changes had come to Bleecker Street. The Quality Delicatessen, which had once specialized in a fragrant potato salad, had been joined with a lunchroom and a small hand laundry to form a glistening supermarket dominating the street. Banners with great red letters and numbers were splashed across the windows, and shiny shopping carts rolled in and out of the parking lot all day. Farther down the street, the little dusty tailor shop of Max Feldman, who claimed at one time or another to have pressed the pants of every male within a mile radius of Bleecker Street, had been demolished along with a radio-repair shop and a candy store to make a bright and gaudy drive-in cleaners operated by his sons.

Of all the stores that had existed on the street before the war, only the small grocery of Kostas Stavrakas remained unchanged except for concessions to the miracles of modern packaging.

Kostas, ignoring the trend to health breads and protein breads and enriched breads, still baked his own loaves as he had baked them for thirty years in the oven in the back room of his store. He carried an assortment of Balkan spices and Greek and Bulgarian cheeses white as the foam on fresh-whipped milk. Although he had accepted the utility of neon lighting and had purchased a small sign to hang in his window, his store stood out at night by appearing almost an island of darkness beside the flaming, garish splendor of the rest of the street.

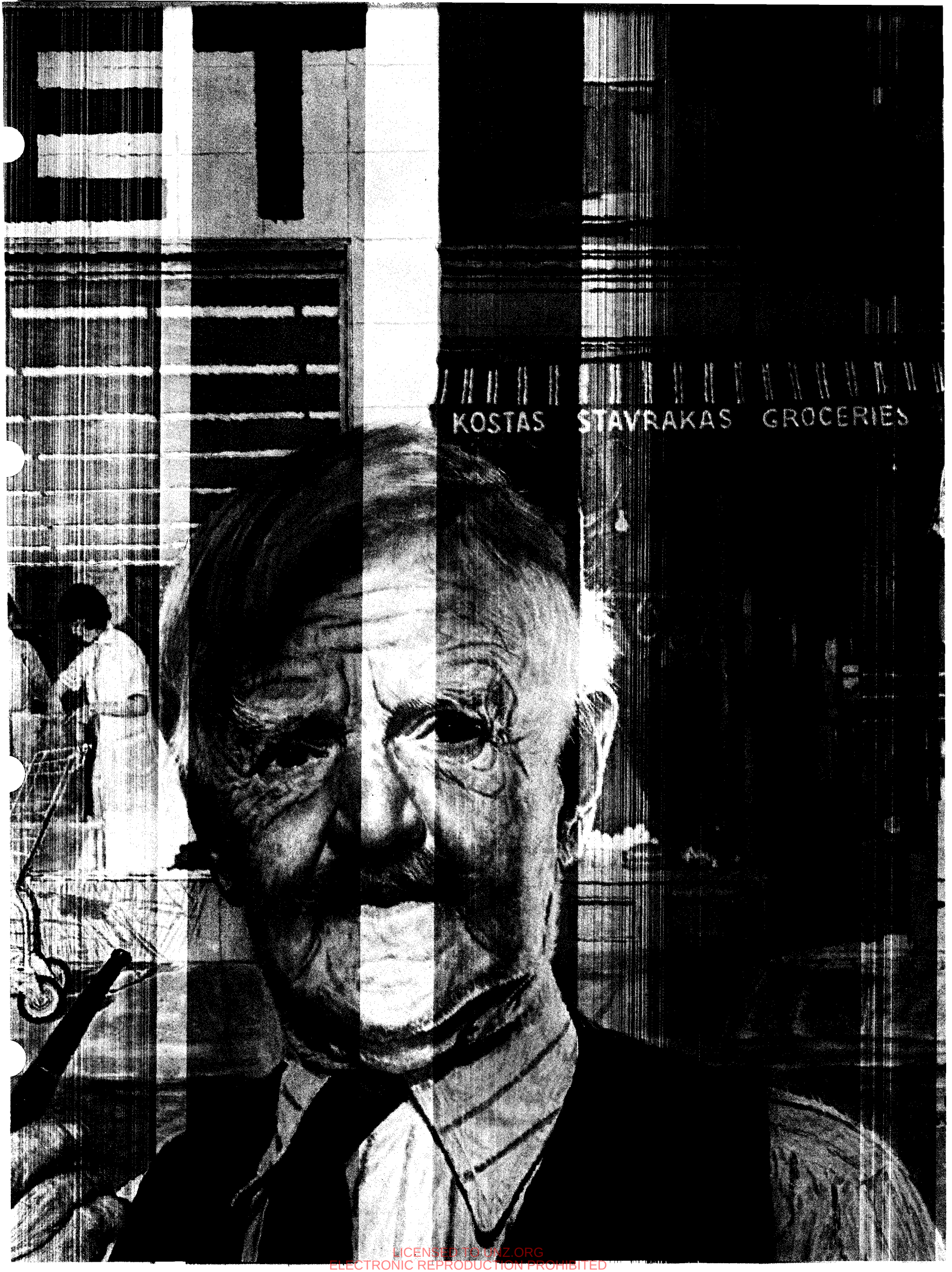
What little business he did came mostly from the older people who had traded with him for years. As they died or moved away, there was nobody to replace them. In the meantime he did some business in the morning before the supermarket opened and in the evening after it closed.

He did not mind the leisurely pace of his trade. For some years now his legs had begun to *CONTINUED ON PAGE 51*

By HARRY MARK PETRAKIS

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO BE Really Clean

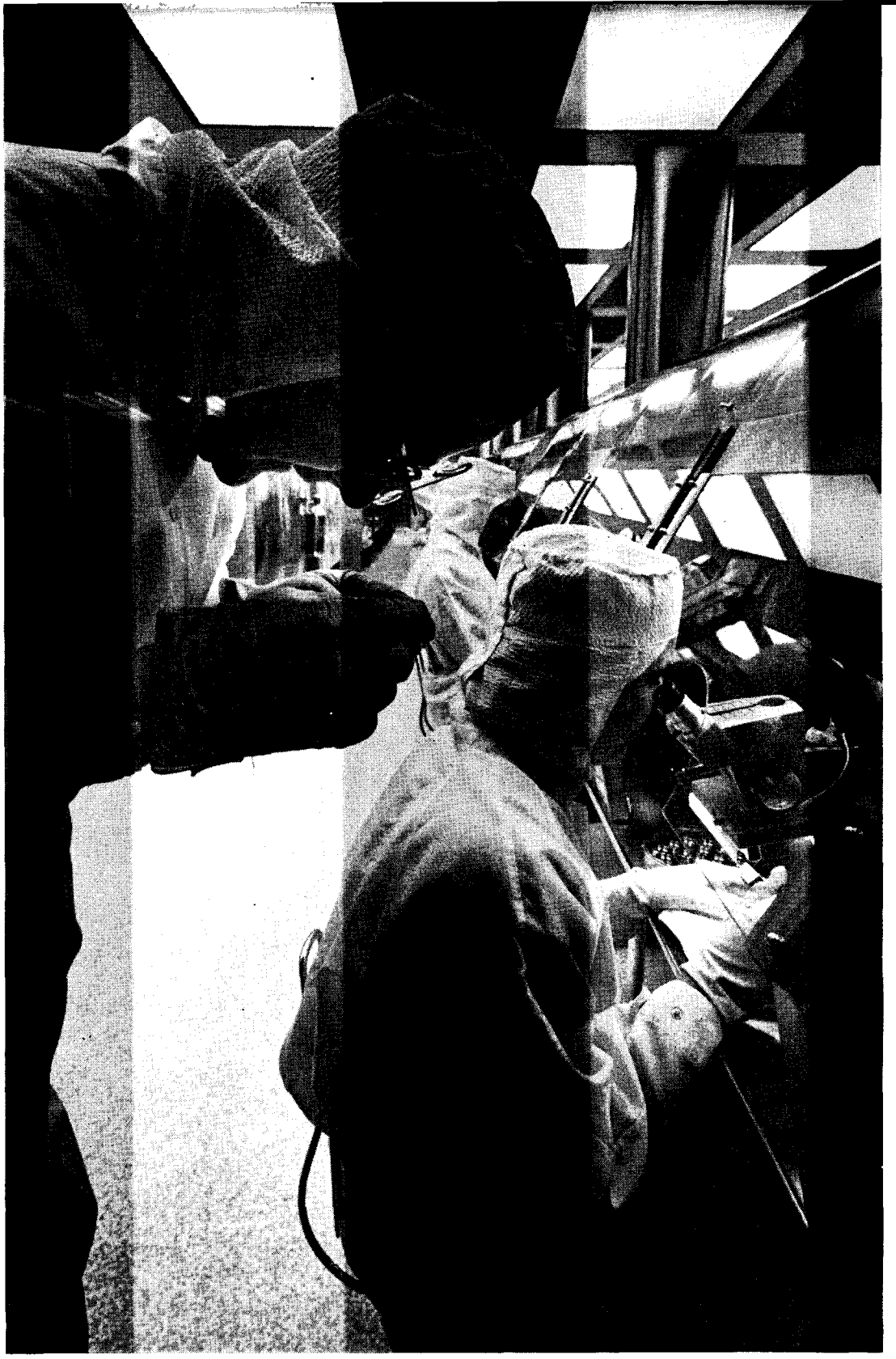
To maintain superantiseptic rooms for the manufacture of precision products, modern industry goes to extremes that make careful housewives seem slovenly.

By JOE ALEX MORRIS

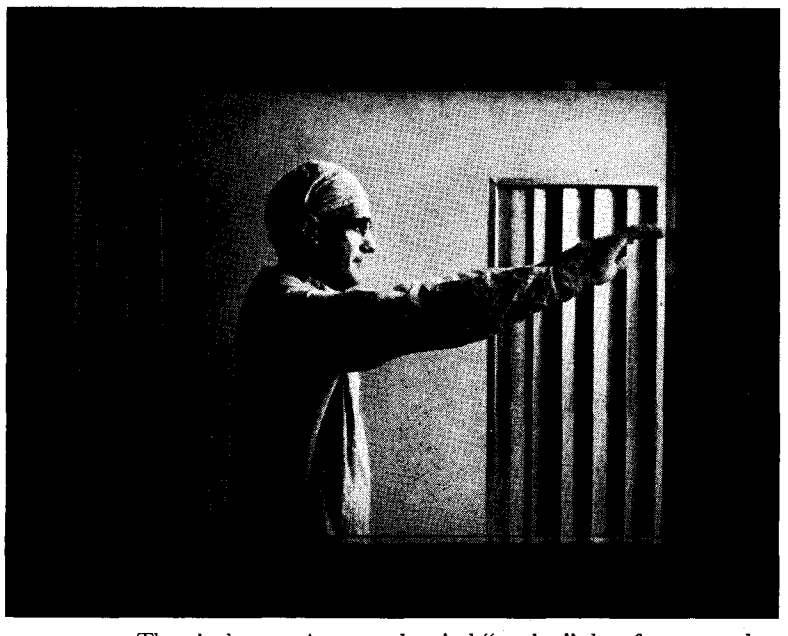
Almost every woman knows and is a little envious of some paragon among housewives who always manages to keep her living room "spotless" and her kitchen "surgically" clean.

Well, here's news for envious housewives. Scientifically speaking, that paragon's living room isn't really clean at all, no matter how often it is vacuumed and dusted and polished, and the kitchen tile isn't much better. The truth is that even hospital operating rooms, while they may be sterile, don't rank very high in cleanliness.

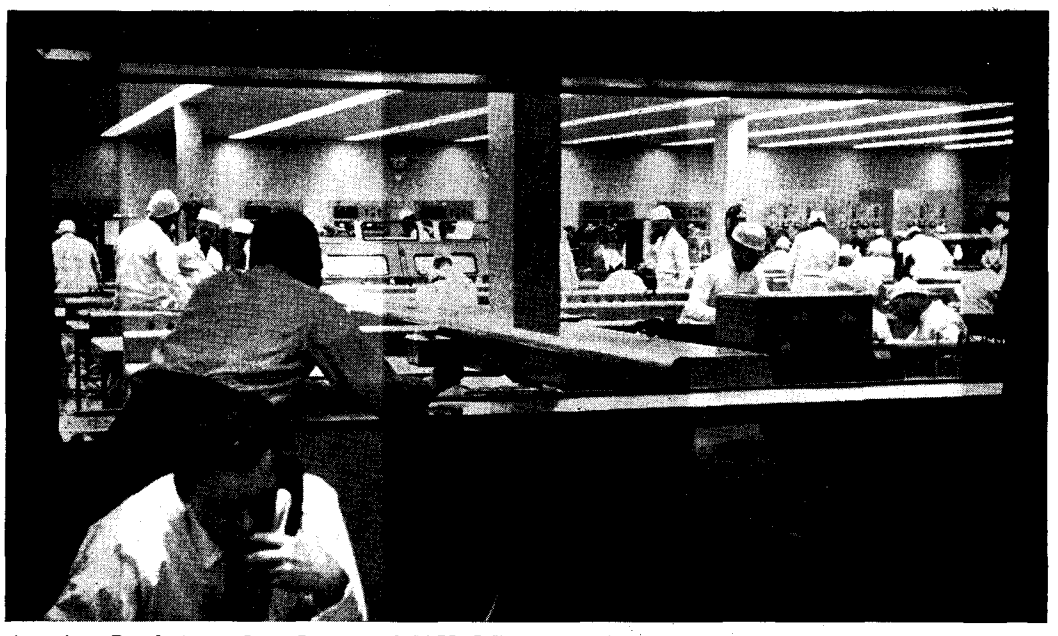
If you want to find a really Clean Room with capital letters in these days of amazing industrial change, you'll have to go—as I did recently—to a big, noisy factory turning out ball bearings or gyroscopes or various electronic products. But even then you probably won't be permitted inside a Clean Room, because you have (Continued on Page 76)



Inside a Clean Room: "The biggest problem in keeping Clean Rooms clean is people," says one official. Here at the New Departure plant in Sandusky, Ohio, "dirty" workers are enveloped in coveralls and caps.

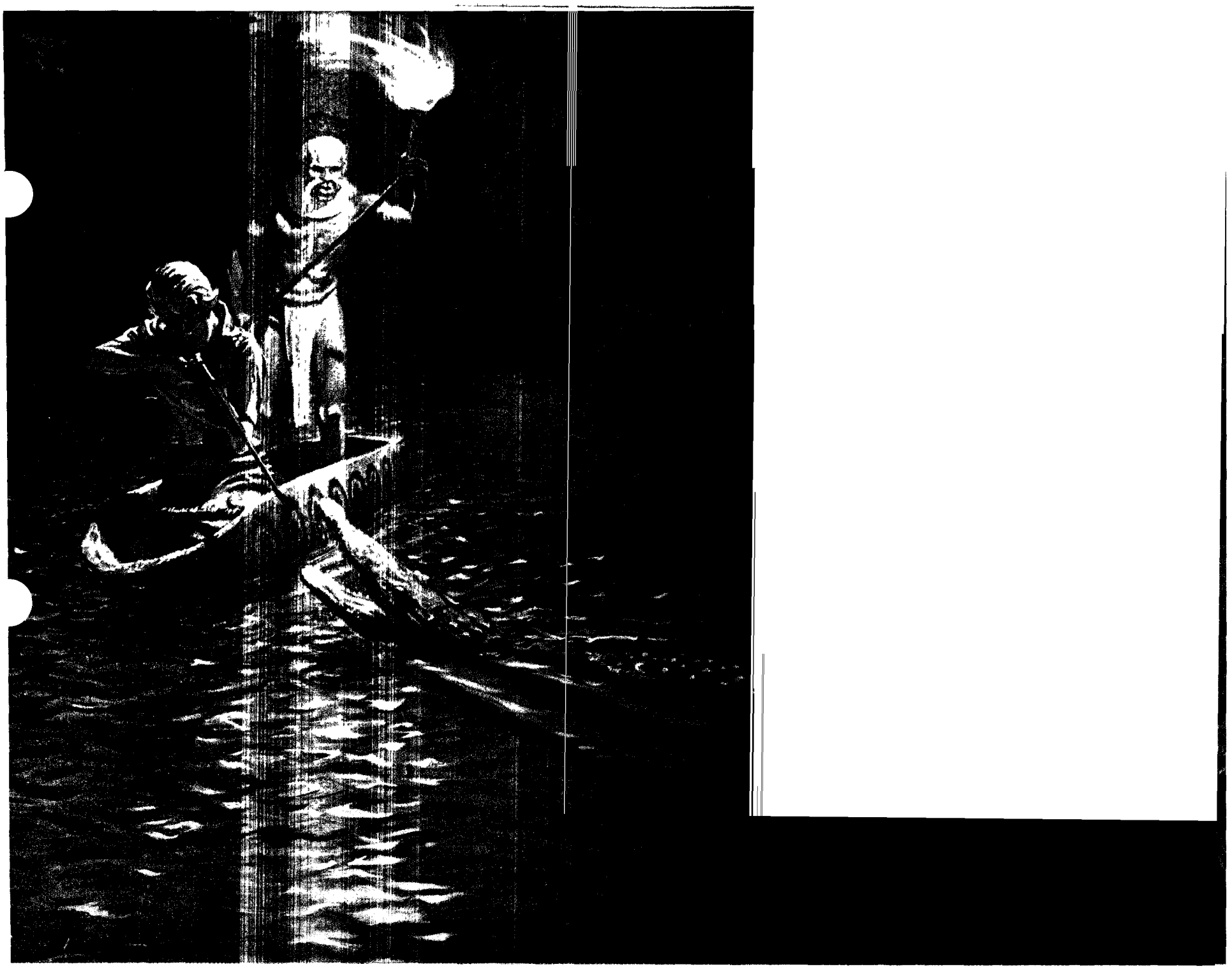


The air shower: A 30-m.p.h. wind "washes" dust from a worker entering Sperry Gyroscope's Clean Room at Great Neck, N.Y.



American Bosch Arma Co., Hempstead, N.Y.: Windows and telephones allow engineers to communicate with the Clean Room without entering. The windows also relieve the workers' sense of isolation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The crocodile opened its huge jaws just before she fired.

The killer croc had taken four lives. Now only a woman could prevent it from striking again.

THE UNWILLING HUNTRESS

By OLAF RUHEN

The bullet clipped the edge of the square card pinned to the trunk of a palm tree, and Donna Kent, cool, fresh and pretty, rolled out of her marksman's sprawl and laughed up into the serious face of the man standing beside her.

"First shot!" she crowed. "Not bad, eh?"

Wade Harris, tall and tanned, dressed in faded but well-pressed shirt and shorts, in polished shoes and khaki stockings and a faded wide-brimmed hat, shook his head. It took a very precise and factual man to squash that happy enthusiasm, but Wade did it.

"Fairly bad," he said. "Not good enough. Four inches off at twenty-five yards means a mistake of sixteen minutes of arc, more than a quarter of a degree. That's a lot of error. We'll have a little practice with an empty rifle."

Donna continued to smile; that was her training. You have to smile, she thought, when your companion's the only other young and unattached European in a remote settlement on a New Guinea river. You have to look pleasant and listen; you have to defer.

"What did I do wrong?" she asked.

"You pulled the trigger."

"Isn't that regarded as necessary?"

"In a way of talking." First impressions stamped him a solemn, joyless kind of man, very serious about everything. A couple of short weeks had demonstrated that he improved on acquaintance.

"If you pull, that pulls the rifle barrel to the right. You squeeze—you don't pull. Your finger's on the other side of the trigger, braced against the grip of your hand. You push it toward your right shoulder, very carefully, very deliberately, not to get the rifle barrel out of line in the least. (Continued on Page 65)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADVENTURES
of the MIND

Goal for Americans

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

Since the fate of the world may depend upon the ability of American thinkers to make persuasive a national philosophy, I think it important that we face up to the great existing discrepancy between theory and fact in the pursuit of knowledge in the United States.

The theory first: In this country higher education, scholarly research and scientific investigation are theoretically carried on in a world in which the war drums throb no longer and the battle flags are furled. Knowledge, it is held, exists for all mankind; for mankind in a state of universal peace; for mankind without national jealousies; for mankind living in nations across whose boundaries new knowledge flows as gently and irresistibly as the breeze. Wars, political controls and other hindrances to international knowledge are regarded as passing events. Obviously this picture has little to do with actuality.

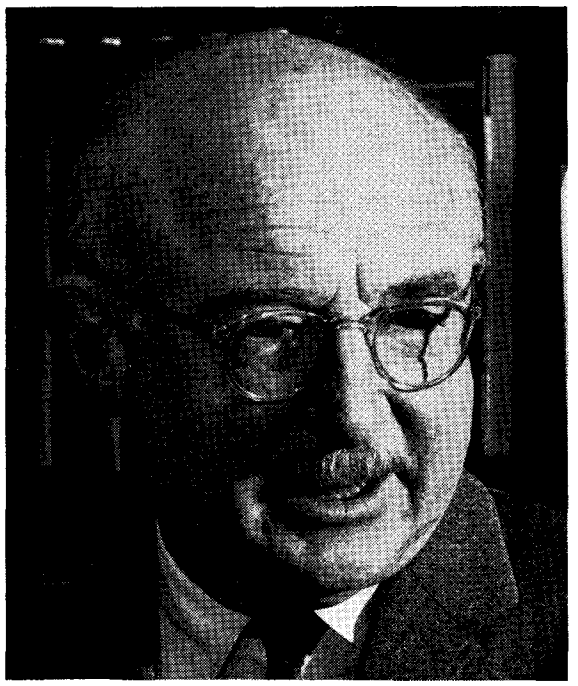
The fact is, we take it as a matter of course that the prime allegiance of an American scholar or scientist is to flag, country and culture, and only secondarily to the dispassionate pursuit of an international, or, if you like, a supranational, pattern of truth. Great areas of the earth's surface—for example, mainland China—are closed to him by governmental fiat, and it is in vain that he protests that ignorance of China does no good either to the nation or to knowledge. Access to other areas—for example, countries with which the United States has no diplomatic relations or only frigid ones—is made difficult, though his motive be as pure as archaeology and as nonpolitical as a botanist's search for a new plant. His relations with intellectuals of other nations sometimes expand or contract with the international thermometer.

More fundamental is the command laid upon American research workers by government, explicit or implicit in the secrecy code controlling investigation in matters having to do with national defense. Not only must the scientist put his brains and his discoveries at the service of government, but the institution that employs him must also submit to some measure of control. The convulsive spurts by which research moves in certain areas—for example, the exploration of space—are functions of this control, less the product of wisdom than a mixture of curiosity, national security, government contracts and plain fear. If a Russian scientist defects to the free world, we, after due investigation, hail him as a brand snatched from the burning. If a scientist defects from the free world to a Communist country, he becomes a Benedict Arnold of the intellect. The concept of international knowledge has little to do with our attitude.

American social scientists are also involved in nationalism. We have no party of the left in this republic and no left-wing economists or sociologists to speak of. The economic expert sent abroad is expected to expound free enterprise and to make democracy work in undeveloped countries. As new nations arise, we think of them as enlisting on our side only as they develop representative governments resembling our own or that of the British, even though the representation be formal only. Our economic missions tacitly assume that the backwardness of a foreign people has some mysterious connection with its lack of industrialization—one speculates about what we would have recommended to the Athens of Pericles—and that mind would be, indeed, daring which ventured to inquire

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A distinguished scholar urges a new national philosophy that represents all the cultural forces of the western world.



About the Author

Howard Mumford Jones, who holds the newly created Abbott Lawrence Lowell Professorship of the Humanities at Harvard, has written extensively on American literature and culture. Among his recent books are *The Frontier in American Fiction, American Humanism: Its Meaning for the World* and *One Great Society*. In addition to his teaching duties, Professor Jones is editor of the John Harvard Library, a series of books illustrating the development of American thought. Before coming to Harvard in 1936, Professor Jones taught at the universities of Texas, North Carolina and Michigan. This article is adapted from his lecture marking the inauguration of the new chair last fall.

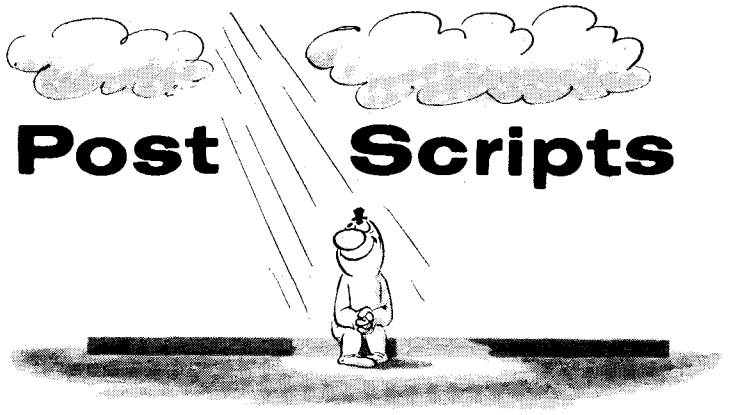
into the philosophic difference between the propaganda of the Americans and the propaganda of the Communist countries as theorists of happiness.

Possibly there are no absolutes in the social sciences, but when we purged our universities of radical thought, we reduced social theory to what John Kenneth Galbraith in *The Affluent Society* calls the conventional wisdom. His book concludes with the enigmatic metaphor: "To furnish a barren room is one thing. To continue to crowd in furniture until the foundation buckles is quite another." Conventional wisdom, he hints, is still mostly engaged with furniture manufacturing, for such is our public policy, and the pressures of government upon many social scientists virtually forbid them to consider the affirmative values of any radically differing culture. To this rule-of-thumb generalization there is one exception: Nowadays there is a certain nostalgic quality in the popularity of anthropology. Like Gauguin, some anthropologists hint that happiness and stability are not necessarily functions of affluence. But it is virtually un-American to say so.

Humanistic scholarship, my chief concern here, has responded to modern American nationalism in two extreme fashions—one which turns away from nationalism, at least in theory, and one which accentuates it. The first is the movement of general education, which abandons national lines, sets up lists of great books in translation and creates sweeping courses in our colleges. The second is represented by the many programs in American studies in these same institutions. The commitment of both is to the proposition that the United States is a great and powerful bastion of "freedom," protecting the culture of the West from the great Slavic threat across the Atlantic and from the vast yellow peril across the Pacific. Both programs throw upon scholar and teacher an enormous responsibility. In this article, I propose to inquire how in the American field this responsibility is being met.

A curious and important change of outlook has occurred. When in 1837 Emerson examined scholarship and uttered—in *The American Scholar*—what the elder Holmes characterized as our intellectual declaration of independence, he looked forward, not back, in that celebrated Phi Beta Kappa address. He declared he read with joy the auspicious signs of the coming days. On the whole our programs in American studies do not read with joy the auspicious signs of the coming days. Interpreting history, they translate the cultural pessimism of the present into ambiguity. A major mode of interpreting the American past presently assumes that the American dream is only a dream—that is, an illusion to be taken apart by contemporary scholars superior to illusion. The frontier was not a place for brave hearts, but a refuge for the neurotic. The missionary movement of the nineteenth century was only formally an attempt to bring souls to Christ; viewed realistically, it was a mode of extending the export trade. The anger of abolitionist and muckraker was not righteous indignation at wrong, but fanaticism or naïveté. The spacious days of the founding fathers become the lost world of Thomas Jefferson. I oversimplify. Nevertheless, our present mode of analyzing the national culture would profoundly puzzle Emerson and Whitman, Lincoln and Jefferson. I read in the preamble of Jefferson's bill for education (1778): "It becomes *CONTINUED ON PAGE 62*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Cocktail-Party Concerto

". . . personally I don't care whether they're sweet or dry. I just don't like them. I like something more—oh, you know, more Continental. We had some absolutely wonderful things last year in Paris at a little place in Montmartre. Charley! Where was that bar in Paris where we had those absolutely wonderful. . . ."

". . . too marvelous new book by—oh, what the heck is his name? *You* know! He wrote that thing that was so big last year, about this girl who was supposed to be dying of some fatal disease. Well, this new one is about. . . ."

"George, no more for you!"

". . . came alone last time and didn't have a soul to talk to. So this time I said, 'Ha! I'll take the three best-looking dames I know.' So I did—and I haven't been able to get near one of 'em ever since we got here. . . ."

"George, that's positively your last. We've got to drive through all that. . . ."

"It's almost like not being on a diet. You can have all the meat you want one day and all the bread you want the next day and all the. . . ."

"No more for George, please. He's already . . . ."

"No, Charley, you could *not* see the Eiffel Tower from that place. You're thinking of that little *bistro* where the *garçon*. . . ."

"George!"

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

"Well, how are world affairs tonight, hon?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Make Your Own Hit Recording, Inc.
2331 Maddighan Ave., N.E.
New York City, New York.

Dear Sir: We would like to order one of your Make Your Own Hit Recording kits. We have decided on #34221 (which is the guitar, the sax and the piano all playing the same note over and over), and would like for our optionals: the tape of the girls singing, *Yeah Yeah and Uh Yeah-Yuh*, the tape of the male voice singing *Whoa-oh-oh-uh-ohuh Whoa* and the tape of the bass repeating *Oh, Baby, B-a-b-y My, M-y Baby, Oh, Baby.*

We understand that all we do is sing our words against this background, make a tape and return it to you for our instant-hit recording.

We thought you would be interested in knowing that we are going to call our song *Mamma, Papa, I Gotta Have a Car of My Own*, and in this connection we were wondering if you could get for us a tape of a car really roaring off because we would like to start the record off with this.

Yours sincerely,
THE TUNE-UPS

BETSY BYARS

"When did you first discover you hated your horse?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I'd Be So Much Better Off Just to Admit My Ignorance!

"Vern, I suppose you know I've always been interested in great art. I mean, the work of such masters as Renoir, Chardin, Vermeer and Rembrandt."

"Me, too. I mean—well, golly, all those masters."

"Sanzio and Bellini certainly were great, weren't they?"

"Boy, they were the greatest!"

"Who's your favorite, Vern?"

"My favorite? I —— Golly, I guess I like them all. I mean—well, some were greater than others, of course, but—well, I guess you might say they were all great."

"By the way, what's your favorite painting technique?"

"Well, gee, I—well, what's *yours?*"

"Fresco, I guess."

"Well, I'll be darned! Mine, too! Fresco is—well, sort of nice, and, like you said, it's a technique, and —— Well, I guess it's just always been my favorite."

"What's your opinion of Caravaggio, Vern?"

"Well, Carv—Caravanaggio was—is —— Well, I've always liked Carv —— A darned good artist."

"Which of his works do you like best?"

"Well, I—I guess I'd have to say I like them all. I mean, it'd be hard for me to single out any particular one, because —— well, just because it would."

"Mantegna was a good artist."

"One of the best!"

"And Gauguin."

"Right!"

"And Schopenhauer."

"Absolutely!"

"And Guy de Maupassant."

"Only a fool would fail to include a great painter like *him!*"

"And Albert Schweitzer."

"Definitely!"

"And Francis X. Bushman."

"Right!"

"And ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

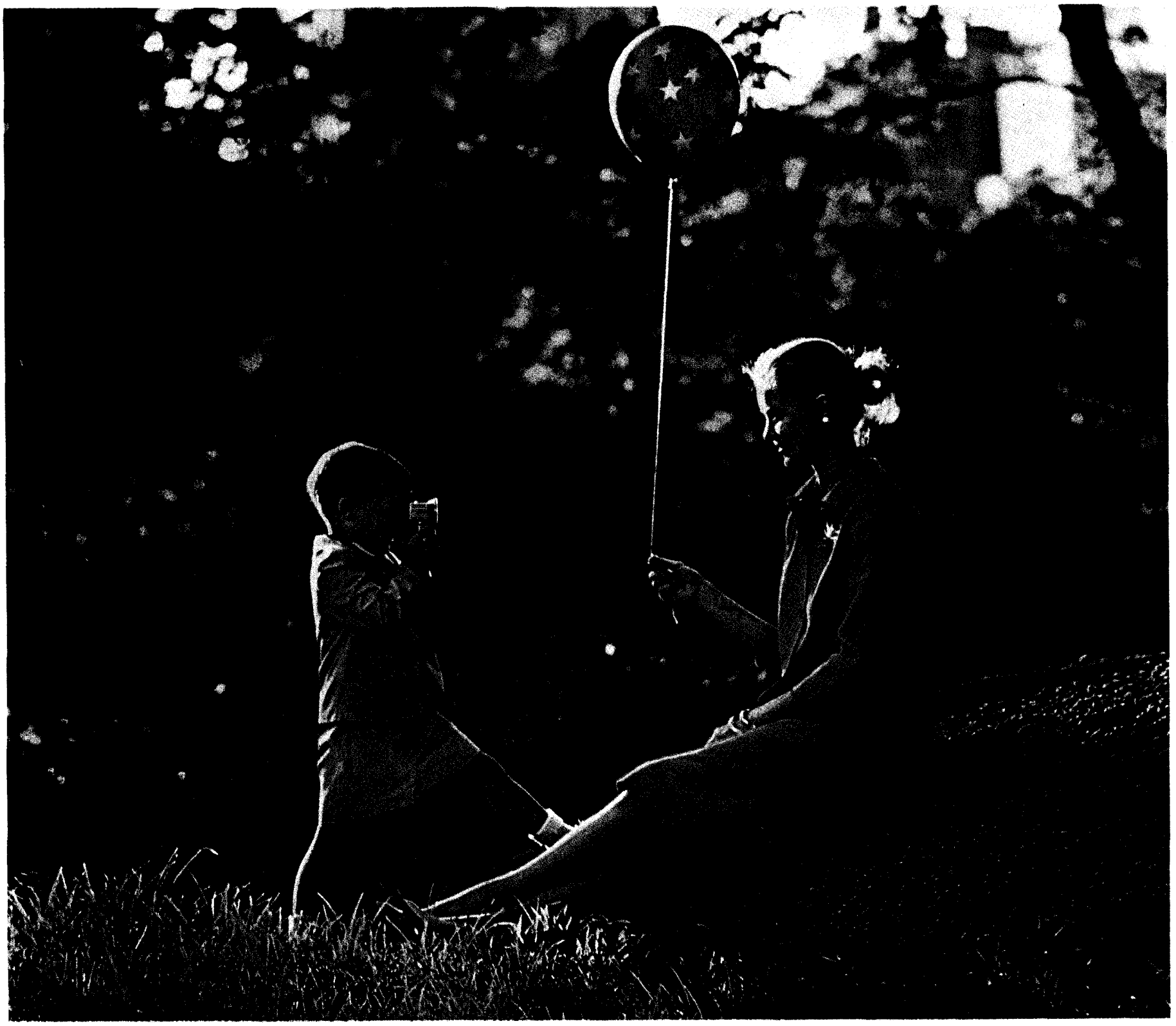
Morning Meditation

What if her hair's disheveled?
What if her face is drawn?
What if her make-up's missing?
What if her sparkle's gone?
Even I don't look too purty,
At 6:30.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PICTURE IT NOW—*enjoy it again and again!*



How much of this 4th will you still have on the 5th?

For an unforgettable July 4th, press the button!

Remember last Independence Day? Remember how cute the children were . . . what you all wore . . . the places you went . . . people you saw?

You'd need a photographic memory to recall all the happiness in a family holiday. And that's what you can have *this* 4th—with a camera and Kodak film.

Each time you press the button, you'll tuck another priceless moment away—make it an unforgettable moment for the children, too.

Now's the time to get ready—to get Kodak film for good pictures in black-and-white or beautiful color.

And if it's time you had a new camera, see the modern Brownie Starmite Camera (right). It's compact, has flash built in, costs less than $12. See your dealer for exact retail price.

Happy holiday!

Price is subject to change without notice.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

SEE KODAK'S "THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW" AND "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boy mints girl

So cool and refreshing... still only 5¢

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The boy knew too much—and there was only one way to keep him silent.

passage to danger

BY EDWIN LANHAM

Panicking, the boy snatched the mouthpiece away as Bahama held him under the water.

"Jack, we've got an eight-year-old kid aboard," Scott Chapman said. "I think this is poor judgment, to say the least." Scott, a vacationing New York publisher, objected when his old friend Jack Adams turned their yacht cruise through the Florida Keys into a voyage of intrigue. Besides Scott and his son Pip, Jack's passengers on the *Cormorant* were hulking Bahama Gibson and a wispy Cuban named Pérez.

Pérez was to smuggle a money-stuffed satchel into Cuba on a secret mission for millionaire rancher Bart Leroy. Scott's daredevil brother Mike was working for Leroy, too, and would pilot the plane taking Pérez to a clandestine rendezvous. It was a dangerous scheme, and Scott didn't want his brother or Pip to be involved.

After the first day's run, when Pip waked up and went on deck during the night, he saw Bahama Gibson gloating over a huge pile of peso bank notes in his stateroom. Bahama heard Pip outside and confronted the boy. "You say one word about what you seen," the big man threatened, "and overside you go."

II

Everywhere Bahama Gibson went, there was Pip, Scott noticed next day. The big, amiable Conch and the small redheaded boy were inseparable—together in the galley after breakfast, sitting in the cockpit later fishing with some of the conch Bahama had saved for bait.

It had started, of course, the other way around for Pip. He had crawled into his bunk the night before—not scared of Bahama, really, because certainly he would never tell about the money, but awed because there was a cold savagery in adult anger that was incomprehensible to a child, whose tempers passed in heat and were soon forgotten. But he knew that Bahama was in the right. He shouldn't have peeked. The money was Bahama's business and none of his, and of course he would never tell.

© 1961 by Edwin Lanham

But he stayed in the cockpit after he was up and dressed; and only when breakfast was ready did Bahama seek him out, coming soft-footed along the narrow deck and showing a friendly smile.

"Hey, Pip, no appetite this morning?"

"I guess not."

"Breakfast is ready," Bahama said. "I put your cereal on the table and a banana to cut up. O.K.?"

"O.K.," Pip said.

"Are we all squared away, Pip? Still good shipmates?"

"Yes, sure," Pip said.

"But you remember what I told you?"

"Yes, Mr. Bahama."

"O.K., come and eat hearty," Bahama said.

At breakfast Scott thought that Pip looked pale and subdued and he felt the sense of guilty worry that was always a factor in his solicitude for the boy, the feeling that while he discharged his obligations as a father well enough he failed in the instinctive care that was a mother's province. He had kept Pip from growing up like a wild Indian, at least, and had taught him the rudiments of good manners, but sometimes the boy showed sadness and made peremptory demands that indicated he felt a need. He had brought a filled briefcase home from the office with him all too often, Scott thought, and he had determined that this vacation would be a perfect sharing between father and son, yet here he was absorbed in Mike's problems and neglecting Pip.

He was pleased when Jack said they would take it easy that morning, lie over in Caesar Creek for a few hours. "I didn't like the sound of the port engine yesterday," Jack said. "I want to look it over."

"Then me and Pip will go fishing," Bahama said. "Huh, Pip?" (Continued on Page 71)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter From the Past (Continued from Page 24)

he liked to see and listen to the people. The day the letter from Araraquara arrived it so happened that Ward went to the post office in the morning instead of the afternoon. He had been working on a still life for a fruit advertisement, and it hadn't been going well. He decided to walk down to the village to clear his head, get a fresh perspective. His long legs moved briskly, with an athlete's rhythmic grace, and the color came up handsomely into his dark, sharp-boned face.

Arthur Humphrey and Shad Purler were at the post-office window when he got there. Arthur was a tall, skinny, seamy-faced carpenter, and Shad, the plumber, was short and heavy-set, with the face of a bald, middle-aged baby. They were of the breed that worked only when and where it suited them. At the moment they seemed to be in deep conference with Cob Henderson. The postmaster, a wiry little man with the odorous pipe for which he was nicknamed clamped between his teeth, held a letter in his hand. He and the two others were peering at it as though they hoped by concentration to read the contents through the envelope.

When Ward approached, they all looked up. Arthur and Shad grunted in greeting, which was more than they did for any of the other new people. Cob spoke, gesturing with the letter.

"Say, you've been a lot of places, Mr. Harrow," he said. "You ever hear of"—he peered at the letter again and sounded the syllables slowly—"Ar-ar-a-qua-ra?"

"It doesn't ring a bell," Ward said.

Cob tried the word again, leaving out a syllable this time. "Araquara, Brazil?"

Ward shook his head. "I've never been to Brazil."

Arthur and Shad looked at each other triumphantly, as though this confirmed their suspicion that none of these newcomers amounted to much, not even Ward. Cob smacked the letter rhythmically against his fingers.

"This here letter's from there," he said.

"Is that so?" Ward replied and wondered why a man who had been a postmaster for thirty-eight years should be stirred up by a letter from Brazil or any other place.

Cob shoved the letter under his nose. "Look at the postmark."

"Yes," Ward said. "It's from Araraquara, Brazil, all right."

"Notice anything else?"

"It's addressed to Miss Margaret Madden. Madden," Ward repeated. "They live up my way."

Cob rattled the letter impatiently. "I don't mean that. I mean, do you notice anything else about the postmark?"

Ward was aware of Arthur and Shad behind him, waiting silently. He examined the postmark, feeling as though he were being subjected to some sort of test.

"Well, what do you know?" he said. "It's dated May 4, 1957—almost three years ago." Something stirred in his mind. Nineteen fifty-seven—South America.

Arthur exhaled explosively, Shad softly. "That's right!" Cob said. "Now, why would it take a letter all that time? Even if this Arara place is in a jungle or something—they have jungles down there, don't they?"

"I think I know why it took so long," Ward said. "There was an item in the paper a few days ago about a ship that had been taken out of service and was being demolished." It came back to him now. With his sharp visual sense, he could see the words on the page. "A forgotten bag of mail was found in the hold—all dated 1957, all from South America. It was to be mailed right out. I remember wondering what might be in some of those old letters."

"So that's it." Cob took the pipe out of his mouth and shook his head slowly. "Think of it."

"Right here in Milbrook," Arthur said, somewhat enigmatically.

"Wonder who Margaret Madden knows all the way down to that place," Shad said.

"Wonder," Cob agreed. "Mostly she just gets advertisements."

"Maybe it's that feller," Arthur said.

"What feller?" Shad asked.

"You remember," Cob said quickly, before Arthur could answer. "That summer feller four, five years back. Used to hang around Maddens's all the time. Some said it was only to play chess with Howard. He had sort of a Frenchy name."

"Allaire," Arthur said, looking pleased with himself. "Wasn't for the chess, neither. I passed them one time, standing under a tree. She had her back up against it, and this Allaire feller was leaning toward her real close, with his hands on the trunk, talking serious. They never saw me no more'n if I wasn't there. He went away for good a while after that, so whatever he was asking her, I guess she wouldn't."

Shad pushed forward, his round face brightening. "Sure," he said. "It must've been around that time I was up at Maddens's fixing a busted pipe in the cellar. It must've been that feller they was arguing about."

Cob turned the letter over and examined its blank back judicially. He asked, his tone suggesting that he was merely humoring Shad, "What'd they say?"

"Well, I can't remember the exact words, y'understand," Shad replied importantly. "It's been almost three years. But Howard said something like it was good riddance; he wasn't her kind anyhow. They didn't know I could hear them, y'see. Their voices come down through the pipes."

"What did Margaret say?" Cob sounded bored.

"She said nobody was her kind and she wasn't nobody's kind, according to Howard. She said he'd had her pretty near convinced she was some sorta freak or something, but now she knew better."

Arthur yawned. "What did Howard say to that?" he asked.

"He said she was being impudent; and she said she wasn't a child no more, she was twenty-three. And he said as long as she was under his roof she had to treat him with respect; and she said maybe she wasn't going to be under it much longer."

Shad stopped. When it was evident that nothing more was forthcoming, Cob asked, "How come you never told this before, all these years?"

"It went out of my head till now," Shad said. "That was the day I had the fire in my house. I wasn't thinking about the Maddens."

Arthur said, as if this discredited the whole story, "She's still under his roof, looking out for him as good as ever."

"She wouldn't speak up to him like that now," Shad answered irrelevantly. "She lost her spirit, sort of."

Cob was examining the letter again. "You'd think people would put their names on envelopes," he said.

Ward had been getting the mail out of his box and looking it over. There were a couple of bills, a check for a magazine cover that would pay the bills with plenty to spare, an invitation to a dinner party from a woman he scarcely remembered, who said he was the only attractive bachelor left on her list, and a letter from a girl he had once thought he was in love with, telling him she was going to be married in June.

"I go right past the Maddens'," he said. "I can drop the letter off if you like, save Frank the trip up to their box."

Cob pursed his lips. "Dunno," he said. "It wouldn't be exactly regular."

"It's not exactly a regular letter. It's been on the way for over two years," Ward said. "It shouldn't just be dumped in her box like ordinary mail, should it?"

"Well, maybe not," Cob said. "But—I dunno."

"I was going up that way myself," Shad began, but Cob, suddenly making up his mind, cut him off.

"If you or Arthur take it, she'll think you're prying," Cob said. "It'll just seem neighborly of Mr. Harrow." He handed the letter to Ward. "Go along with it."

As Ward left, Arthur called after him, "Be coming around here tomorrow?"

"Sure," Ward said.

"What time?" Shad asked him.

Ward said he didn't know exactly. He wondered whether they would hang around the post office all the next day, waiting for him to show up, or whether they'd arrange with Cob to let them know. No doubt they expected him to find out the contents of the letter, or at least its author, but how they thought he was going to accomplish this he couldn't imagine. He intended to ring the Maddens's doorbell, hand the letter to Miss Madden and leave.

But as he told himself this, he knew it wasn't true. He had been curious about the Maddens for some time. People usually warmed to him quickly. He had a talent for getting along with all kinds and he had made more progress with the Milbrook old-timers in a few months than most of the newcomers made in years—but not with the Maddens.

Margaret Madden and her father had remained unapproachable. Ward often saw Howard Madden in his hardware store or working around the grounds of their old, beautifully kept home. When he greeted Howard as he passed the Madden house, the other man answered cordially enough, but he never glanced up or paused for an instant from whatever he was doing. Margaret, on the other hand, was rarely in evidence. When she was, she disappeared into the house as soon as Ward approached. Once or twice he had seen her on the road or in the village, but she always managed to avoid passing him. He could not remember ever before being avoided, especially by a woman.

As he walked back from the post office, he admitted to himself that he had taken the letter from Araraquara because he hoped it would serve as an entering wedge. Margaret Madden interested him. She seemed plain and unyouthful, but his artist's eye saw that she was not naturally plain at all and that she was younger than she allowed herself to look. He was from a world where women went to great lengths to make the most of themselves and he wondered why any woman should conceal her attractiveness.

He hoped she would come to the door herself, but it was her father who answered when Ward rang. Howard was a tall, stringy man with thick black hair and a hard-bitten face which could have belonged to a man of forty or of sixty. His eyes, looking at Ward without recognition, were a pale, ice blue.

"Good morning," Ward said, with the same smile that had melted his kindergarten teacher. "I'm Ward Harrow from up the road."

"Yes," Howard said, putting a period to it.

Ward kept the letter in the pocket of his ancient tweed jacket. He said, "I have a message for Miss Madden."

"I'll take it," Howard said.

Ward smiled again. "If you don't mind, I'd rather give it to her personally."

Howard obviously did mind, and Ward was afraid he was going to say so. But frosty and close-mouthed as many of the old-timers were inclined to be, Ward had never found any who were downright discourteous, and Madden was no

"I've asked your fellow employees to help you in here, Harris, for a discussion of your noon-hour activities."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exception. He spoke without warmth, but he held the door wider and said, "Come in. I'll call her."

He showed Ward into an unimaginatively furnished sitting room that looked as though it were constantly scrubbed and polished and never sat in. Ward would have liked to see Margaret Madden alone, but he was not surprised when her father returned with her.

"This is my daughter," he said, though he must have known that Ward had seen her before. "This is Mr. Harrow, Margaret. He says he has a message for you."

Margaret sat down in a straight chair and clasped her hands in her lap. She was tall for a woman, with glossy black hair which she wore simply cut straight around and hanging to her shoulders. She had a classic nose, innocent of powder, and a large, pale mouth. Her dress was dark and shapeless, like all her clothes, but Ward suspected that it hid an excellent figure. Her eyes, which he had once noted were wide and clear gray, she kept averted.

"It's a letter, Miss Madden," Ward said. "A letter from Araraquara, Brazil."

She shook her head slightly and spoke in a low, cool voice. "There must be a mistake. I don't know anyone in Brazil."

"Maybe someone you knew went there," Ward suggested.

He saw her eyelids flicker, but after an instant she shook her head again. Her father, who had not moved from the doorway, now came a step into the room.

"What's this all about, Mr. Harrow?" he asked. "Do you have the letter with you?"

Ward addressed himself to Howard so pleasantly that he almost appeared to be answering the question. "It's a very old letter," he said. "It was one found in a bag of mail in an abandoned ship."

Margaret's head came up. She glanced at Ward and then quickly away again. "How old?" she asked.

"It was postmarked 1957." Ward gave her his smile, which often made it possible for him to say outrageous things without offense. "I see you do know someone who might have been in Brazil then."

She looked directly at him this time. It was an obvious effort, but now it seemed to Ward that this was not because she disliked or distrusted him, or because she was innately cold. He decided that she was as frightened and shy as a budding girl.

But she spoke calmly enough, ignoring Ward's comment. "If you have the letter with you," she said, "please give it to me."

"Someone's at the back door, Margaret," her father said quickly. "Will you go? It's probably one of the ladies to borrow flour or sugar."

"I don't hear anyone," Margaret said, but he gave her a look, and she went meekly.

"They don't keep lists," Howard told Ward. "My wife always kept lists, and I've taught my daughter to do the same. We never run out of anything." When he was sure Margaret was beyond earshot, he said, "You needn't wait, Mr. Harrow. I'll give the letter to her."

"I don't mind waiting." Ward took out a cigarette, then noted that there wasn't an ash tray in the room and put it back in the pack. "I've been commissioned, in a way, to deliver the letter directly to Miss Madden."

"By whom?" Howard demanded.

Fortunately Ward didn't have to answer, for Margaret returned at that moment and told her father he had better go to the back door himself.

"Why?" he asked her.

"It's no one I've ever seen," she said. "You'd better go."

When he had gone, she stood twisting her hands, looking at the wall past Ward's ear. "Did you give the letter to my father?" she asked.

"Of course not." Ward took the letter from his pocket and handed it to her. "I hope it's good news," he said.

She was not listening. She stared down at the black scrawl on the envelope, and Ward saw that her hand shook. As he slipped out, he heard Howard go back into the room.

"Where's Harrow?" Howard asked.

"I suppose he left," Margaret said.

"There wasn't anyone at the back door," Howard said.

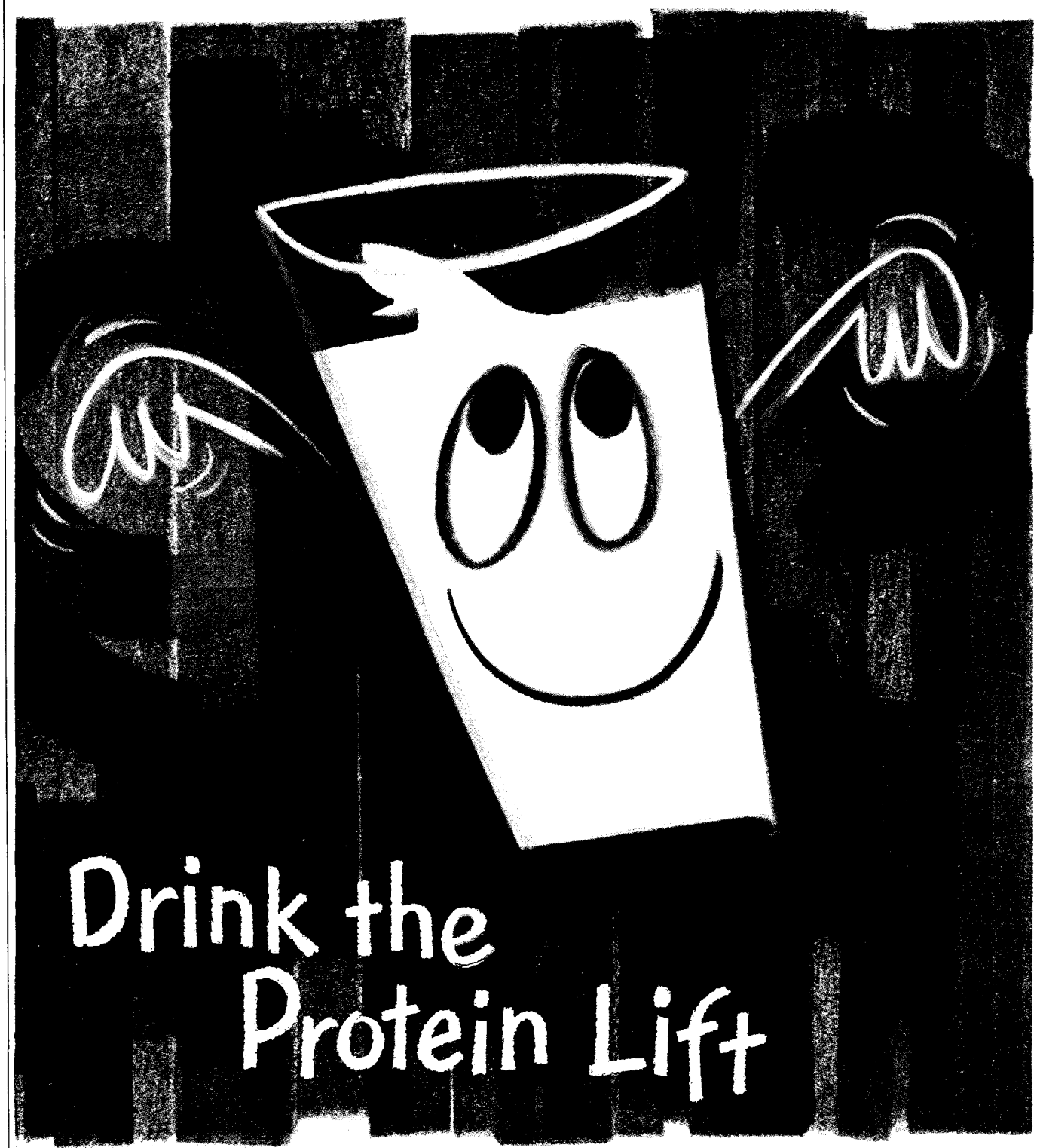
For the first time, Ward, out in the hall preparing to go, heard a touch of humor in her voice. "Wasn't there? That's strange. There wasn't when I went either."

"The letter's from him, isn't it?" Howard said. "You'd be better off not reading it."

"Why, father? What difference can it possibly make now?"

Ward closed the front door silently behind himself. He went home at a jog, as though he were warming up for a race. It was ten years since he had raced, but suddenly he felt as keen, as full of sap, as he had then. He ran up the stairs of his little house to the north-lighted attic for which he had bought it and finished his still life for the fruit ad with a few sure, bold strokes. Then he made himself a pot of bitter black coffee and sat drinking it, smoking cigarettes between cups.

It was a long time since he had been as fascinated as he was by the Maddens and the mystery of the long-delayed letter from Araraquara. He would have to find some way of seeing (*Continued on Page 42*)



Drink Milk at noon and get a refreshing lift. You always need protein. That's why you never outgrow your need for Milk. Get the Milk idea-3 glasses every day.

FRESH MILK

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION
Representing the Dairy Farmer in your area

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beautiful *Touraine* by Drexel, with tambour doors. 23" over-all diag. meas. screen (283 sq. in. viewing area). *Model 23K74.*

The first large-screen portable TV you don't have to plug in

(IT'S ALL TRANSISTOR—NO TUBES)

This portable television really earns the right to be called portable. An amazing rechargeable Energy Cell makes it independent of electric outlets. That's why it's right at home in the modern tree terrace illustrated.

Indoors, of course, you can use ordinary house current. But indoors or out, you get a clear, crisp picture anywhere there's a signal to capture.

The face of this remarkable television set is practically all picture—thanks to the new 19-inch Picture Frame Screen (over-all diag. meas. 172 sq. in. viewing area). Instead of tubes, this portable uses the miracle of transistors—which last indefinitely.

As you'd expect, Motorola's famed pledge of reliability in writing* applies to this all-transistor portable just as it does to the 1962 console sets illustrated.

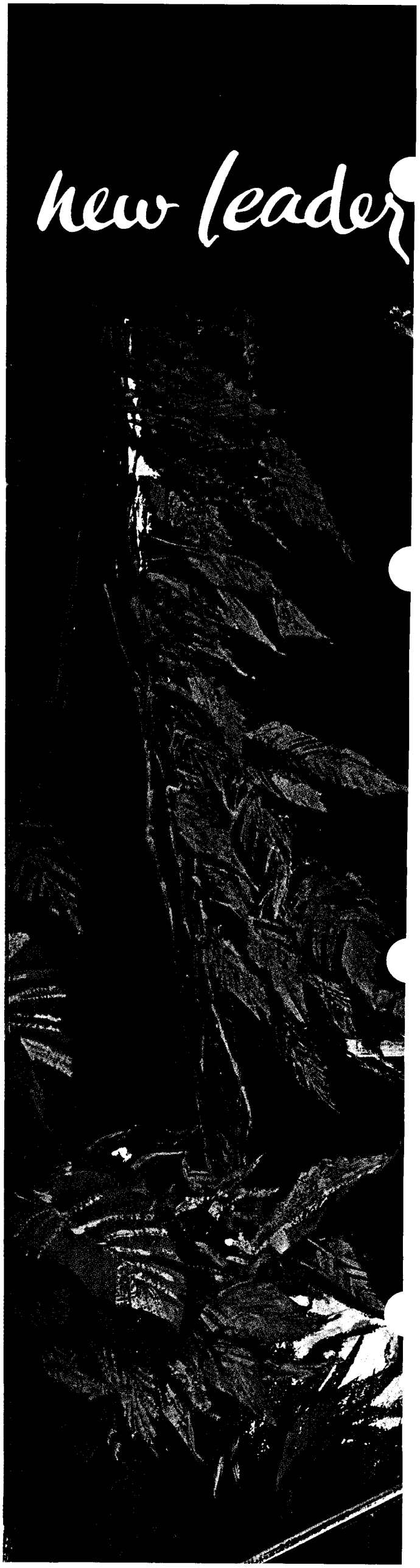
The one place to see the latest in electronic development—portable, table and console TV—is at a Motorola dealer's.

*MANUFACTURER'S ONE-YEAR GUARANTEE COVERS FREE EXCHANGE OR REPAIR OF ANY NEW COMPONENT, PART, TUBE, TRANSISTOR OR ENERGY CELL PROVEN DEFECTIVE IN NORMAL USE. ARRANGED BY SELLING DEALER. LABOR EXTRA.

MOTOROLA

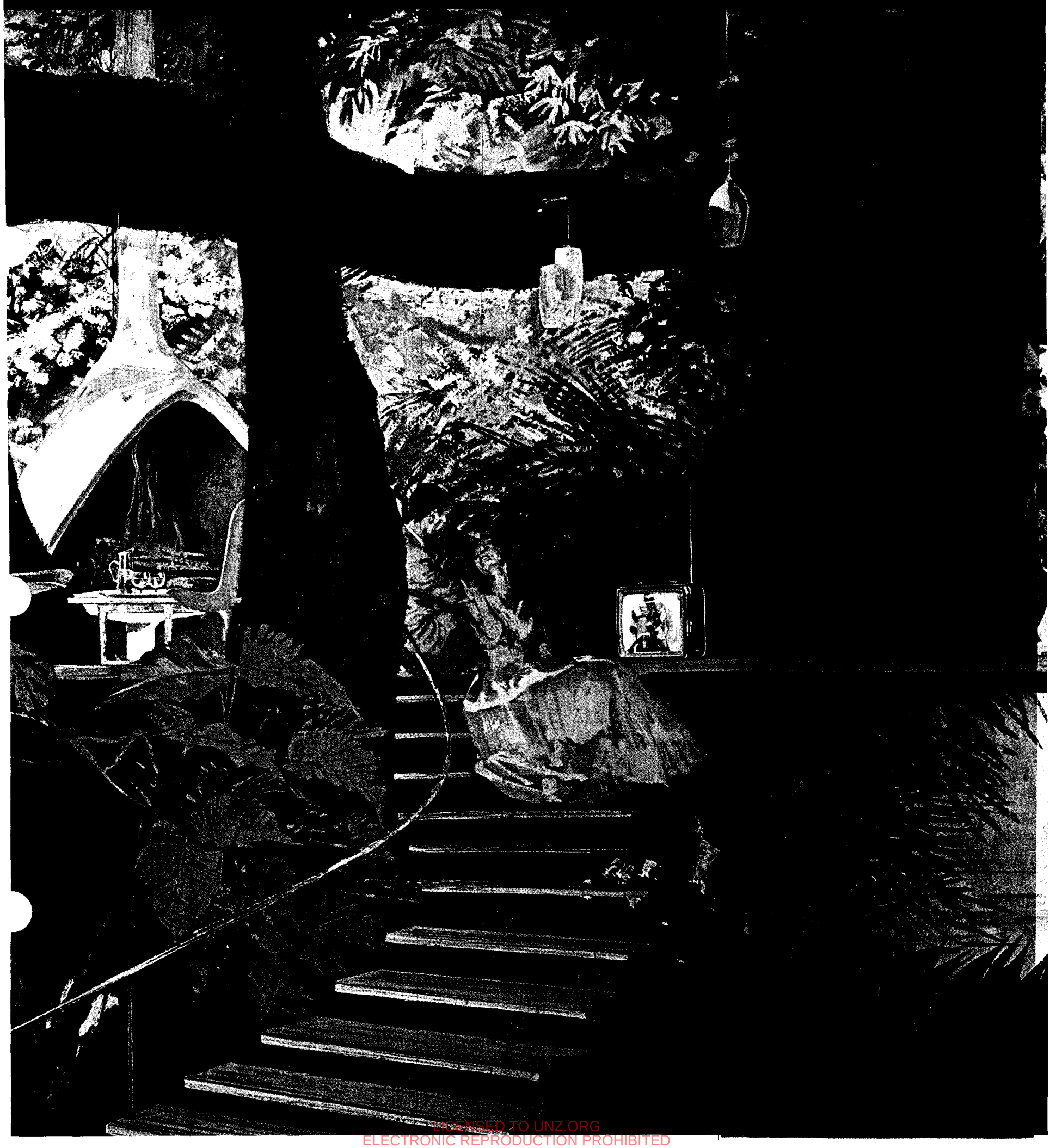
SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

Delightful contemporary styling. 23,000 volts of picture power. 23" over-all diagonal measure screen (283 sq. in. viewing area). *Model 23K63.*



GENEALOGY.COM
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fresh from MOTOROLA
on the lively art of electronics



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 39*) them again, convincing them that he was not an undesirable neighbor.

Margaret would make a wonderful subject for a painting, not a commercial painting, but something he would create simply for pleasure. He would do her as her own ancestor, in black bombazine and with her hair pinned up in a bun—one of the unadorned beauties of another era. But of course it was an idle daydream. Even if Margaret could be persuaded to sit for him, which was certainly unlikely, her father would never permit it. He hovered over her as though she were a girl of sixteen instead of a woman of twenty-six or -seven. They were a pair who seemed to have wandered into the wrong century by mistake.

And how, Ward wondered, did the letter from Araraquara fit into the tintype?

Ward's father died the next day, and Ward flew West for the funeral. It was more than two weeks before he got back to Milbrook. When he stopped at the post office for his accumulated mail, it was late in the afternoon, and no one was there but Cob.

"Been away," Cob said, not making it a question.

"It's good to be back," Ward said.

Cob shoved the last of the letters across the counter. "Seen the Maddens?"

"No. I haven't been home yet. Are they all right?"

"Oh, sure," Cob said. "Fine." He made a sound between a snort and a chuckle. "They're just fine." As Ward turned to go, he added, "That letter you took up there from—where was it?"

"Araraquara."

"Yeah, that place. She get it all right?"

"Yes, I gave it to her."

"Did you ——" Cob stopped and cleared his throat. "I don't guess she said who it was from or anything?"

Only a consuming curiosity, Ward thought, could have moved Cob to make such a direct inquiry. "She didn't open it while I was there," Ward said.

"Well." The postmaster shifted his yellow corncob from one side of his mouth to the other. "How'd she seem when you saw her? Peart?"

"I don't think I know that word," Ward said.

"Perky, lively, full of beans," Cob said impatiently. "Peart."

"Miss Madden?" Ward shook his head. "That's not exactly the way I'd describe her."

"Well, I don't want to keep you, holding all that mail." Cob gave the snorting chuckle again. "Say hello to the Maddens for me."

Ward dumped the mail into his car and drove toward home. No one was outside the Madden house as he passed, but there was a light in the hall and another in the kitchen. On impulse he stopped the car and went up to the front door, wondering, as he rang the bell, what he was going to say.

Howard Madden answered, as he had the other time. He looked at Ward as if he had never seen him before.

"Hello, Mr. Madden," Ward said. "I've been away for a while and I just thought I'd stop by and see if you and your daughter were well."

The ice-blue eyes did not change. "Thank you. We're very well." There was a pause. "Will you come in?"

Once more Ward followed him into the immaculate sitting room. This time a card table was set up, with a chessboard on it and two chairs drawn up to it.

Ward recalled the talk at the post office about the man who had once been a regular visitor in this house and who could have been the author of the letter from Araraquara. "Some said it was only to play chess with Howard," Cob had said. Maybe the letter had been the means of bringing the man back here. Maybe that was what Cob had been snorting and chuckling about.

Ward felt a depression that he could not identify. He looked at the chessboard for a minute and then moved a white bishop. Howard reached around him and moved it back.

"I see you know chess," he said, "but it's black's move."

"Who's playing the black?"

"Name's Allaire," Howard replied.

The quick, light tap of a woman's footsteps sounded in the hall. Not Margaret's, Ward thought; she moved hesitantly.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Harrow. I thought I heard your voice."

It was Margaret. She wore the same dress she had worn when Ward last saw her, but now it was taken in with a wide belt that emphasized the smallness of her waist. She had piled her hair up on top of her head, as though simply to get it out of the way, and the casual effect was charming, allowing little wisps to escape and curl softly against her neck. There was powder on her nose and a trace of color on her lips. The changes were small, yet they made the difference between a woman whose potential beauty it took an artist's eye to discern, and a woman whose beauty was nearly realized.

Allaire, Ward thought gloomily. The man with the "Frenchy name." It was for him that Margaret looked as Ward had known she could look, and because of him that her smile was as radiant as Ward had imagined it might be.

"I'm making stew," she said. "It isn't fancy, but it's good, and I baked an apple pie this morning. Won't you stay and have dinner with us, Mr. Harrow?"

Ward was sure Allaire would be there, too, and he was going to decline. Then he thought better of it. It wouldn't hurt to see what the fellow was like. It was even possible that Allaire would go off at some point in the evening to finish his chess game with Howard, and Ward would have a chance to talk with Margaret alone. There was no point in retiring from the field before he had looked over his competition and determined how keen it was.

"I'd like that very much," Ward said.

Howard cleared his throat. "Margaret," he said, "are you sure there's enough?"

He looked at her the way he had that other time, when he had sent her to the back door, but now she looked right back at him and said, "There's plenty. I was just thinking before Mr. Harrow came that I had cooked too much."

Howard had little to say after that. During dinner he questioned Ward about his work and remarked that he had never known anyone who made his living painting pictures. Before he could go any further, Margaret said that it must be wonderful to be an artist.

"Just looking isn't enough sometimes," she said. "You wish you could put it down somehow—keep it." She gave Ward a glance that was still shy, but no longer frightened. "Or give it."

It was a delightful evening. Allaire was not there after all, and when dinner was over, Margaret suggested that her father had work to do and they wouldn't mind if he went on upstairs.

"He keeps all his own books," she said. "He never lets anyone else touch them. The accountant said he never saw such perfect books."

Howard managed to look pleased and disgruntled at the same time. "I don't have to do them tonight," he said.

"You go right ahead, father," Margaret said. "We'll excuse you . . . won't we, Mr. Harrow?"

When he had gone, with obvious reluctance, Ward looked at Margaret and smiled. "If I were your father, I'd want to chaperon you too," he said. "I'd want to be very careful of you."

She blushed. "That's a nice thing to say." She stared down at her hands, and for an instant he thought she was going to twist them in the old frightened way. Instead she raised her eyes and gave him a grave, clear look. "Father's a lonely man," she said.

They talked for a long while. Ward tried several times to introduce the subject of the chess-playing Mr. Allaire, but it was only at the end of the evening that he succeeded.

"When I was here two weeks ago," he said, "I never expected that we'd talk like this so soon and get to know each other so well; I wanted it, but I wasn't at all sure you did." He took her hand lightly. It was cool and fine-boned and unexpectedly strong. "You've changed since then, Margaret."

She shook her head. "No. I've simply found myself again."

"Somehow I thought it might have had something to do with that letter I brought you," he said. "That letter from Araraquara."

"It did," she said.

He waited, but she said nothing more. "I know I'm being presumptuous," he said then. "I feel as if we're old friends, but of course it's only been a very brief time." He gave her his smile. "I have no right to ask you whether the letter was from a man named Allaire, and you can tell me it's none of my business."

She looked at him wonderingly. "How do you know about him?"

"Your father mentioned him. Evidently they've been playing chess together."

"Oh," she said. "Yes. Father's having a dreadful time beating him." She hesitated a moment. "The letter was from him. It's almost like a miracle, the way it took so long to get here and then arrived just when it did."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing." She smiled at him. "Let's talk about something else."

Ward never did meet Allaire. The chessboard was set up for more than a week, and Ward could see when he visited Margaret that both the white and the black made moves, but the man himself was never in evidence. Then one night Howard announced triumphantly that he had won the game. After that the chessboard disappeared, and neither Allaire nor his letter was mentioned for more than a year.

It was Ward who brought up the subject. He had forgotten all about it until he got a commission to paint a picture for a pipe advertisement of two men playing chess before a fireplace. That night he asked Margaret what ever had happened to Allaire, and she told him he was dead. Ward wanted to know when he had died.

"Several years ago," she said. "He was killed in a plane crash. I saw it in the paper."

Ward stared at her. "Several years ago? Why, he was here a year or so ago, playing chess with your father."

"Oh, no, he wasn't here," she said. "They played chess by mail. His latest move was in that letter, dated a few weeks before his death. Father had the whole game written down, so even after all that time he could set it up again. I played the black against him after the letter came, and I almost beat him too."

"You mean the letter from Araraquara?" Ward laughed. "That's what was in it? A chess move? But I thought you said the letter had an important effect on your life."

"It did," she said. "The chess part was a separate note for Father. The other part was for me. I've kept it as a memento, if you'd like to see it."

"Well," Ward said casually, "if you want to show it to me."

Dearest Margaret: Since I've been away from you, I realize how much you mean to me. It wasn't, as you thought, just a summer flirtation to help pass the time. The fact is I love you very much, and if you feel the same way, I want you to come here and marry me. This is a beautiful country, and I'm doing very well. There is no use going into all the details until I know how you feel and whether I have a chance, so please write as soon as possible. You don't have to say yes right away. If you can say maybe, I will tell you more about the place and what our life together would be like and how much I love you.

Yours always,
MAX.

Ward read the letter through twice. "Did you love him?" he asked her then.

"No," she said. "Though I once thought I did."

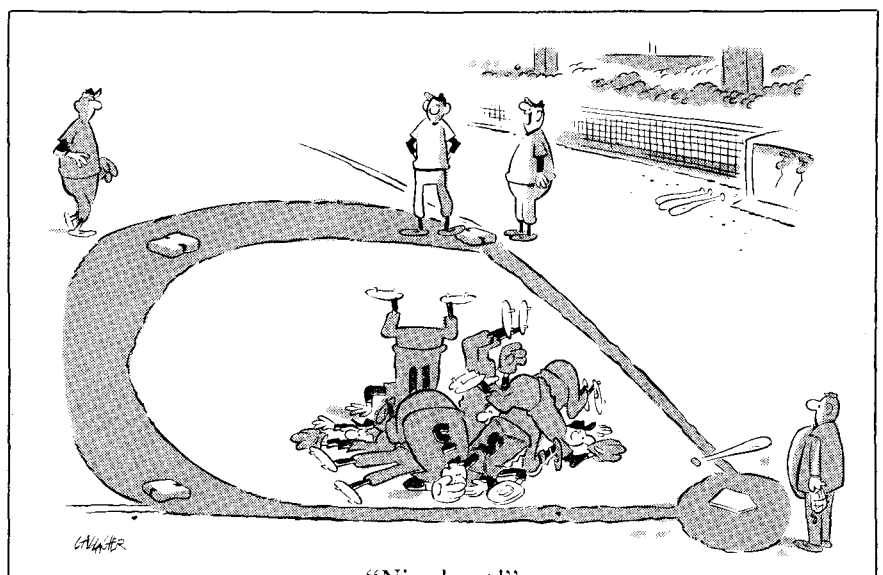
"Then why did the letter mean so much to you? A miracle that arrived just at the right time, you said."

"Because if it had arrived promptly, I'd have gone to Brazil and married him. If it hadn't come at all, I'd have kept on believing father and never given myself a chance with a man." She smiled. "If it had come sooner or later, the right man might not have been around."

"Nonsense. Everything would have been just the same." Ward tore the letter in half and then in half again. "It didn't take a letter from Araraquara," he said. "I found you myself."

Margaret smiled at him. "Husbands always think that, darling," she said.

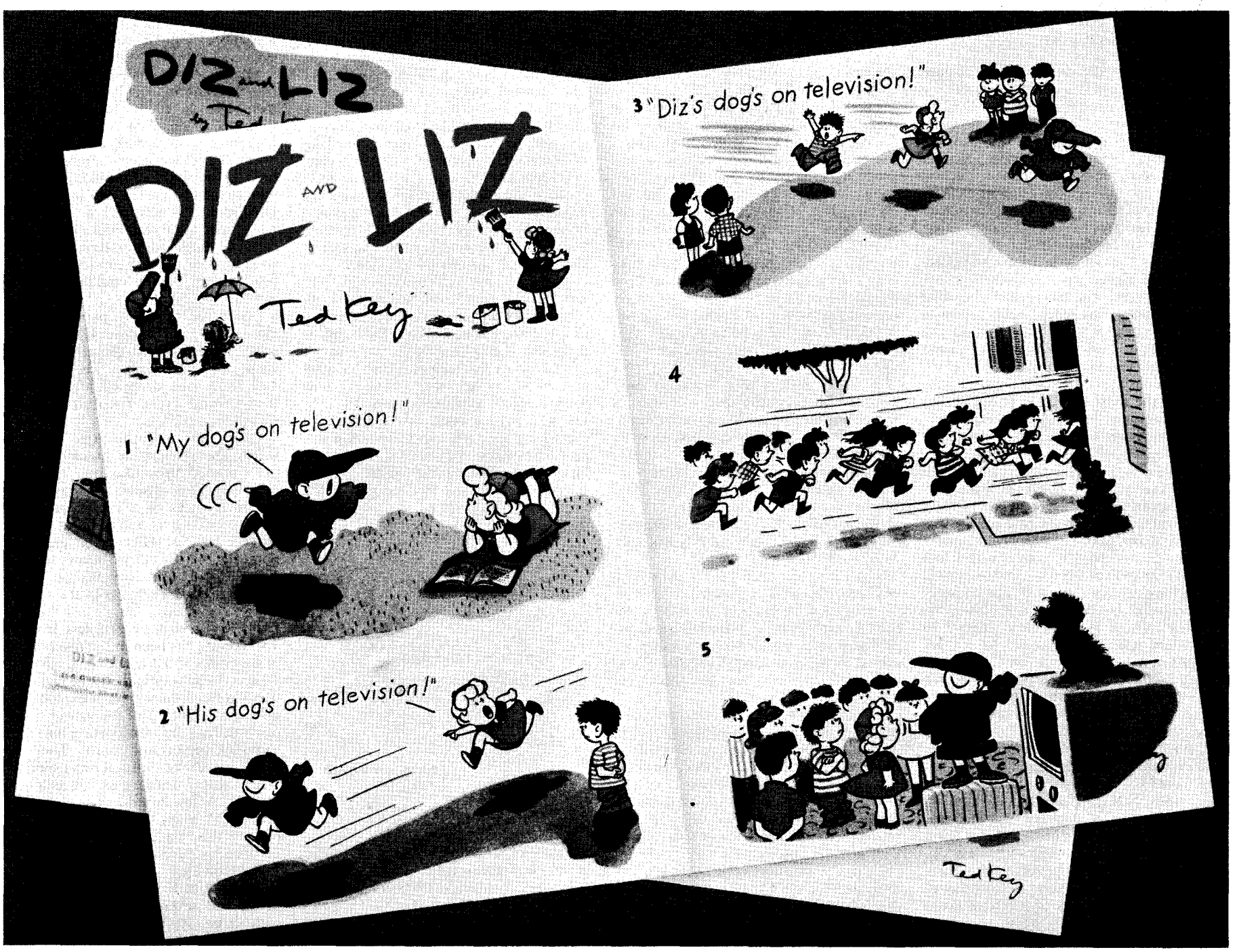
THE END



"Nice bunt!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



One more reason why your youngster will love JACK and JILL!

Now Ted Key, famous for his "Hazel" cartoons in the POST, has become a contributor to JACK and JILL. "Diz and Liz," *in color*, will be delighting young readers every month from now on.

Month after month, *all year long*, JACK and JILL brings a balanced program of good reading for boys and girls. And because of the variety it offers, JACK and JILL appeals to the interests and abilities of youngsters ranging from pre-school age to 10 or 11.

Well-written and illustrated by leading children's artists, JACK and JILL presents stories, articles and activity ideas to entertain and inform active, curious youngsters. Every issue includes games, stories, puzzles, riddles, junior science, hobby ideas, songs, rhymes, nature features, picture articles and suggestions for things to make and do.

JACK and JILL is more than mere entertainment—it encourages youngsters to develop new interests, to do new things. And all the while, it's helping them to become better, more able readers—good training for the important years ahead.

JACK and JILL is inexpensive, too—only $3.95 a year . . . or even less when you order two or more gifts at once.

Use the handy coupon on this page to place your order today. A bright greeting card will announce each gift you order. And there's no need to send payment now—we'll be glad to bill you later.

PRICES (U.S., U.S. Possessions & Canada) 1 year $3.95 • 2 years $6.95 3 years $9.95 • Each add'l year $3 • One 1-yr. gift $3.95 • Two 1-yr. gifts $6.95 Each add'l 1-yr. gift $2.95

JACK AND JILL
Dept. 2192, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

Send_____years of JACK and JILL to:
Name_____
Street or R.D._____
Town_____Zone_____State_____
Sign my ☐ Birthday ☐ "Just a gift" card:_____

Send_____years of JACK and JILL to:
Name_____
Street or R.D._____
Town_____Zone_____State_____
Sign my ☐ Birthday ☐ "Just a gift" card:_____

Order sent by:_____
Street or R.D._____
Town_____Zone_____State_____
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Please bill me. Use plain paper for additional orders.

UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE: The publisher agrees, on request direct from subscribers to its Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Do You Want From TV?

(Continued from Page 15)

illogical to say the air belongs to the public, then argue that we ought to ignore the preferences of the majority. It would be just as wrong to brush off more cultivated viewers and neglect the broadcaster's moral obligation to raise popular tastes. Since nobody wants a Federal agency to infringe on the audience's freedom of choice by setting arbitrary criteria for programing, the only alternative is to continue under the present system and patiently inculcate an appreciation of higher artistic values.

A network, therefore, has the dual responsibility to reflect and influence public tastes. If critics understood the dynamics of a mass medium, they would realize these objectives do not conflict. The primary function of a network is to attract the mass audience. It establishes the economic base for sponsors' tremendous costs—and supports programs with limited appeal.

Wagon Train, Perry Como and Dinah Shore carry the N.B.C. Opera, which has been sponsored for only eleven of sixty performances since 1950 and has cost us nearly $6,000,000. The profits from mass-appeal shows enabled us to absorb a loss of $11,000,000 in 1960 on informational programs, an area in which our commitments will be even greater this year. When an hour in prime time (from 7:30 to 10:30 P.M.) is pre-empted for an unsponsored news special, we lose more than $100,000 in charges to an advertiser for air time, plus as much again for production costs if the canceled show cannot be put on at a later date.

Permit me to clarify one point. A network is not under any legal compulsion to meet FCC requirements for a balanced program. N.B.C. last year presented 288 hours of news, 30 per cent of it in prime time, to keep the public informed on important domestic and foreign developments. C.B.S. has the identical policy, and I hope I don't sound patronizing in saying that A.B.C. is trying to make a more respectable showing in this field.

The pay-off on the range of culture and information a network gives viewers is an analysis of its ratio of programs in eleven categories. I have chosen February, 1961, as a yardstick for N.B.C., because it was about as routine a month as we ever have. There was not an unusual run of major news breaks or public-affairs specials to load the figures in our favor. Following is a proportionate breakdown of our programs during the month:

News, public affairs, education	23.9%
Games, quizzes	17.9
Variety shows	14.9
Drama	12.7
Westerns	6.0
Situation comedy	5.4
Audience participation	5.4
Sports	5.4
Action adventure	5.1
Children's	2.8
Opera	.5

As you can see, the schedule was weighted heavily with cerebral programs. Information consumed more than double the combined time given to Westerns, cops-and-robbers and adventure. This stress on news hurt us competitively—only 13 per cent of the audience was tuned in to 23.9 per cent of our schedule—but it represented an effort to stimulate an awareness of current events. Further, this was—and it still is—the category with the most shows in prime evening time and on Sunday afternoon. During the twenty-five hours a week included in those periods, we devote an average of six hours to news, public affairs and culture.

I know I'll be rapped for suggesting that Sunday afternoon is a choice spot for high-brow TV. The networks always are accused of throwing culture a few, grudging crumbs by dumping superior shows into the so-called intellectual ghetto. The gesture costs nothing, the story goes, because there is no demand from advertisers for the time. Rubbish. Experience has proved that such programs draw better on Sunday afternoon, when people have the leisure to reflect on weighty issues. In prime time, competition from light entertainment cuts deeply into the available audience.

The rocky history of *Omnibus* is clear evidence that culture best survives, if somewhat fitfully, on Sunday afternoon. No show ever has been coddled more by the networks. C.B.S. first gave it liberal transfusions of money and talent on Sunday afternoon, but after four years of disappointing audience reaction the show moved in 1956 to A.B.C. on Sunday night with the help of a subsidy from the Ford Foundation.

The rating dropped 45 per cent. The next year *Omnibus* completed the circuit of networks by coming to N.B.C. on Sunday afternoon. It promptly regained all the former viewers, plus a slight increase. A.B.C., incidentally, put a Western into *Omnibus*'s slot and tripled its share of the audience.

Despite these hard realities, we have been adding egghead-type shows to the schedule in prime time and have made encouraging progress in attracting audiences. This season, *The Coming of Christ*, a *Project 20* on *The Real West* and a *White Paper* on the U-2 affair pulled ratings that compared most favorably with popular entertainment.

I'd like to see more controversial questions debated on TV, more experimental drama, more classical music, fewer action shows that are carbon copies of a handful of prototypes. However, the limitations inherent in a mass medium restrain the rapid adoption of such policies. A broadcaster who is too far ahead of the public's tastes drives away viewers, thereby defeating the purpose of his leadership and destroying the nature of the mass medium.

N.B.C.'s efforts to assemble a diversified schedule are not always seen by the viewer on the station carrying our service. Our network is comprised of five stations, the maximum we are permitted to own under FCC regulations, and 177 independently owned affiliates. These affiliates determine which elements of our schedule are carried, depending on the shows they elect to use from other sources. As a consequence the general public rarely gets the full impact of our integrated programing.

An indication of the obstacles blocking nationwide projection of information and culture is given by a sample line-up of N.B.C. affiliates for such programs. *Wagon Train*, the No. 1 attraction, was carried by 193 stations this season. (Eleven so-called "satellites" joined the network for the show.) There was a sharp drop to 127 for a *White Paper* on the Southern sit-in strikes, 123 for *Boris Godunov* (opera), 118 for *Meet the Press*, 98 for *The Nation's Future* and 95 for *Omnibus*.

The situation is particularly acute in a town where there are only one or two channels. There a station manager can choose shows from two or three networks. He may take *The Untouchables* instead of *C.B.S. Reports*, or substitute Garry Moore for a *Project 20* documentary.

We could eliminate a lot of headaches—and terrific expense—if we got out of the programing business and used our facilities merely to transmit shows supplied by advertisers and talent agencies. It would end frantic competition for sponsors to defray annual investments of $140,000,000 on program production and development. We could discharge huge creative and administrative staffs and just sell time on the network—but we would not have a diversified schedule. We would be peddling a communication service as sterile as the old-time nickelodeon.

Well, there are buffs who say old silent movies were wonderful, just as there are dilettantes who bemoan the deterioration of TV since the early days. Such talk is nostalgic nonsense. There was, to be sure, a heady excitement in the industry and among viewers that is missing now for a perfectly obvious reason. TV then was like writing on a new blackboard; everything made a vivid, arresting impression. When the N.B.C. "network" linking New York and Philadelphia was extended all the way to Chicago, we felt like the pioneers who drove the gold spike in the transcontinental railroad. Every day was an adventure—but the shows were dreadful compared with TV now.

Critics unconsciously are funnier than Goodman Ace, the top comedy writer, when they mourn for dramas with the "artistic integrity" of *Philco Playhouse* and *Robert Montgomery Presents*. Most of them were pure soap operas in content and technique. Network programs had about as much scope as a shoe catalogue. In 1950, 42 per cent of N.B.C.'s schedule consisted of variety shows, which were nothing more than transplanted vaudeville acts. The remainder was padded out with boxing, panel shows and anything that moved.

Every facet of TV is vastly superior now, with the exception of comedy. The kings of the air in the early 1950's were the comedians—Milton Berle, Jackie Gleason, Sid Caesar. In those free-and-easy days, Berle could drop into Lindy's for a cup of coffee and come out with enough gags to hold the stage for an hour. The funniest bit I ever saw was on a show that cost $3500 and couldn't be duplicated today for $135,000. Jerry Lewis, miming the words of a Mario Lanza record, pretended to bust a gut when he hit the high notes. It was inspired clowning, the kind you don't hardly get any more, as George Gobel, another casualty, used to say.

The decline of the funnymen can be traced to two pitfalls which never will be eradicated. First of all, good comedy material always has been the scarcest commodity in show business. A performer cannot possibly top himself every week. Then, many comics are poor script editors and need the discipline of tough directors to tighten up their routines. I believe Gleason lost spontaneity when he put his show on film. That's just a guess. I'm more familiar with Caesar's case, because I was involved in it.

Caesar compounded the danger of overexposure by deciding to produce his own show in 1957. He still had seven years to go on a contract with N.B.C. guaranteeing him $100,000 a year, but his audience had been slipping for some time. I thought he was milking his laughs with sketches that ran too long and advised him to switch from a weekly show to six specials a year built around crisp, carefully screened situations. He would wind up with as much money and a more solid rating, but he couldn't see it my way.

"Give me back my paper," he said after a long discussion. I returned his contract, we parted amicably, and he went to A.B.C. with a weekly format. The show was dropped after the first thirteen-week cycle. The next season Sid was doing specials.

Comedians and the Aga Khan are worth their weight in precious metals, but polished pros like Bob Hope and Jack Benny are products of long training in the nuances of a tricky craft. Next season N.B.C. is introducing a series written by Nat Hiken, the creator o Sergeant Bilko, and two shows featuring Bob Newhart and Joey Bishop. If they click, a serious weakness in the schedule will be corrected.

The most striking progress made by TV recently has been in the fast handling of spot news and documentaries in depth. This is, by all odds, the most significant trend in the industry, for it exploits TV's unique ability to give the viewer a sense of immediacy by transporting him to the scene of important events. The latest technique, called "instant news specials," is geared to a deadline as fast as a newspaper's. A few hours after a big story breaks, TV is on the air with a wrap-up of bulletins, background material and pertinent pictures.

On January 3, 1961, the White House announced at 8:30 P.M. that the United States had severed diplomatic relations with Cuba. At 11:15 P.M., N.B.C. presented a digest of the situation and a review of Castro's provocations leading up to it. Since the first special on Decembe 16, 1960—on the crash of an airliner in Brooklyn after colliding with another plane in mid-air—we have been averaging one report a week.

Instant news demands instant decisions. If Bob Kintner, president of N.B.C., or I am not available to clear a story, Bill McAndrew, head of the news department, has authority to pre-empt a sponsored show, regardless of the cost. The Gulf Oil Company, sponsor of news specials, has given us a blank check for any story we consider hot enough for treatment. On many occasions, when an event pops spontaneously, we carry it on a sustaining basis.

Network competition once was focused primarily on bidding for performers and properties rated good bets for the Top Ten. Now priority is on initiative in digging behind the headlines for magazine-type themes suitable for comprehensiv analysis. Next season forty extra, full-hour documentaries will supplant entertainment on our schedule, and it's a cinch C.B.S. and A.B.C. will mine the same sources diligently. Professionally and personally I'm delighted we will vie in putting TV's best foot forward, for public-affairs projects have given me my greatest satisfaction as a broadcaster.

A very junior officer's sentimental attachment for the Navy sparked my support of *Victory at Sea*, the first, and still the best, documentary series ever made.

... ...

Pull Over, You

Most motorcycle cops I see
Seem very mild and mannerly;
The few I've seen who acted gruff,
I didn't see quite soon enough.

Sheldon White

... ...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The late Henry Salomon, whom I had known at Harvard, proposed the pictorial history of the Navy's role in World War II for an estimated $125,000. By the time 60,000,000 feet of Allied and captured enemy film had been edited and synchronized with an original musical score written by Richard Rodgers, the cost of the twenty-six half-hour installments added up to the then-astronomical figure of $600,000, but it was worth every cent. Since *Victory at Sea* was completed in 1950, it has been showing continuously somewhere in the world.

Nothing ever will top the thrill I derived from acceptances of two identical telegrams sent from Chicago on the evening of July 27, 1960. The wires went to Vice President Richard M. Nixon, who had just been nominated for the Presidency by the Republicans, and to Sen. John F. Kennedy, chosen by the Democrats two weeks earlier. They were offered N.B.C.'s facilities for face-to-face discussions of vital issues in the forthcoming campaign.

The invitations triggered the Great Debates on the three networks. Unquestionably the highlight of the campaign, the confrontations reached nine out of ten TV homes, further accelerating a most significant trend. Since 1952, when aerials began mushrooming throughout the country, a greater percentage of eligible voters has cast ballots in Presidential elections than ever before in American history.

Commercial TV's incisive impact on the public makes fanciful claims for pay TV as feeble as a whisper in a tornado. The white hope of visionaries for "good" programs since the late 1940's, pay TV has been a white elephant in four tests. In my opinion, it is failing right now in Etobicoke, a suburb of Toronto, and it died for lack of customers in Bartlesville, Oklahoma (1957), Palm Springs, California (1953) and Chicago (1950).

The operation in Etobicoke, a high-income area with a population of 40,000, was launched on February 26, 1960, with a loud fanfare in the newspapers. Telemeter System began with 500 subscribers, later increased to about 6000, but it promptly developed a bad case of anemia at the box office. Its break-even point was estimated at an average expenditure of $120 to $150 a year per subscriber. During the first three months, when the novelty was at a peak, Telemeter intimated families were spending at the rate of $130 a year. Our information put the figure closer to seventy-five dollars.

Receipts dropped so sharply thereafter that subscribers were believed to be spending an average of twenty dollars a year. Telemeter hoisted distress signals by cutting the price for movies from one dollar to seventy-five cents and applied to the phone company transmitting the programs for a reduction in rates on the grounds of "economic necessity."

Pay TV has failed to date because it cannot deliver better programs than the free service already available. It is utterly naïve to think the promoters can avoid the same economic realities that govern free TV. They also need the mass audience to stay in business, and that means Westerns, private eyes and adventure shows—the meat and potatoes of free TV. They may survive by usurping our popular shows, but thus far they have offered only a handful of creative contributions to quality entertainment.

Last winter newspapers went into raptures reporting Telemeter had shown Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Consul* in Etobicoke. They forgot that in 1951 N.B.C. commissioned Menotti to compose an original opera. The result was *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, considered his masterpiece by most critics. Six other original operas have been underwritten and presented in world premières by N.B.C. Leonard Bernstein's concerts have been subsidized for years by C.B.S. Does anyone in his right mind think the backers of pay TV will take comparable risks on classical music?

What about the theater? The pay-as-you-see boys no longer are talking expansively of making Broadway a whistle stop after Main Street by introducing elaborate musicals and dramas with top stars. Small wonder. An untried venture entails an investment running as high as $350,000, and the chances are it will be a flop. They're not going out on a limb—but scores of companies such as Hallmark, Du Pont, Bell Telephone, General Motors and Ford regularly sponsor programs for the minority audience. And the networks assume part of the cost by offering all affiliates the programs when sponsors contract for a limited number of stations.

It is barely possible that pay TV can be moderately successful in scattered areas with first-run movies and sports. Movies, however, affect only theater attendance, and the networks have contracts for all the major sporting events except the heavyweight-championship fights. I don't believe pay TV will ever have enough exclusive attractions to make serious inroads on the mass audience. If my prognosis is wrong, N.B.C. will have no choice but to join the opposition. To paraphrase Abraham Lincoln—on an infinitely more important proposition—TV cannot exist half fee and half free.

I'd like to see a showdown between commercial and pay TV, to settle, once and for all, the battle for the mass audience. This challenge hardly stamps me as a brave fellow, because the outcome is as predictable as a fight between an amateur armed with a feather and a seasoned pro pitching blockbusters. The public is too smart to trade the solid benefits it gets at no cost from sponsored programs for an expensive service that cannot begin to provide comparable entertainment.

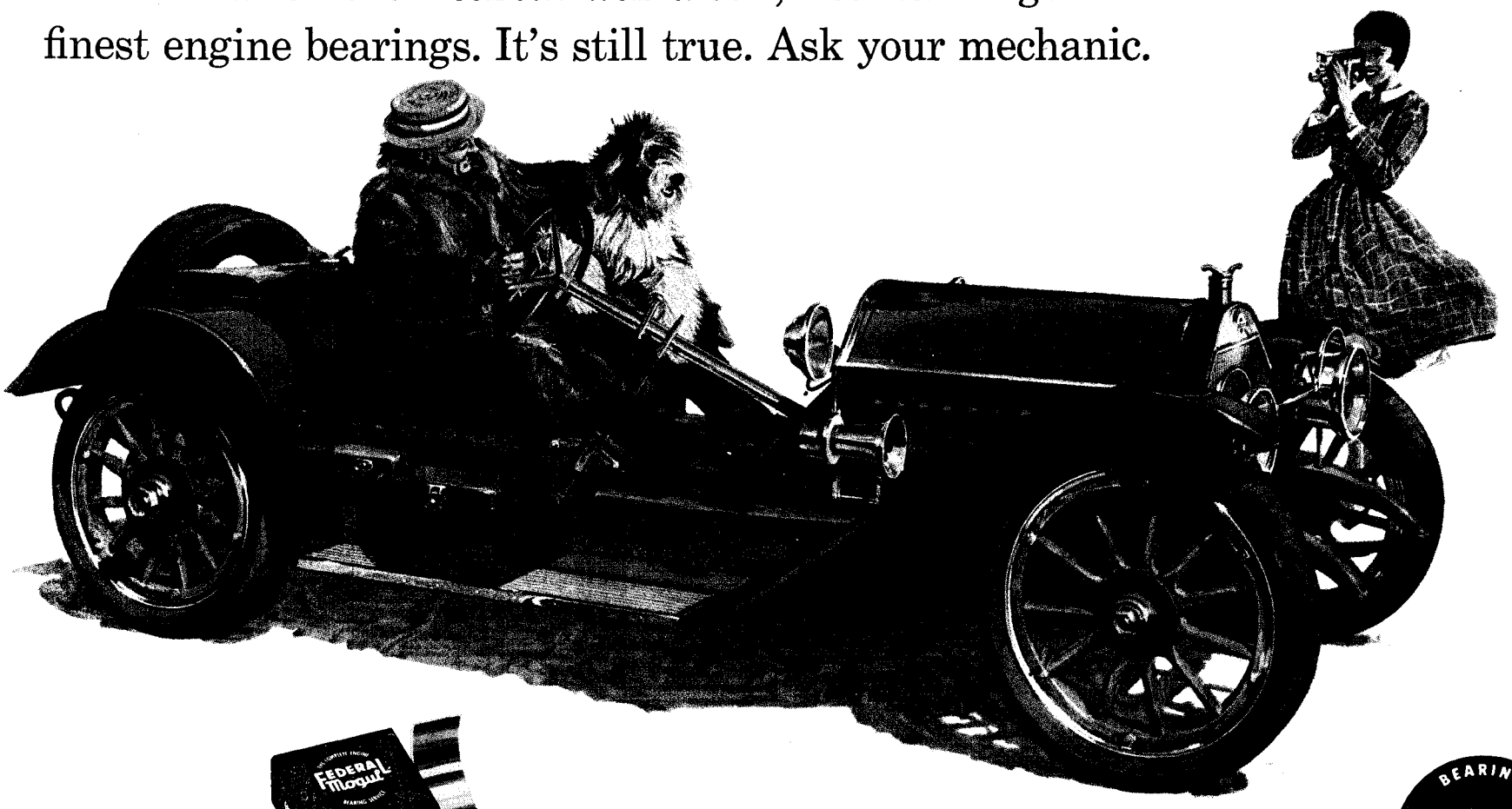
Commercial TV admittedly is not all it should be, but consider the cultural advances it has helped to stimulate in a dozen short years. In 1949 less than 2 per cent of the population was exposed to the legitimate theater, concerts and ballet. Now, 16,000,000 to 20,000,000 people watch such performances on TV—bigger audiences than Shakespeare, Beethoven and Nijinsky drew in their lifetimes.

In the last decade the publication of juvenile books has increased 200 per cent; library circulation has gone up 50 per cent; the number of symphony orchestras and museums has nearly doubled; the sales of classical records have climbed 50 per cent. I do not suggest that TV has been responsible for this cultural surge. The country's rising level of education is the prime mover behind it, of course. The point I would like to make is that TV has not damaged our aesthetic appreciation, as critics charge.

The lamentations of handwringers are flatly refuted by more competent observers. Leonard Bernstein concluded a record-breaking tour of eleven cities with the New York Philharmonic by playing to a standing-room-only audience in the Hollywood Bowl last September. He attributed the unprecedented crowds to the cultivation of good music on TV.

James B. Reston, *The New York Times*'s Washington bureau chief, toured the Middle West in March and reported that the press and politicians of the section were generally lagging behind the public in acceptance of momentous changes. "Television is clearly a large

Even when the Bearcat was a cub, Federal-Mogul made the finest engine bearings. It's still true. Ask your mechanic.



This is the box your mechanic reaches for when he wants the finest engine bearings.

FEDERAL-MOGUL SERVICE

DIVISION OF FEDERAL-MOGUL-BOWER BEARINGS, INC.
11031 Shoemaker, Detroit 13, Michigan

BEARING FEDERAL Mogul SERVICE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

factor in this contrast," Reston commented. "For while many of the most powerful organs of the press continue longing wistfully for a past they know will never come again, television is showing the revolution in Africa, the revolution in the cities and races of America, the revolution of automation in the big industries."

On balance, I think TV can be faulted now on only one serious count—excessive violence, especially in action shows watched by children. Many studies in this area have returned conflicting verdicts. Some psychologists, noting that fairy tales abound with cruel witches and ogres, say TV brutality has no adverse effect on children. They find that kids who are heavy viewers often read more, have better vocabularies and participate in more creative activities, because their imaginations are stimulated.

Parents who are skeptical of such opinions can resort to a simple expedient: Monitor the set. It never was intended to be an easy substitute for their guidance. My four-year-old daughter is an avid viewer, but her mother and I keep close tabs on what she watches. When a program comes on that we consider unsuitable for her, the set goes off.

It may be necessary to exercise such control during the coming season. Apart from increasing attention to informational shows, there will be no radical changes in programing. After all, the public's tastes do not change overnight either. There are, however, several straws in the wind which may be improvements in light entertainment.

Hour-long drama pulled better than half-hour shows last season, an indication that viewers want fuller development of characterizations and plots. Several short Westerns are going to the hour format—but don't be alarmed. The quota of varments biting the dust will not be doubled. The extra time will be devoted to better story construction—we hope.

The public definitely likes action shows and will get them, with mystery getting a heavy play. Costume pieces are on the way out; with the exception of Westerns, they rarely catch on. The audience prefers contemporary settings. More foreign locales will be used as background for adventure series, imparting an educational touch to the perils encountered by red-blooded Government agents jousting with exotic female spies. Social drama has had a rough time—maybe because it hasn't been good—but N.B.C. will try to pump vitality into it. And, as always, culture will be nurtured with whopping budgets.

The schedule offers something for everyone. If you disagree, I respectfully suggest you employ the best little program regulator ever invented, the forefinger and thumb. Grasp the switch of your set firmly, snap it off, and your message will come through loud and clear. Sponsors, like nature, abhor a vacuum.

A Town Named Hate (Continued from Page 17)

Martha Boyd could not remember the drovers, but she could remember her mother's talking about them. The dust of the cattle moving, said Mrs. Boyd, would hang over the valley like the cloud in the book of Exodus, with the sun rolling red inside it. The cowmen came for a season or two, and never again, finding free water and a sweeter trail along the bottom lands of a river far to the east. But Salt Flats went on believing that they were sure to return one day. Mrs. Boyd used to say that this would never be in her lifetime, and she was right. She had been dead for sixteen years.

Beyond the pump was Cemetery Hill, and when Martha looked at it from the window now and then, like this afternoon, it was her mother's grave she really saw. It was the best grave in town, with a stone marker and a white rail fence and a glass bowl of china flowers that had come from Illinois too.

Martha poured the water from the settlings, tested the gluey mess with her fingers and wiped her hands on her apron. She glanced once more at the rider and couldn't be certain that he had come any closer. Then she went through to the front of the house.

"Rider coming, pa," she said. Her father did not turn his head. He was in his shirt sleeves, leaning on the bar and staring out to the white light of the sun. Two men were playing checkers in the coolest part of the room. The batwing doors were tied back, and Martha could see three more men out there on the veranda, feet on the rail, hats over their eyes. Their shirts were black with sweat. "You see the rider, pa?"

A chair creaked as a man on the veranda turned and squinted into the saloon. It was Mr. Harvey. He always sat on the veranda to drink his beer—in the same place every day, where he could keep an eye on Harvey's Corn and Feed across the street, and next to it Harvey's General Merchandise, and next to that, Harvey's Ladies' Emporium. If a man wanted to annoy Nathan Harvey, he had only to say that the three weatherboard buildings wouldn't make one middling-sized store back East.

He was a thin, brown man, and most of his teeth were missing, but what he had left he showed now in a yellow smile. "We seen him," he said.

"Who do you reckon it is, pa?" said Martha, as if her father had answered.

Boyd looked at her and, as always, betrayed himself by the look. He was a man who had come west on a gamble, intending to make a fortune in a new town across a cattle trail—brought his wife, too, like most men, and like most men he had planned raising sons along with his fortune. But there was only a daughter who looked too much like the wife who was dead. Salt Flats had remained a small town of false fronts along one dusty street, with less than seventy people and only half a living to be made out of the sheep farmers up in the Mogollons. It was all there in the look which Boyd gave his daughter.

"Now, how do I know?" he said. "You done your chores?"

"Yes, pa."

"Then set in the shade and cool." Martha took a chair and put it near the door where she could see the rider coming and where she could see the forge at the end of the street. She hoped that she would see Jason there, but there was no sign of him. There was not even the sound of his hammer on the anvil. Salt Flats brooded silently in the sun, and the dogs yawned on the boardwalk.

Her hands loose in the lap of her dress, Martha read the sign above the forge—

> At least the Joneses were a lot less expensive to keep up with than the Russians.
>
> KEN KRAFT

JASON FLETCHER, BLACKSMITHING, SHOEING AND WAGON REPAIRS. She repeated the words again and again to herself, making them important.

Nathan Harvey eased one boot on the rail and said, "What do you figure?"

He was talking about the rider, that was plain, but it was a long while before anybody answered, before John McGill, the saddler, moved his back against a veranda chair and said, "He's riding a burro."

"Ain't an Apache then," said the third man out there. Martha knew from the wheezing voice that it was old Reuben, the express agent.

"When they come," said Harvey, "you won't see them—not till they're here."

Martha suddenly wished that the Apaches would come. For as long as she could remember—that was all her remembering life—Harvey or some other man had been saying things like that, as if any day, any hour, there could be Indians in Salt Flats, whooping and riding like they did in the pictures on a seed calendar.

"And you'd see a mountain cat sooner than an Apache," said Harvey, his eyes on the rider.

He always said that, too, and Martha waited for his third and inevitable observation on the subject. "Can't think what the Government's at," he said.

She remembered that Harvey was saying these things the year she put her hair up, and that was a long time ago now. Nobody ever contradicted him, nobody disagreed, and Martha, remembering something more, thought that Mr. Harvey could be right even now, long after.

The stranger who was playing checkers with Martin Schurmann lifted his head. "What's that?" he said.

He was a drummer, traveling with ladies' goods. He had come in on the Lordsburg stage the day before, making a stopover on his way to Holbrook. Nobody thought fit to tell him, until the stage had gone, that there wouldn't be another for six days. He had accepted the situation philosophically, figuring he might at least open up his pigskin bags to the owner of Harvey's Ladies' Emporium. His samples included ivory-handled curling irons, amber hairpins, hip busties and bust pads filled with swan's-down, satin drawers and petticoats embroidered with the ace of hearts. Harvey said there wasn't a woman in Salt Flats with the gall to wear those things, more's the pity, so the drummer had become a customer instead, buying a dollar's worth of Harvey's twofer cigars.

But Martha had been in the store when the pigskin bags had been opened, and the sound of the drummer's voice now made her think hotly of their contents.

"What's that about Apaches?" he said.

Harvey turned his chair to stare into the saloon. "We said it ain't an Apache."

"You expecting Indians?" said the drummer. He saw Martha looking at him and he smiled at her boldly, inviting her to share his amusement. But he held the smile on his face too long for politeness, and she turned her head away quickly.

"I heard the noble savage was now on a reservation," said the drummer. "About ten years now, isn't it?"

Nathan Harvey spat. "Noble savage?"

"A figure of speech, friend."

"You weren't here," said Harvey. "Not in the old days—not when Victorio was loose in the Mogollons. You weren't here."

"No," said the drummer, puzzled, "No, that's right, of course."

"You're damned right it's right!" said John McGill.

The drummer took his hand from a checker. "Is there something I ought to know? About the Indians, I mean."

Nobody answered him. "I mean," said the drummer, "you aren't scared of them—not now?"

Martin Schurmann rapped a knuckle on the table. "You touched that checker," he said. "You got to move it."

"All right," said the drummer and he moved the piece.

It was the heat, Martha knew—the heat and the dust and the loneliness, and the town's not being anything, and all. That kept alive the hate, like the reason for it had been yesterday.

Martin Schurmann cackled as he picked up a checker and leapfrogged across the board. "You lose!"

"Yes," said the drummer and then, looking about him, "You haven't told me ——"

"It's Keno," said John McGill.

Harvey nodded. "Reckoned it was."

Boyd came from behind the bar, pulling up his shirt sleeves where they were gripped by garters. He walked to the door, put a hand across his forehead and stared at the far rider. "It's Keno, sure enough," he said. "He'd better have money this time."

Harvey looked at the drummer and sucked a tooth. "Being from the East, you wouldn't know."

"Know what?" asked the drummer.

"How we feel about Apaches."

Boyd turned away from the door and walked slowly toward the bar, but the drummer caught his sleeve and held him. "What's this about Apaches, Mr. Boyd?" he asked.

Boyd looked down at the young man, frowning heavily, but before he could answer, Martha spoke up lightly.

"Folk in Salt Flats are always worrying about them. Like it was years ago. But there's only ten of them in the hills, and nobody ever sees them. They don't bother nobody."

Boyd turned to her, his face empty. "You shut your mouth!" he said.

He looked back at the drummer. "They killed her maw. You'd think she'd remember that, wouldn't you?"

"Killed my boy," added Harvey without emotion.

"That's too bad!" In the drummer's voice there was a rush of genuine sympathy.

"Now you see?" said Boyd.

But the drummer was puzzled. "This was a long time ago?"

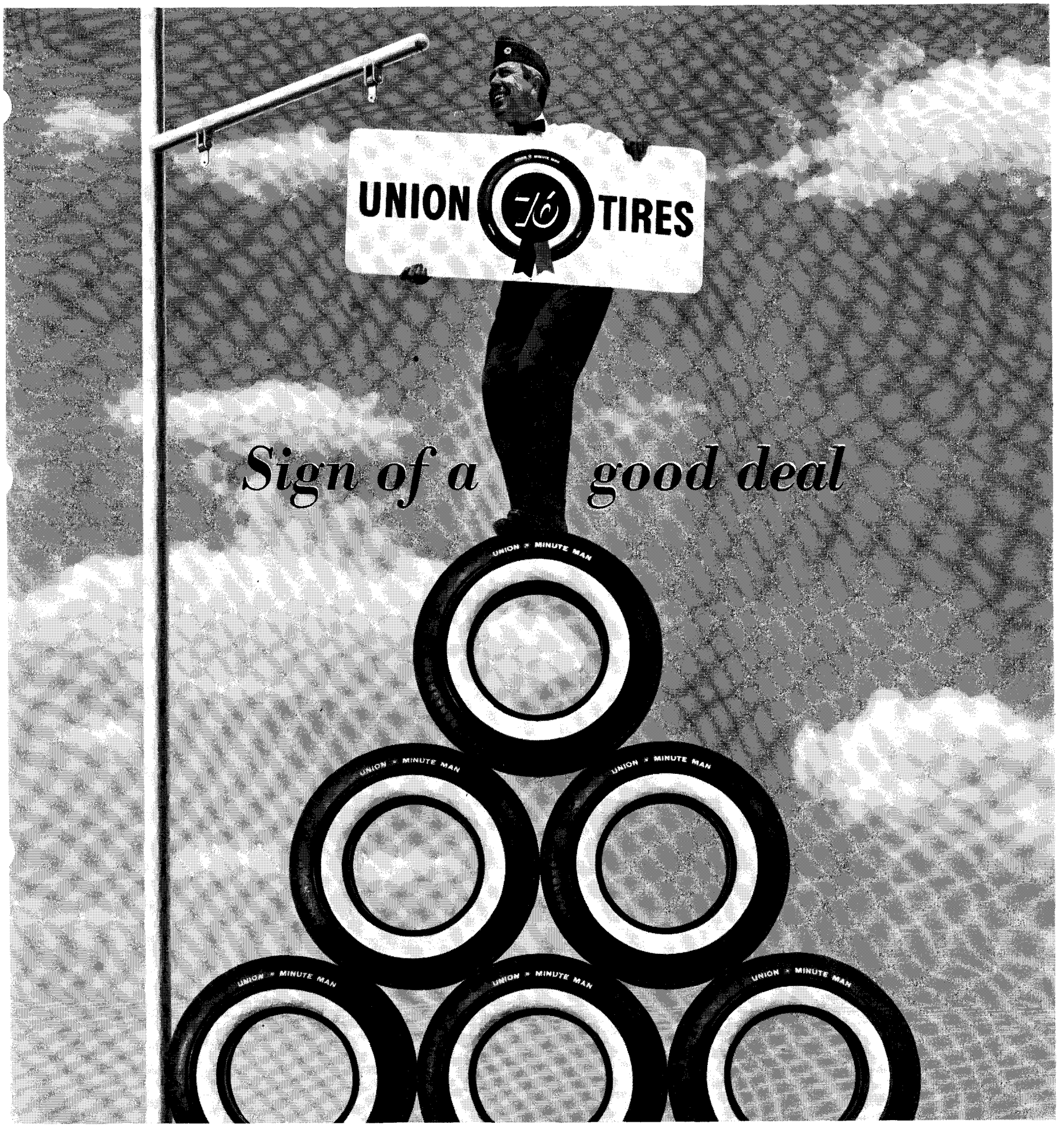
"It don't seem it." Boyd went back to the bar and poured himself a beer, drinking it sourly.

And in the heat and the silence Martha wanted to cry, because what her father had said was true and perhaps what they all believed about the Apaches was true, and because at times like this she felt the hate in Salt Flats as if it were a blanket over her face.

Harvey pulled the palm of his right hand across the back of his neck and then wiped it on his shirt. "Damned heat!" he said. "Takes the juice of kindness out of a man."

"It's Keno, sure enough," said John McGill. (*Continued on Page 48*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



No money down puts them on your car today. Longest terms ever—up to 15 months to pay.

Look what the Minute Man is up to now. Wherever you see this new sign, you'll be able to find the first tire fine enough to wear the Union Oil name.

1. Just sign your name and a new Minute Man tire is yours on approved credit. No money down. Take up to 15 months to pay. You don't even need a credit card. The company you trust trusts you.

2. You get two guarantees:

A guarantee against road hazards—cuts, fabric breaks, blowouts—except for repairable punctures. (Limited to original owner for number of months specified.)

A guarantee against any defects in workmanship and material during the life of the original tread and within specified warranty period.

3. You have a complete choice of fresh tires designed to give you The Finest combination of safety, mileage, and economy.

4. You deal with the man who knows you and your car: your neighborhood Union Oil dealer. He installs the tire free, and stands behind it with thoughtful Minute Man service. Why shop around? See the man at the sign of the 76.

First tire fine enough to wear the Union Oil name

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 46*) "Who's Keno?" asked the drummer.

"He's late this year," said John McGill.

"He'll get nothing to drink here." Boyd eased his shoulders and put the weight of them on his elbows. "'Less he's got money this year."

"Who's Keno?"

Nobody was going to answer the drummer, and Martha felt sorry for him. "He's an old man. He's a prospector. He spends all the time in the hills, but he's never found nothing."

Boyd looked at his daughter. "Girl, you got nothing to do but just set?"

Martha got up and walked through to the back of the house. Through the door she heard the drummer say, "But if it was years ago and there's only ten of them up there ——"

And then came Harvey's voice, pitched high. "They're Apaches, ain't they?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Man gets rid of snakes when he finds them, don't he? Burns out locoweed when he can? We ought've done that with them—when the cavalry moved out of the Mogollons."

"When was that, Mr. Harvey?"

"Twelve year ago."

"That's a long time to go on hating them."

"Who asked you, mister?"

Martha moved across the room and sat by the starch bowl. Again she wanted to cry and she told herself that it was just the heat. But Salt Flats was always like this, every year when the heat was bad and the land just desert dust.

Outside Keno came down the street with the sun behind him, his legs sticking out on either side of the burro and his skillet and panning bowl clanking on the animal's flanks. He stopped in front of The Boyd House, wiped a hand over his dirty beard and looked up with sad eyes.

"Hot, ain't it?"

John McGill nodded a greeting. "Hello, Keno. You're late this year."

"I ain't. You folks is early."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You got nothing to do in this town but count the time. You count too fast."

Keno got down from his burro and stood by the rail, scratching himself thoroughly from groin to armpit. Then he stepped onto the veranda, peering into the shade of the saloon, waiting. Boyd came to the batwings and stood there, one gartered sleeve blocking the way. "You got money this year, Keno?"

"You know I never got no money, Boyd. I'll trade you my panning bowl for three beers."

"No," said Boyd and he went back to the bar. He shouted back, "And stay out there, Keno. You stink of that burro!"

Keno grinned and sat down on the boards. He was willing to wait. When he thought he had waited long enough, he said, "Mr. Harvey, you gonna buy an old pocket hunter a beer? Just one beer?"

"No."

"How about you, Mr. McGill?"

"My woman's going in your store, Nathan," said McGill.

Harvey got up and went across the street wearily. When he came back five minutes later, he sat inside the saloon, for the walk across the street had made him hotter still. It had made him a little angry, too, and when the drummer, setting up the checkers for another game, spoke up again about the Apaches, Harvey snarled at him. "Mister, you never seen them!"

"I saw some at Taos, selling blankets."

Schurmann cackled. "Them's Pueblos. You don't know."

"He don't know," agreed Keno from outside.

"You shut up," said Harvey. "You desert rat!"

"Buy a desert rat a cool beer, Mr. Harvey?" Keno got up from the boards and came inside the saloon.

"Keno!" said Boyd. "I told you—stay outside!"

Keno moved back to the door and stood there. "Friendly town, this," he said and looked at the drummer. "You going to buy me a beer, mister?"

"Well ——" said the drummer.

"No, he ain't," said Boyd. "I've told you, Keno."

Keno narrowed his eyes. "Everybody telling me. Nobody saying, 'Hello, Mr. Keno, what you seen out in the hills?'"

"Nobody cares," said Boyd.

"You was talking about Apaches. Every year I come you're talking about Apaches," said Keno. "Like they was about to call. Like in the old days."

"Well?" said Harvey.

"Buy me a beer?"

"No."

"Then I don't tell you nothing."

"You got nothing to tell," said McGill.

"Like they was coming," said Keno, his voice quickening. "Well, I tell you, they is!"

Nobody moved or spoke for a moment or two. Keno smirked, and scratched himself. "Keno," said Boyd at last, "that ain't no joke."

"It ain't no joke," agreed Keno.

John McGill took his feet off the rail. "What's he say?"

Keno grinned at them. "I'm dry," he said.

Boyd straightened his back. "Keno, if you're just after a drink ——"

"You don't want to know—all right," said Keno.

"Boyd," said Harvey, "give him a beer."

"And a shot of Joe Gideon to follow," said Keno. "Bad beer needs a good whisky to smarten it up."

But Boyd brought the beer only, holding it out to Keno. "Nathan," he said, "you paying for this?"

"I'll pay for it."

Keno took the beer and poured it down his throat in one throw of his head. He wiped his beard, licked his mustache with his tongue. "I'm obliged," he said.

"What about the Apaches?" said Harvey.

Keno shook his head. "I'm still dry. I got desert dust right down to my guts."

"You'll have another beer when you've told us." Harvey stood up. "Now, what is it?"

"I seen 'em," said Keno. "Whooping and killing."

"Who?" said John McGill.

Keno thought for a moment, scratching. "That young buck—Chiquito. And a couple of others." He looked at Harvey and whined. "How about that shot of Joe Gideon, Mr. Harvey?"

Harvey looked away from him to Boyd. "What do you figure?"

"You telling the gospel truth, Keno?" said Boyd.

"I seen 'em. I told you, didn't I?"

"You're a liar."

"All right. Mr. Harvey, if you can't run to whisky, I'll take another beer."

"You'd better be telling the truth."

"You know I am," said Keno, aggrieved. "Ain't you been talking about it all these years? Ain't you going to believe it when it happens?"

"When what happens?"

"I sure am dry."

"Put up another beer," said Harvey to Boyd. He took it from the bar and held it out to Keno. The old man stretched a hand toward it, but Harvey drew the glass back.

"Any other man," he said in anger, "would tell a thing like this. You got to be bribed."

"I'm dry," said Keno. "Can't talk when I'm dry, can I?"

"You say what you know," said Harvey furiously, "or I'll pour it on the boards—and you can lap it up there."

The drummer stood up. He was suddenly and unpleasantly alarmed. "What is it?" he asked, but he was ignored.

"What did you see?" shouted Boyd.

"Up in the hills. You know where Matt Bowyer and them's been herding sheep?" said Keno. "There. They was at his place. . . . Give me the beer now, Mr. Harvey."

"What were they doing at Bowyer's place?"

Keno sighed and wiped his mouth. "I come over the bluff, figuring maybe Mrs. Bowyer might have a bit of bacon or flour. Then I saw it."

"Saw what?" Harvey tilted the glass, and some of the beer struck the boards at his feet, becoming little beads powdered with dust.

"No call to do that, Mr. Harvey."

"What happened, you old fool?"

"I saw Chiquito and the others—all painted up. And yelling. You know the way it was."

"We remember," said Boyd heavily.

"I saw Matt Bowyer and his wife coming out of their house, and their kids with them. Matt Bowyer had a gun held in his hand and a rag, like he'd been cleaning it. Didn't seem like he was expecting anything." Keno looked longingly at the beer.

"Go on, damn you!"

"Well, this Chiquito give a yell and he and the other two started running down through the brush at the Bowyers. They let off their guns."

"What did you do?" asked Boyd.

"I lit out—fast. You want I should've stayed?"

There was a silence as the men in the saloon looked at one another. Keno reached forward and took the beer from Harvey's hand and drank it gratefully. Then he wiped his mouth. "Like the old days again, ain't it?" he said.

Harvey's voice was slightly hysterical. "I been telling you. All these years I been saying it. Now it's happened!"

John McGill said, "What we going to do, Boyd?"

The drummer cleared his throat cautiously. "But can you believe the old man?"

"Now, look here ——" began Keno resentfully.

Harvey turned on the drummer, spittle springing from his lips. "What you talking about? What you know about it? You ever had folks killed by them?"

"No, but ——"

"All these years hating them," shouted Harvey, turning to Boyd, "and doing nothing, letting them live."

"But there's only three," said the drummer.

Boyd eased his neck. "Three's enough to kill the Bowyers. Three's enough to pull the rest off the reservation if they get away with it."

"What're we going to do, Boyd?" asked McGill again.

"Keno," said Boyd, "you swear?"

Keno looked at them all and thought carefully. "I swear," he said. "Anyway, you go see for yourself." The suggestion seemed to amuse him.

"All right," said Boyd. "It's happened."

Harvey began to shout again. "I always said ——"

"We hold a town meeting," interrupted Boyd. "Here—tonight. . . . Nathan, you tell them—everybody."

The drummer sat down on his chair again in the shade. It seemed to be hotter than ever, and blood throbbed at his temples excitedly.

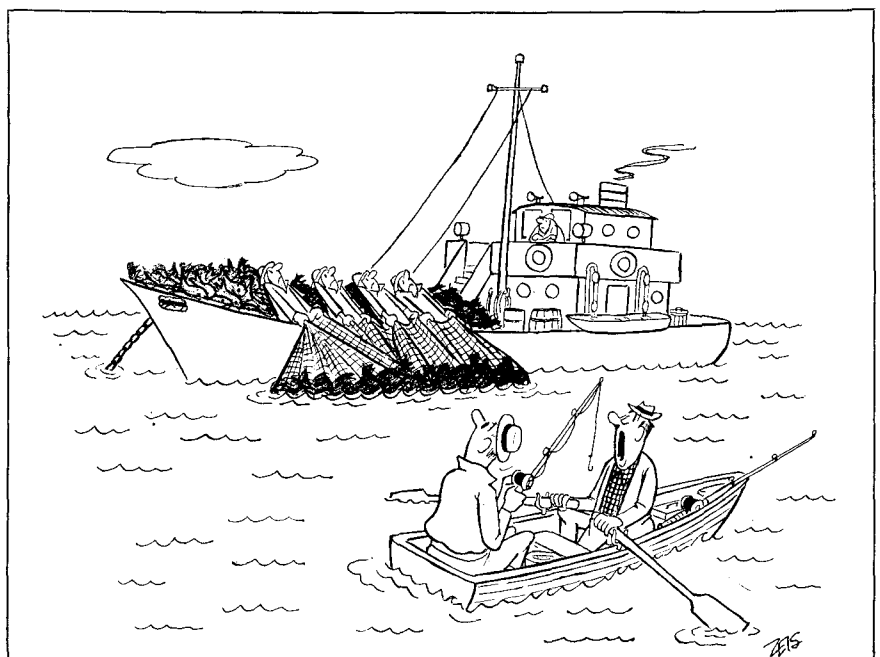
"Nathan," said Boyd as an afterthought, "you tell Fletcher. You tell him first. He's got to do something."

"Who's Fletcher?" asked the drummer, his voice too casual. But nobody answered him.

Martha Boyd sat in a corner during the town meeting. Now and then she looked across the room to Jason, and once he smiled to her reassuringly, and the smile was a bridge between them across the smoke and the heat and the hate in the room.

There were nigh on fifty men and women in the saloon, a whole town meeting, their faces sallow in the light of the hanging lamp above the bar. They had been there an hour and done nothing but shout their fears at one another. The men were drinking whisky, sitting apart from the women, whose faces showed a prim disapproval. Some of the men, like Harvey, had brought guns with them, as if they expected Chiquito to come into Salt Flats that night.

Keno snored outside on the boardwalk. He was not needed any more. But the drummer sat among the other men, one of them for all his hard suit and Eastern voice. His face was flushed with excitement, his thumbs tucked into the armholes of his (*Continued on Page 50*)



"This looks like a good spot."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why it pays you to "GET MARRIED" to a good bank

(like First Western, for instance)

People who do business with banks fall generally into two groups: those who get very little out of their banking relationship, and those who get a great deal out of it. Let us explain the difference, and how each group gets that way.

The first group are the "Bank Bachelors"

These are the casual customers who never really get tied down to any bank. They scatter their banking business all over town—a checking account with one bank, a home loan with another, a car financed somewhere else, and finally a savings account at still some other institution. Like a sailor with a girl in every port, they never discover how mutually advantageous a good "banking marriage" can be (particularly with a bank like First Western).

The second group are the "Bank Marrieds"

These are the more sophisticated customers. They learned long ago that banking and marriage have much in common. Both are founded on trust, and the more each party puts into the relationship, the more he receives in return. Thus, the customer who effects a kind of "marriage" with his bank does all of his banking *with that one bank* (like say, First Western). Here he maintains his checking account, his savings account, and any little savings accounts he may have started for his children. Here he keeps his personal financial statement on file. And here he applies for any loans he may want from time to time. He does most of his business at *one particular First Western office*. He makes it a point to meet and get to know the Manager—and at least one other bank officer. He lets them understand that he is giving them *all* his banking business, and that he expects them in return to *take care of all his banking needs*.

What does a "Bank Marriage" do for him?

A great deal.

1 When he wants a *home loan*, the bank can usually supply the money needed—and usually at rates equal to or less than elsewhere.

2 The same is true when he wants a *home improvement loan* to add a room or build a swimming pool.

3 When he wants a *credit reference*, the bank (*knowing* him) steps up and gives him a resounding endorsement.

4 When he wants a *personal loan* to pay bills, taxes, or just take a vacation, again the bank stands ready to serve him. And—because he's an established customer—his loan application goes through with maximum speed.

5 When he wants to buy *income property* or *his own business* or *do almost any legitimate thing toward building his financial stature*, the bank is behind him, ready to counsel with him and lend him money if (in the bank's judgment) the proposal is sound.

6 Even when he leaves home to *travel in foreign lands*, his bank "goes with him" by furnishing:

(a) *Letters of credit*—useful in obtaining money.

(b) *Letters of introduction* to a global network of correspondent banks.

(c) Information on *foreign economic conditions*.

(d) A source of *foreign currencies*, plus exchange information . . . not to mention *Travellers' Cheques*.

7 Finally, if our "bank married" customer has availed himself of our Trust Services, the bank can even manage his assets (cash, stocks, bonds, real estate) for his own benefit or for any beneficiary he names, such as children or grandchildren, an invalid mother, even a favorite charity. Likewise, through the Trust Department, the bank can serve his widow and children by helping to execute his will and by administering and managing his estate.

This is why it pays you to "Get Married" to a good bank—like First Western

Want to Propose? Just tear out this ad, take it to any one of our offices and ask to see the Manager. Tell him you want to make his particular office the home-base for *all* your banking activities and that, in return, you expect him to take care of all your banking needs.

Try it. Find out what a good bank is really all about. We'll be seeing you soon.

First Western Bank (MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION)

At the 67 First Western offices throughout the state of California your savings earn daily interest . . . every day on every dollar

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 48*) vest as he tilted back his chair. He felt he shared the hate of these people and their fear.

"What we going to do?" said John McGill for the tenth time. And, just as before when the question had been asked, the women whispered and rustled and drew together, like chickens in a run when there's a dog outside the wire.

"I told you," said Harvey, and his face was wet with sweat and red with the raw whisky he had been drinking, "we go up there, all of us, in the morning, and we find them and we do what's got to be done, that's all."

Tod Meriam, who was lay preacher as well as carpenter and undertaker, hawked in his throat. "The Lord said, 'Vengeance is mine.'"

"What's that supposed to mean?" shouted Harvey.

"The Book says ——" began Meriam.

"The Book says an eye for an eye," said Boyd and he looked hard at Meriam. "You weren't here in the old days."

This was what everyone was told who hadn't been in Salt Flats since the beginning, and Martha saw how it shut them up, as if they were afraid of being left out of something, even though it was only hate and fear.

"You'll take us after them, that right, Jason?" asked Harvey. "You being town constable."

Martha's eyes went to Jason Fletcher, and she saw how he scuffed his boot heels on the floor and stared down at them. She saw the strength of his shoulders beneath the hickory shirt and she loved him.

"You made me town constable, that's true," said Fletcher at last.

"Now you got to do something," said McGill.

"On account of nobody else wanting the job," finished Fletcher, as if he had not heard McGill. "I think we ought to tell the Army."

"Army's a hundred miles away or more," said Harvey. "It's up to us."

Now Fletcher looked up. He was puzzled. "To do what?"

"Ride out and clean up the Apaches—all of them."

"What for?"

Harvey began to splutter. "My boy was twelve when they took him and killed him."

"I know, Mr. Harvey," said Fletcher gently, "but that was eighteen, twenty years ago, wasn't it?"

Harvey stared, his blue eyes wide and his mouth open, as if he did not believe this. He looked quickly at his wife and then back to Fletcher. "You heard what Keno told us."

"I heard it, Mr. Harvey. But I ain't heard nobody say we should find out if it's true."

Harvey took a step toward him. "You afraid, Fletcher?"

"No. And I ain't drunk neither."

Harvey turned to his wife. "Go home, Sarah," he said. "We don't need you. We know what to do."

And McGill nodded to his wife, and other men to theirs. The women got up, their skirts rustling, their faces turned in hard doubt and fear toward their men. The drummer, full of the whisky's courage, saw how frightened they were and wanted to tell them that he would be there to protect them. But his tongue was too thick in his mouth.

Boyd turned to his daughter and looked at her. "Get out," he said.

She rose and she was not angry with her father for the way he spoke to her in front of the whole town meeting. She saw the bitterness in his face and she was sorry that she could not tell him that she understood. He was thinking of nothing now but her mother, of finding the body alone and of seeing what Victorio's men had done to it.

"Yes, pa," she said and she left the saloon and went to the back of the house. She sat by the window in the darkness. She heard the wind pump creaking in the small night breeze and she thought of the water below the dry crust of the land, maybe gurgling and fighting to get up to the trough, and not quite making it. Yet it was so hot, even with the wind, and the heat brought anger against the men inside. She heard their voices rising now and again—angry, shouting voices.

For an hour more she sat there, listening, until she heard footsteps outside the window, and Jason's voice said, "Hello, Martha."

"They've not finished," she said.

"They'll be all night. They're too drunk and too frightened to be alone."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Nocturne

By Bernice Ames

Cabbages tumble moonlight
among them,
Secret as roses with the
darkness
Deep in their leaves.
Toward their silver edges
A coon family hurries,
Four ditto marks trailing
their mother,
Ring tails rippling the white
slice of highway.
When car lights suddenly
scald the hilltop,
Coons become cabbages,
Round and motionless in
the field,
Tumbling moonlight among
them.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"What are they going to do?"

"They want to go out in the morning—all of them, even the drummer. He's buying drinks for everybody and talking about the time he put in in the militia back East."

"Are you going with them, Jason?"

He did not answer her. "It's twenty years since there was any trouble with the Apaches."

"Sixteen," she said. "Ma was killed sixteen years ago."

"They talk like it was yesterday." He turned his shoulder to her, looking into the darkness. "It's the heat and the dry land and knowing this town's nothing and always would've been nothing. They have to hate something."

"They remember ——" she began to say.

"I know what they remember," he interrupted harshly. "We've been told it since we were kids."

"Are you going with them?"

"They're all drunk in there. I don't know them. That drummer acts like everything he ever read about the West has come true. And your father ——"

"It's on account of ma."

"I know," he said.

"Is Mr. Harvey going?"

"He's going," said Fletcher. "He's talking big about going. He's talking like his boy was just killed. And John McGill, he's never talked about his brother for years, but he is now. But it's your father that scares me."

"Everything he's got is here."

"He's only got one thing I crave," said Fletcher. "Martha, you leave here with me—when this is over. You promise that, now, will you?"

"Pa ——" she began.

"What holds you to him? The way he treats you ——"

"He's alone—and grieving still."

"You don't owe him your life, just because your ma's gone. Anyway, it's sixteen years."

"I ain't going to leave him, Jason."

He went so silently that she was not aware that he had gone until she called his name softly three or four times. Only the wind pump creaked an answer. So she went to her room and sat on her bed, listening to the arguing and the shouting in the saloon. Once she heard her father come to the back of the house to get more bottles. She heard the clink of them beneath his arm, his uncertain step and his heavy breathing. She thought she could not sleep, and even though her eyes were closed, she could see Salt Flats as if it were day, with the sun hot on the dust and the gray boardwalks.

But she did sleep; for when she next opened her eyes, it was really day, and the dawn was rosy on the far wall. She stared at the old Currier and Ives print that hung there, people skating on a river somewhere in New England, and the sun was so strong on it that morning that it did not make her feel cool as it did most days. She got up and she threw cold water on her face. She dressed, tying back her hair with a ribbon because she was too much in a hurry to put it up with pins. Then she went through the house.

The saloon was stale with the smell of liquor and tobacco. Her father was lying on his back behind the bar, with his mouth open and his shirt unbuttoned to the waist.

"Pa, do you want some coffee?"

He opened his eyes and sat up slowly, knuckling his right hand and rubbing his skull with it. Then he looked at her. "No," he said and reached for a bottle.

She walked across the room. The drummer was sitting upright on a chair against the wall, and his eyes followed her without expression. She went outside to the day, squinting at the light and looking down toward the forge.

Jason was coming, leading his roan, and its hoofs and his feet kicked up little spurts of dust. He had a pistol stuck into his waistband and he was carrying a rifle in his hand. He came to the hitching rail and he looked up to her with a faint smile. Then slowly he looked about the empty street, and the smile became twisted.

"Well," he said, but he did not seem surprised to find nobody there but Martha.

The drummer came out on to the veranda. His face was very pale, and he put a hand against the wall to steady himself. He said, "Where are the others?"

"What others?" Fletcher pushed the rifle into the saddle boot.

"All of them. They said they were going."

Fletcher swung himself into the saddle, the leather creaking, and he looked down at Martha. "Good-by," he said.

"Wait a minute," said the drummer hoarsely. "You're not going alone?"

"You see anybody else?"

"There's me. I said I'd go."

"It don't need nobody but me."

"You need everybody you can get!" Boyd had come to the door. He had put on a soft hat and was carrying a rifle.

"I don't need nobody to ride with me to the Bowyers'," said Fletcher—and then after a pause, "Thank you, Mr. Boyd."

"Get inside!" said Boyd to Martha, but she did not move.

"Where can I get a horse?" asked the drummer.

Fletcher sighed and leaned forward in the saddle. "You want to come? Everybody else is scared. No call for you to come."

Martha looked across the street and for a moment she saw Harvey's white face at a gap in the curtain above the Emporium.

"There's a mule down at the forge," said Fletcher. "It's John McGill's. I saddled it for him, but I guess he ain't wanting it."

"Will I need a gun?"

"No."

"You know everything?" asked Boyd thickly. "Give him a gun. You got two yourself."

Fletcher took the pistol from his waist and handed it to the drummer silently.

"A mule, you said? At the forge?"

Fletcher nodded and watched as the drummer walked down the street with the gun held self-consciously in his hand.

"Get inside, Martha!" said Boyd again. "What do you want out here? Do you want to see how the town's shaming its dead?"

"No, pa."

"Never had no mind for your ma's memory, all these years."

"Mr. Boyd ——" said Fletcher quietly.

But Boyd ignored him. "You close up everything—you hear, Martha? Don't sell nothing."

"No, pa." She looked at Fletcher and went inside.

Boyd put a hand into his waistband and stared up and down the street, his eyes hot and sad. "You damned cowards!" he suddenly shouted.

He listened and waited, as if expecting a reply, and then he shouted again. "Ain't one of you thinking what they did? Ain't one of you?"

Fletcher straightened his back. "You coming, Mr. Boyd?"

Boyd licked his lips and took his eyes from the empty street. "All right," he said. "I'll get my horse."

Martha watched from the door of The Boyd House as the three men rode out—Fletcher first, then her father and then the drummer, straddled uncomfortably on the mule, his derby hat bobbing and his collarless neck very red. She watched them, her hand held across her brows, and she felt the growing heat of the morning thicken about her. She did not turn her eyes from the riders until she heard a scuffling in the dirt.

There were Nathan Harvey and John McGill and Martin Schurmann the barber, and old Reuben, all of them red-eyed, and the night's beard rough on their cheeks. They looked toward the distant riders and then at one another.

Harvey was the first to speak. He swallowed the spittle in his throat and brought a hand down the stubble on his jaw. "Mrs. Harvey was against it," he said, as if somebody had asked him.

"And Mrs. McGill," said John McGill.

They looked at Schurmann. "She's been on about it for two, three hours," he said, "saying some of us should stay, lessen the Apaches come down here."

Old Reuben grinned at them. "Having no woman," he said, "I got to say it. I'm too scared, or too old—or both."

They looked up to Martha. "You opening up today, Martha?" asked Harvey.

"No," she said and went inside.

TO BE CONCLUDED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Little Store on Bleecker Street

(Continued from Page 28)

bother him, and he wore shoes slit along the sides to ease the swelling of his feet. But he could not conceive of existence away from the store in which he had spent thirty years. When his wife was alive, they had planned together for his retirement, but after her death of a stroke, a few years before, this dream had lost relevance. He lived with his married son and wife, who had a two-year-old daughter whom Kostas adored. This family and the store with the warm, familiar scents of spices and cheese and yeasty bread hot from the oven were the boundaries of his life.

The afternoons were long and quiet, and shortly after lunch he would be joined each day by his old friend, Max Feldman, the tailor whose shop had been surrendered to the ambitions of his sons and the cornucopia of progress. They would gravely set up the checkerboard within arm's reach of the briny pickles in the barrel.

"Where does the count stand?" Max asked, and puckered his thin, dry lips and wriggled his crooked ears. "I must be leading by a dozen games this month."

"No more than three," Kostas said. "You have no conception of the difference between addition and multiplication."

Max shrugged that off. "This will be a short, sad game," he said. "Five, maybe six of Feldman's murderous moves and, pfft! you will be gone."

"Your best game is with your mouth," Kostas said. "If hot air counted, you would be champion checker player of the world."

"Play!" Max cried. "Today I have no mercy!"

They made their first moves and settled down to the game, staring intently at the board. They played in a tight silence until the door of the store opened and a little bell jingled. A gray-haired heavy woman entered. Kostas rose to serve her.

"Don't cheat," he said in a soft warning whisper to the tailor. Max looked outraged.

"Good day, Mrs. Lanaras," Kostas said warmly. "How is your fine son, Thanasi?"

"Still growing," Mrs. Lanaras said, "and eating enough for three grown men. How is your family?"

"Excellent, thank you." Kostas smiled. "At two years of age my granddaughter is as beautiful as Aphrodite. Can I help you?"

"A little cheese, I think," Mrs. Lanaras said. "A half pound of *feta* and a loaf of bread. Thanasi takes four sandwiches for lunch."

Kostas packaged the items, rang up the sale, and Mrs. Lanaras walked briskly out the door.

"Yesterday as I was coming," Max said, "I saw her and that lummox Thanasi carry two bags out from the supermarket. Bags loaded like that only giants should carry. Here she comes to buy a little cheese and a loaf of bread. Such customers should do you a favor and pass by without stopping."

"She was good to come in for that," Kostas said. "The supermarket has a counter with cheeses from all over the world and varieties of bread. I am grateful she comes in for anything at all."

Max looked for a long, searching moment at Kostas. "Tell me something," he said slowly. "Are you making expenses?"

"Certainly!" Kostas said in a shocked voice. "What kind of businessman do you think I am? Every month a small profit is made here, although I admit not what it used to be."

"What about your son, Nick?" Max asked. "Does he still come sneaking in with a carpenter and an electrician under his jacket?"

"They were in here again last week," Kostas said and smiled. "They took measurements for hours and scribbled a padful of figures. Nicolas is so excited. He wants to do so much. I tell him to wait. When I am dead he can do what he wishes with the store."

Max shook his head somberly. "Believe me, they can't wait," he said. "Don't I know? Twenty-seven years in one location they should let a man walk out, but from my store they shot me like a shell out of a cannon. They came to me one afternoon and said, 'Papa, tomorrow the wreckers will be here.'" His lips curled with contempt. "A drive-in cleaners they wanted. So lazy louts never lift their rumps from the car. A girl they got in a short skirt and naked legs to take the clothing right from the car. Believe me, they can't wait."

"You admit yourself they are making a lot of money," Kostas said.

"Money, money!" Max cried. "Do me a favor and stop talking about money. A little money a man should make to live, but with dignity." He flung his arm up and cut the air violently. "Imagine! A drive-in cleaners with a girl in a short skirt and naked legs to take the clothing from your car!"

The door of the store opened, and the bell jingled again. Nick Stavrakas came in. He was a tall, thin young man with a serious twist to his lips and black curly hair and intense eyes.

"Hi, papa," he said. "Hello, Max."

He stood for a moment balancing on the balls of his feet. He looked up to the ceiling, and a shadow of annoyance crossed his cheeks. "Papa, that light is still burned out. I thought you were going to get Leon to fix it?"

"I forgot to tell him yesterday," Kostas said. "I will tell him for sure today."

"You can hardly see the canned-goods labels on the center shelf with the light on," Nick said. "With the light out, the shelf is in total darkness."

"I'll be sure he fixes it today," Kostas said quickly.

Max smiled slyly at the young man. "Tell me, how are all your friends?" he said. "The carpenters and electricians."

Nick frowned at the old tailor. "If you don't mind, Max," he said. "I wanted to talk to papa alone for a minute."

Max sighed and rose slowly from his chair. "I'll take a walk to the park and watch the pretty nursemaids for a while," he said. "There is one Bath-sheba who is like a juicy strudel."

"Sit down, Max," Kostas said. "We have no secrets from you." He looked gently at his son. "You have some more estimates?"

With a final despairing glance at Max, Nick pulled a sheaf of papers from his pocket. When he spoke, his voice was vibrant with excitement. "Papa, these estimates are the best yet!" He motioned eagerly with his hand. "This plan would almost triple the area usable and let us stock three times the items we carry."

"How?" Kostas asked.

"By knocking down that wall," Nick said, "opening those partitions in the rear and utilizing all that lost space."

"What about my oven in the back room?" Kostas asked.

Nick shook his head fretfully. "That would have to go," he said. "That takes up space and yields nothing."

Max gave a sharp, pointed laugh and looked intently at the checkerboard. Kostas looked quickly at his friend and tried not to smile.

"Papa," Nick said, and his voice rose a little, "you know that oven is outdated. It costs you forty cents to bake a loaf of bread that you can't sell for more than thirty. In the supermarket, people get their choice of forty kinds of bread."

"Here are your sealed orders."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Believe me, I knew what to look for when I bought my third HEARING AID

—this time I bought a ZENITH SIGNET"*

Mr. Clarence E. Speas
Railroad Engineer
Denver, Colorado

The decision of Mr. Speas is the same as many thousands of experienced hearing aid users. He knew what he wanted, what to look for in a hearing aid. He considered and compared — and chose the superb new Zenith Signet "behind-the-ear" Hearing Aid.

Here are the reasons Mr. Speas bought his new Zenith Signet. They can be your reasons, too.

- So tiny and light . . . ideal for the man who wears his aid only part of the time. Easy to put on or take off and convenient to carry!
- The Signet is so powerful he doesn't miss a word! Enjoys everything!
- Bottom microphone gives clear reception from almost any angle!
- Features separate on-off switch. Adjustable volume control adds even more convenience!
- *Zenith "Living Sound"® quality and* performance!

When you are selecting a hearing aid — follow the lead of the experienced. See the exciting new Zenith Signet. Your Zenith dealer has it on display.

Zenith — the World's Finest Line of Quality Hearing Aids. From $50 to $550, Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price. All sold with 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee. Your Zenith Hearing Aid Dealer is listed in the Yellow Pages under "Hearing Aids."

*A statement based on experience by one of the hundreds of thousands of Hearing Aid users, who in the past 5 years, have bought Zenith to replace unsatisfactory instruments.

GOLD SEAL SERVICE ZENITH

ZENITH®

"LIVING SOUND"® HEARING AIDS

Hearing Aid Division, Zenith Radio Corp., Dept. 1UA
6501 W. Grand Avenue, Chicago 35, Illinois
Please send complete information on the all new, smaller Signet Hearing Aid.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Fifty kinds," Max said sagely. "Once I counted them."

"I have been baking bread for families here for thirty years," Kostas said.

"Papa," Nick said excitedly. "That kind of business you can afford to lose. We've got to streamline this store. Do you know that Tony Manteno, the real-estate broker, was telling me this block is a gold mine for business? This block draws a fantastic number of people. We've got to get our share."

"We do a fair business," Kostas said. "We make a fair profit on the items we sell."

"Not one tenth the business we could if we remodeled," Nick said. "Papa, I've racked my head to plan every step. I tell you we can't lose. We would have our additional investment back in a couple of years."

Kostas did not answer for a moment. "I know there is truth in what you say," he said slowly. "Let me think about it a little more."

"Papa," Nick said in exasperation. "You've been saying that for three years, and you haven't made a move."

Kostas walked from the counter to the window. He stood silently for a moment, looking at the people walking past.

"Thirty years is a long time," he said finally. "Children who stood with their eyes open like big saucers before the jars of three-for-a-penny candy are grown into adults and married, with children of their own. Friends who once came in and sat and smoked and sipped a glass of wine have grown old, and some have died. This store has many memories."

"Papa," Nick said, and a softness entered his voice, "memories are fine, but you can't live today in a dream of the past. You've got to keep up."

"They can't wait," Max said somberly, as if he were speaking to himself. "They can't wait."

Kostas turned back to his son. "All this new business," he said, "will mean additional help. I have always managed this store alone. People who come in expect me to look after them."

"We would need some help," Nick said. "You could begin to take it easy and supervise everything. Sort of keep your eye on the whole operation."

"Tell me," Max asked sharply. "Do you think you might use a girl in a short skirt with naked legs?"

Nick looked at him in irritation. "What does that mean?"

"Nothing," Max said innocently. "I just happen to know where there is one such girl available."

"Nicolas," Kostas said. "We will talk further this evening. We will examine the figures together." He nodded at Max. "This boy has a marvelous head for figures," he said proudly.

"Papa," Nick said, "I know talking about this makes you unhappy, but something has to be done. I've become the laughingstock of the street. Always estimates and figures and plans and nothing more. Think of me."

Kostas looked for a long, silent moment at his son. "I am always thinking of you," he said softly. "Of you and Lucy and Katerina. The three people I care most about in this world."

Nick lowered his head to conceal the flush risen suddenly to his cheeks. "I'm sorry, papa," he said. "I know how much you think of us." He paused for a moment and tasted his defeat and could not resist one final assault. "Look now," he said, and his voice shook under an effort to speak quietly. "I've been in here almost twenty minutes now, and not one customer has entered in that time. Do you call this a business? It's more like a cemetery."

"I am a small grave on the hill," Max said wryly. "Before you leave, water my plot."

Kostas could not help smiling. Nick glared in sudden anger from one to the other. "Laugh!" he said shrilly. "Laugh and sit in this cemetery and play checkers all day. At least admit you aren't really in business. You don't want this place to become a business because it would interrupt your game. You sit in here, and outside the world has changed, and you go on playing checkers and ignoring burned-out lights."

"Nicolas," Kostas said with concern.

"I'm sorry, papa," Nick said. "I'm fed up! I'm your only son and I love you more than anything else in the world, and I swear to God I want what is best for you and Lucy and the baby. I'm full of energy and ambition, and I want to repay you for all the good years and take care of you, and all you can do is sit and worry about playing checkers."

He turned and stumbled once in his haste and then went quickly out the door.

"They can't wait," Max said grimly. "They can't wait."

Kostas returned to his chair and sat down and shook his head in despair. "Maybe we are the selfish ones," he said. "We have forgotten what it is like to be young." He paused and looked around the dimly lighted store, breathing the warm, familiar scents that came from the darkened shelves and the hidden corners. "Maybe the boy is right," he said. "Maybe this place is a cemetery."

Max shook his head violently. "Better a cemetery than a circus!" he cried. "A circus with a girl in a short skirt and naked legs so the lummoxes won't raise their rumps from the car. Big, flashing neon signs and tinsel waving like every day is the Fourth of July."

"They are young," Kostas said sadly. "The world seems to move by quickly if they fall out of step. They cannot bear to be left behind." He shook his head in some stricken wonder. "Where has the time gone?" he said. "It seems like yesterday that we pushed their buggies in the park on Sunday afternoons and wiped their running noses and dreamed of their growing up to be President of the United States." He stared at the board without seeming to see the checkers. "Now my Ethel is gone, and your Sarah is gone. The babies are grown into men who live in a world different from the one we remember. And the time goes by so swiftly."

Max pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose in a harsh trumpeting of sound. "Move!" he said. "It's your move for a half hour now. You are maybe planning to move sometime before closing? Do me a favor and move, why don't you?"

They finished their third game late in the afternoon. Max dozed a little in his chair, his bald and bony head nodding slightly. Kostas quietly swept out the store. When Leon, the maintenance man, came in, Kostas had him replace the burned-out bulb. A few customers came in for several small purchases.

As twilight fell across the street and Kostas turned on the window light, Nick returned. He brought his wife, Lucy, and their daughter, Katerina, sitting upright in her stroller.

Kostas saw them coming and held the door so Nick could push the stroller in. He looked quickly at his son's face to see what vestige of the morning's disturbance remained. Then he forgot everything in his pleasure at seeing his grandchild.

He lifted her squealing from the stroller. He kissed her warm, soft cheeks and raised her high above his head. She shrieked with delight, and he held her close and poked her gently with his nose.

Lucy, a pretty, slender, dark-haired girl, kissed him on the cheek. "We have lamb and green beans for supper tonight, papa," she said gently. "I fixed them especially for you. Nick and I came to watch the store so you can go home and eat while the food is still warm."

Kostas looked at Nick, and for a moment the young man did not meet his father's eyes. Then Nick managed a slight, repentant smile, and Kostas smiled in warm and grateful response.

"Lamb and green beans?" Max said, coming out of the shadows. "Is there perhaps enough for an old tailor who eats no more than a sick baby?"

"All sick babies should eat as well as you," Kostas said. "They would become well in a hurry."

"Always enough for you, Mr. Feldman," Lucy said. "You go along and keep papa company."

"There is plenty of food," Nick said. "Lucy cooks enough for six men."

"She knows lamb and green beans are my favorite," Kostas said proudly to Max. He patted his daughter-in-law's cheek with tenderness and affection. "I am a lucky man. I have a fine son, and he married a grand girl, and together they produced this incomparable child." He made a face at the baby.

"My sons married monsters," Max said somberly. "Wailing harpies who cook like poisoners. Believe me, every meal at their table freezes my blood."

Nick took the child from his father and returned her to the stroller. He gave her some cellophane-wrapped candy canes to play with. A customer entered, and Kostas started behind the counter. Lucy waved him away. "I'll take care of the store, papa," she said. "You and Mr. Feldman get started now. The lamb will become cold."

Nick went into the back room and returned with his father's jacket. He held it for Kostas to put on.

"Papa," Nick said, and he spoke softly so that only his father could hear. "I'm sorry about this morning."

"It was not your fault you became angry," Kostas said quickly. "Max and I should not have laughed."

"No, papa," Nick said, and shook his head in muted despair. "I've been thinking about it all afternoon. I talked to Lucy for two hours. I been fooling myself for a long time, but I got no right to change you or change the store. Anybody who has worked as many years as you have worked this store has got a right to keep it just the way he wants."

"Nicolas," Kostas said. "I am not saying my way is right."

"Let me finish, papa, please," Nick said. "I guess I'm not as smart as I think sometimes, but when I stop and figure it out, a light begins to dawn. I've been bothering you for three years, but you don't have to worry or become upset any more. Starting now, I'm through with estimates and figures. I'm going to leave you alone about the store. That's the way Lucy and I decided."

Kostas looked silently at his son for a long time and then impulsively embraced him. He held him tightly for a moment and then, suddenly self-conscious, stepped away quickly, looking to see if Max or Lucy had noticed. He turned his face slightly and spoke slowly and carefully. "This is my store," he said quietly. "And I have made up my mind what must be done. This place is a disgrace. It was fine for thirty years ago, but it has become a rusty bicycle on a street of fast new cars. Changes must be made."

"Papa," Nick said, and he shook his head in wonder. "What are you saying?"

Kostas did not trust himself to touch the boy again. "I've made up my mind I want to see what you can do for me," he said briskly. "I am not that bad a businessman. I am satisfied you have looked into the matter thoroughly, and I put my faith and trust in you. Don't let me down."

"Papa," Nick said angrily. "You're doing this because of what I said this morning. You're doing this because of me. I won't have it."

"Will you shut up about this morning?" Kostas cried. "Am I a child that a few words spoken in excitement cause me to change my mind? I am not married to this old store. It has provided me a living and memories, but it has also given me swollen feet and aching legs. Now go and help your wife and let me go home and eat my lamb and green beans, and in the morning call the carpenters and electricians and make plans for the work to get started."

As he finished speaking, Max came silently to stand at his side. Nick turned on the tailor with enthusiasm. "Did you hear, Max?" he cried. "Papa and I are ready to go! We are going to make this the finest little store on the street! We'll show them all!" He turned fervently to his father. "Just wait! You won't be sorry! I'll make you proud!" He turned and walked quickly toward his wife.

"They can't wait," Max said softly. "And because they are flesh of our flesh, we give in."

Kostas watched Nick talking earnestly to Lucy. He turned on Max. "The trouble with you, Feldman," he said loudly, "you live in the past. You lack vision. Your sons were right to throw you off the premises. You have a brooding face that invites disaster and despair."

He started for the door, and after a moment of outraged silence Max followed. Lucy and Nick called to Kostas and started toward him, but he waved them away. "Later," he said. "The lamb and beans grow cold. Later."

He fled to the street. Max followed him out, and when he caught up, the old tailor laughed dryly.

"Moses Stavrakas," he sneered. "So I lack vision. I live in the past. You rushed out of that store because maybe in another minute you would have been crying. Ha!"

Kostas glared at him and did not speak. He walked with as quick a stride as his swollen feet would allow, and the tailor had to half run to keep up.

"You know what this means?" Max paused for a moment to catch his breath. "The song is familiar. When all the painting and renovating has been finished, the only old antique left sticking out of place is you."

"I know," Kostas said. "I know."

"But do not despair," Max said, and he laughed a dry, ironic laugh. "I will be here to help you. I will teach you to sit in the park and watch the pretty nursemaids and argue politics with the Irishmen who sit like black roosters in the sun. I know the best benches for checkers, the ones shaded beneath the trees. And when the weather turns cold, there is always the public library with newspapers from all the big cities."

"Feldman!" Kostas said wrathfully. "Feldman, go to the devil!"

They walked on together without speaking. They passed under the bright, flashing glitter of the signs and the neon night streaked with multicolored lights. As they approached the great, gleaming festival of the drive-in cleaners, Max fell a step behind and fiercely brandished his fist at the long window with flaunting banners, and with a violent gathering of his body he spat on the ground before the store.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My Life in the Httdock Country

(Continued from Page 27)

They made no attempt to walk with me; I just kept up as best I could, like a child who is old enough so his parents no longer worry about him.

This was the nadir of my year here. I was sweaty, tired, homesick, and feeling heartily insulted by my colleagues.

Then in the restaurant, somehow, everything changed. The food was good. Maybe it *was* octopus and eel, but disguised and delicious. And the conversation returned to English and to life. Mr. Watanabe, a tiny, bright-eyed scholar, started it by announcing, "Mr. Sato bery impressib in his accuration ob schorary knowredge to za comprete works ob Warter Pater and contempry uzza *fin-desiècre* writers ob Engrand."

"But Mr. Gray is more interested in your field, Watanabe-Sensei. Modern poetry," said Mr. Sato. (He and I had exchanged several letters, luckily, or I'd have never deciphered the mishmash about Sato's impressive knowledge of Walter Pater and contemporaries.)

"Ah, you admiration at Mr. T. S. Eriot's *Waste Rand.* So?"

"Well, I admire it," I said cautiously, and then added for honesty's sake, "but I don't really understand it."

I quickly went on, "I do have a few lines memorized," and I launched into "April is the cruelest month . . ." with all the ham in my little-theater soul. I managed thirty lines pretty well, luckily. The effect was perfect, and I was a hero in Watanabe's eyes.

When I stopped reciting, the Japanese teachers began to discuss the significance of some of the lines. They were making good sense, too, when suddenly I rudely interrupted them. "Hey! What's this?" I asked, pointing to the English-language half of the menu. Under the general heading of SANDWOCHS, and following HAMM AND EEG SANBWIHC, was the stark word HTTDOCKS.

"What is that?" I repeated desperately.

"That American nourishment. You must are cognizant," said Watanabe.

Sato, more helpful, said, "Of course, it's a hot dog. It's just misspelled a bit."

Mr. Watanabe swung right back to Eliot, hardly missing a stride. "When Mr. T. S. Eriot say in *Rub Song of J. Afred Pufock*, 'Do I dare eat peach?' I sink he mean. . . ."

From that evening on, Japan was for me the land of Httdocks and T. S. Eliot, unbelievable, schoolboy-comic errors side by side with penetrating insight into the most difficult literature. This worse-than-imaginable and better-than-possible duality applies to much of Japan—language, transportation, manners, cleanliness, friendliness, cooking and morals, to name a few.

The language especially fascinates me, however, as I'm a Fulbright teacher of English at two public junior high schools attached to the Tokyo University of Education. The Fulbright program is well known throughout Japan. Japanese teachers are nonplused when I tell them that many Americans, even teachers, know nothing about it. I can see that from their point of view America is as paradoxical as I find Japan to be. Here we are with an exchange-scholar program admired throughout the world, and we don't even bother to learn about it ourselves.

Before I applied for a grant, I was no different. No one had ever told me about it. Well, the basic fact is that each year there are about 6000 exchanges of American and foreign teachers, students, and professors. Seventy-eight countries and territories participate under the Fulbright Act and the related Smith-Mundt Act. Senator Fulbright, the moving power behind the original act, is admired in all seventy-eight countries, I suspect.

Like many a flash of genius, the idea behind the Fulbright Act is a simple one. In 1946 the United States was accumulating great amounts of credit in nonconvertible foreign currency through the sale of war-surplus goods. Suddenly the idea was born to use this money in two wonderful ways: first, to pay American teachers to teach or study in foreign schools, and second, to transport foreigners to American schools. (The Smith-Mundt Act supplies *dollars* to finance the foreign scholars during their American stay.)

Of course, war-surplus sales money eventually began to dwindle, but in 1954 the scope of the exchange program was widened by making available foreign currency acquired from the sales of surplus American agricultural products abroad.

I'm not always an admirer of the return our Government gets per dollar spent, but the efficiency rating of the Exchange Teacher Program is tops. The equivalent of about $30,000,000 a year is spent, much in nonconvertible foreign currency. That awesome figure averages out to about $5000 for each of the 6000 exchanges, proving that there's very little wasted in the administration of this program.

My particular job in Japan is teaching conversational English to about 300 youngsters, plus teaching and demonstrating before Japanese teachers of English at frequent Fulbright seminars. The work is extremely challenging. I feel a compulsion to work harder than ever before in my life because my students and fellow teachers are so eager to learn. (Well, *half* the students are eager, and that's a pretty exciting percentage.)

The work is rugged, but the hours are great. In Japan a Fulbright teacher gets liberal vacation periods and *three-day* weekends. Best of all, enjoying this free time is vital to the success of the program. The most important thing for the United States to do in winning the war of ideologies is to show the world an honest picture of ordinary American life. And, after all, what is more ordinary than the American schoolteacher and his family enjoying their simple pleasures?

Teachers with families live right in the Japanese community, usually the only foreigners in the neighborhood. As such, they are American family life on display. This display is one of strength, for teachers, I feel sure, generally typify the best in American family relationships.

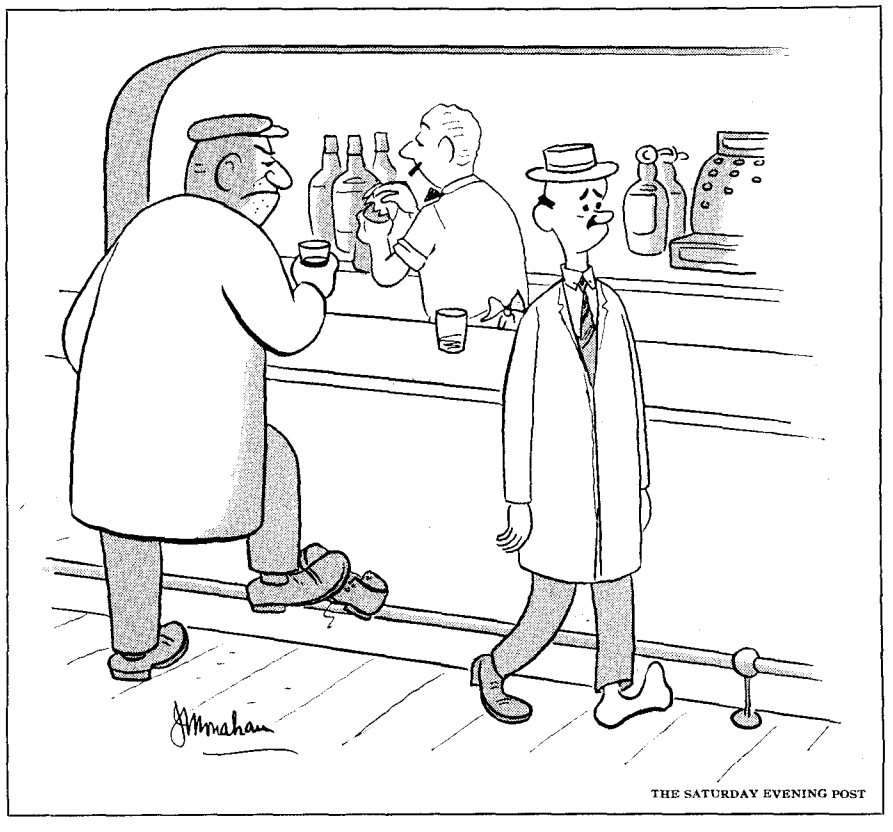
Those teachers without families usually live with a Japanese family and share the real life of the country. Quite unexpectedly I have experienced both ways of being a Fulbrighter. For the first six months my family and I lived in that house I approved of, a nice Japanese-style home with a few western touches—like a flush toilet. You can hardly appreciate how on display we were until you experience such endless stares as we received whenever we went out.

Inside the house it was much more pleasant. Not counting the troops of neighborhood boys who found our son Merrick quite fascinating at first, we averaged about thirty-five visitors a week. About half of these came regularly for informal tutoring in English, but the others were purely social callers, teachers, students and neighbors.

All in all, we gave a good picture of what an American family is like—and hundreds of Japanese photo albums have pages to prove that.

But last February my wife fell ill. It was nothing dangerous, and Japanese doctors are excellent, but she needed rest and she missed home. Furthermore, our peppy little maid, a country girl fresh from the fields of Kyushu, suddenly got homesick, packed, and left with heartfelt apologies, and a big smile, all on a two-day notice. (She didn't know that my wife was sick.) Everything considered, we decided Mary should go home. Of course, the three children went too.

Without them I couldn't manage a whole house alone, so Ted Sato looked for a smaller place for me. (A Fulbrighter's closest colleague does everything, always in a happy manner.) Some Japanese friends, the Niwas, had invited me to live with them. I figured they were just being polite, and anyway I wanted the privacy of an apartment, so I replied vaguely to their offer. They contacted Sato later, however, and repeated their offer more forcefully. He agreed to try to convince me, but he also lined up a vacant apartment for me to inspect.



Ted and I first went to the apartment house, and from the outside it looked fine. What the inside was like, I'll never know. After a long talk in the manager's office, Ted came out to me, obviously embarrassed, and said, "Well, you've been turned down because of your nationality. It seems the manager doesn't want Americans. A former American tenant liked liquor and girls too much, and ruined the apartment's furnishings and reputation, he says. I'm so sorry."

I assured Ted that I knew it was nothing he could help. But I did then wonder what my reception would be at the Niwa home. Would they have reconsidered their rash offer of welcome to a foreigner? Well, sure enough, poor Ted did have another argument about me. He contended, and I agreed, that I should pay at least 6000 yen—about sixteen dollars—a month for my room and meals. (The apartment would have been about four times that much.) Mother Niwa, the grandmother and ruler of the family, said that tutoring Kayoko-San, the teen-age daughter, would be enough, that I was coming as a friend, not a customer. She was very insistent, but I'm glad to say that we won.

I had met the Niwas several times before, and the children had often played with my children. But I never could have foreseen the warmth and friendship they offered me when I was *sabishii* about my family's leaving. Only friendship can repay this, and we are good friends now: the grandmother; the grandfather, a doctor; the mother, a shy, quiet woman; the daughter, whom we now all call "Caroline"; the son "Bob," bigger already than most Japanese adults though only in the seventh grade.

It's a nice family to be with, and as I speak Japanese most of the time—except to Caroline—it is fine for my language growth. Of course, I miss my own family badly, but I take consolation in the fact that they had this tremendous experience for at least half the year. And, to do some honest bragging, I think we were an excellent example of what a good American family is like. I'm glad we were On Display. Perhaps some Japanese now understand America better because of us.

Speaking of display again, I recall once when there was considerably more displayed than my wife had ever reckoned on. We were spending a weekend at a seaside inn last autumn. After the heat and crowds of Tokyo it was a perfect spot, except for our inability to enjoy the fancy, finny food served us. However, surreptitiously reinforced by peanut-butter sandwiches and wonderful fruit, we were having fun despite the Japanese food (which, incidentally, I have since learned to like a lot).

The most fun of all was the bath. In Japan a bathroom is a beautifully tiled room devoted solely and blissfully to bathing. Our whole family was taking a bath together, and we were sitting on little wooden stools with our little wooden buckets, everyone industriously scrubbing himself *outside* the tub before getting in for a delicious soak. The tub in any inn is big enough to serve as a swimming pool for our four-year-old Kate, so we always made the bath a real family adventure.

Well, while we were still scrubbing away, the window abruptly slid open, and a little man popped his head in and began a long routine of fiddling with the hot- and cold-water faucets. My rather shapely wife, robed only in a few soap suds, was on display for fair at that point. I tried to assure her that Japanese think nothing of nudity in the bath (it *is* quite natural). But she is still convinced that he had simply his fair share of male curiosity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I'm sure I'll never know if he was curious or casual. There are many things about Japan that I'll never understand. As I get to know Japan better, I realize that I will never know it well. I also begin to realize that I bewilder them with my inconsistencies as often as they do me with theirs.

Occasional bewilderment, however, is no fatal bar to friendship. We can still accept each other as dignified human beings even if we don't understand each other always. After all, I've taught in American schools for thirteen years now, and I certainly couldn't claim to understand why teen-agers do all the things they do. But I still like the kids a lot.

I like the Japanese too. I understand them enough to know that they are very good people, and it is just this sort of understanding that the Fulbright program promotes throughout the world. Other Americans in Japan may also like the people they know, but few of them get to know many average citizens the way we teachers do. My cousin, for example, has lived in Tokyo for a couple of years now as American Airlines representative here. He has a sincere affection for the country. Yet in a couple of months I had made more Japanese friends than he had in a couple of years. I'm not criticizing him. It just happens to be his business to deal largely with westerners and a few important Japanese. My job is to deal with hundreds of kids and their parents.

My cousin makes the most of his limited opportunities to get to know Japan. Some Americans do not even try. For example, when I moved to the Niwas', I rode in a taxi because I had a lot to carry, including Yuki, our kitten, whom the Niwas were also welcoming. Yuki and I landed in a rookie driver's cab. He stopped every five minutes to ask questions or peruse his map, neither of which did much good.

At the point of our most abysmal lostness we suddenly seemed to have landed in America. It was Washington Heights, the American section of Tokyo, a walled-off area of neat bungalows, apartment houses, wide lawns and a car in every yard. Suddenly a tall, blond man drove up beside us and signaled us to stop. "*Dammay des*, buster," he bellowed. "You go too *hayaku*. Fifteen-mile limit. Savvy? You get hell out of here or I call cops."

My driver was bewildered. I explained to him that he had been going too fast, and then said to the other American, "I'm sorry, sir; we got lost. We don't even want to be in here."

"You're right you don't. Get that Jap out of here. Follow me," he barked.

His contemptuous manner cleared the language barrier all too easily. For the rest of the trip I tried to heal my driver's internationally damaged feelings, but I'm afraid I failed. Yuki-chan, rebelling at the two-hour wait, left a puddle on the floor just minutes before we reached my new home. I just hope that the driver realizes that it was a Japanese cat. I don't want to think that I've helped turn someone anti-American.

I have encountered little here that seemed anti-American to me. I've felt welcome wherever I went. The Japanese are great starers, but if you return the stare and smile, then they will return the smile.

This unabashed staring is part of the Japanese "childishness," as some Americans label it, not without condescension at times. I agree that in some ways the Japanese are childish, but I heartily approve. I think it's great to be able to enjoy unsophisticated pleasures throughout life.

Children are children longer here. Even high-school kids seem willing to admit that they are not adults. There is little smoking or drinking among them. There is very little dating in couples, although boy-and-girl group activities are fairly common nowadays.

Even as adults, though, the Japanese retain their childish affection for games. I do too, so I feel quite at home here. At a party I have seen a tiny, balding gentleman, our Chinese-classics teacher, play Daruma Daruma San against an intense young math instructor. This game involves saying a long spiel about Daruma, one of the more humorous gods, and then making a funny face at the end. The one who laughs first loses. My children love the game.

I feel at ease at Japanese parties. If I had to choose between them and an "adult" party of liquor, sex and sophisticated talk, I'd take Japanese childishness.

I mustn't give the impression that the Japanese don't drink much. Frequently they take too much. I'm not much of a drinker myself, but I do take my share of beer at Japanese parties. Partly I do it to be polite, for in Japan you never fill your own glass but keep your neighbor well supplied instead. Of course, you must sip from your own glass to give him a chance to reciprocate. It was obvious that the other teachers were very pleased when I entered into the spirit of things at our first school party.

Soon I was very glad that I had shown the proper spirit, for the teachers started calling on one another to entertain, and invariably the person stood up and sang. Good or bad, they sang willingly.

Suddenly I heard the announcement that America would be next. I was up and facing thirty eager-to-be-pleased faces. I had just that day heard of Yale's continued march toward an undefeated football season, and the old Bulldog in me rose up and howled for Eli Yale. The reaction was surprising. No one ever likes my singing. My own children used to cry as babies when I sang. Now everybody laughed. These wonderful teachers gave me my first—and undoubtedly last—call for an encore. I obliged with *The Whiffenpoof Song*. Bah!

It was a grand party, and there was one thing that set it quite apart from the equally enjoyable teachers' parties at home in New England. There we teachers slip quietly out of town for parties that include liquor. This party at my Japanese school was just that: *at* school. If the students happened to learn that teachers are human and do drink, it didn't seem to hurt them.

But I must be getting along to the more serious things I learned as a Fulbrighter in Japan. I learned of the tremendous pressures on Japanese teen-agers. In school, for example, there are the entrance exams. Education is compulsory and excellent, but the best schools, even junior highs, are entered only by exams. In one of my junior highs over 1000 sixth-graders battled through a five-hour test for the ninety openings in our new seventh-grade classes. The same battle is repeated three years later to enter the top high schools, and then in three years the really big question of college-entrance exams comes up.

American kids who worry about the College Entrance Examination Board tortures should talk to Japanese students. One of my student friends is a boy who qualified among four others for consideration for two scholarships to Dartmouth. He told me he would take tests both for Dartmouth and a Japanese university, just in case.

"How much will you have to study?" I asked.

"Well, I get home from school at about three," he said. "I can study for about two hours before dinner. Then I can study six hours after dinner."

"But how about sleep?" I wanted to know.

"Oh, too much, I think. About six hours every night. Many students sleep much less," he answered.

He was quite serious. Most kids here give up all sports and club activities in their senior year of high school. Only entrance-test results count with the colleges. This is one area in which the Japanese *should* imitate America, I tell my colleagues. They should revise the college-entrance system to give some recognition to students who show that vital extra something in extracurricular activities. Teachers and students all seem to agree with me, but no change is in prospect—the wheels of officialdom move slowly, especially the big wheels.

Another weakness of Japanese education is the economic necessity for large classes, fifty or more students being the rule. Despite the twin handicaps of wickedly inflexible testing programs and large classes, Japanese schools are good. Here again the basic pattern seems to be lifted from America, but there are differences, you soon realize. The teachers, called "Sensei," a special term of honor, always rate a bow from the students, even though the bow be made in full gallop by a late-to-class youngster.

If the student is late to class or otherwise out of line, the teacher is not expected to interrupt his teaching for discipline. Japanese teachers, even in junior high, are not policemen. Student monitors for the day, two out of the class of fifty in rotation, handle routine problems. Every hour the teachers have a ten-minute tea break in another building and leave the student body quite alone in the classrooms.

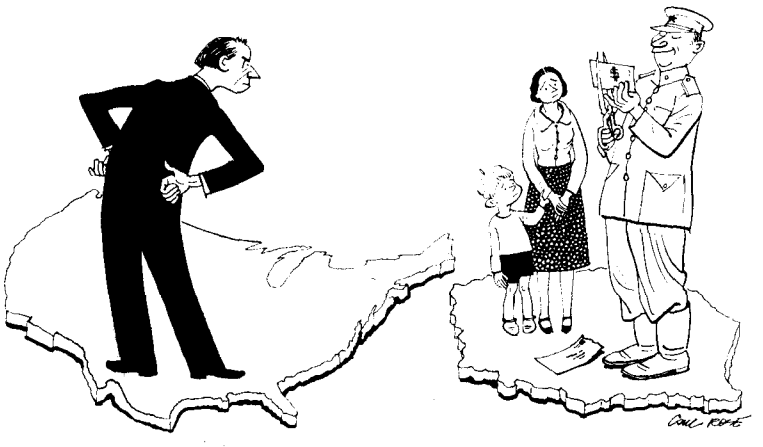
Things sometimes go wrong. The schools are noisier than in America, and things occasionally get broken, but during actual classes everyone is polite and reasonably attentive. I once asked Ted Sato, "Don't you ever have real discipline problems? You know, the kind where you have to send the child home for a few days as punishment?"

"Yes, of course," he answered. "We had a boy just two years ago who. . . ."

Once in two years! I can believe it, because this school is one of the best in Tokyo. But even in ordinary schools it is very unusual for students to do really serious mischief, I have learned by questioning teachers whom I've met at the frequent Fulbright seminars.

These seminars are exciting. The students are Japanese teachers of English who come to learn from us. Often in the mountain areas we are the first Americans that some teachers have ever spoken to. We teach them in regular classes and then meet them informally later in the day for walks, meals, songs, games and bull sessions. Besides helping their English, we also get a chance to clear up some misconceptions about America.

I must admit that home seems pretty heavenly to me sometimes now, when I get thinking about my family. America's the place for me all right, and I'll rush right back as soon as school ends here next month. But I love Japan too, and even in my loneliest moments I have never regretted the chance the Fulbright program has given me to do important and delightful work. I'm convinced that there is only one way to improve the system—by expansion. THE END



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Bill sent money for his son to his ex-wife in Poland until he learned that the Communist government there was taking 80 per cent of it. Then he stopped. His ex-wife sued in a United States court to compel him to resume payments.

"Just because Polish law takes most of the money Bill sends the boy, that doesn't make it fair to deprive the child of the remainder," counsel for the ex-wife argued. "Two wrongs don't make one right."

"I'm willing to support my son," Bill replied through his lawyer, "but darned if I intend to send money overseas to support the Polish Communist government."

If you were the judge, would you make the father pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The father won. The court said that its support order was for the benefit of the child, and that if the child did not receive the benefits, the father did not have to pay.

Based upon a 1958 Indiana decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

L.A.'s Fiery Strike-Out Artist

(Continued from Page 25)

to some, should have a better record than sixty-six wins and fifty-four losses, his mark for his five years in the majors, excluding this season. The fact that the talented pitcher hasn't fulfilled expectations has led to much debate.

Many people, including some Dodger executives, insist Drysdale is a victim of his temper. They can offer plenty of evidence. Don stirs boisterous rhubarbs, he quarrels violently with umpires, he taunts opponents, and he sometimes makes himself look very foolish. In a rage one day he engaged in combat with a bat bag, minding its own business in a clubhouse hallway.

But others argue that too much is demanded of a twenty-four-year-old working under intense pressure. Drysdale, they say, is still maturing as a pitcher and requires time. Pitchers don't hit their peaks until twenty-seven or twenty-eight, as a rule. Whatever the case, the Dodgers plainly consider Don a sizable asset to their organization. He is receiving more money this year than any other pitcher in the club's history.

Drysdale is a handsome, well-contructed native of Van Nuys, California, whose sharp features, blond hair and rich tan appeal to most lady fans. Next to outfielder Frank Howard, Don is the largest man on the Dodger squad, rising six feet six and weighing 218 pounds. Batters are baffled not only by the intense speed of his pitches but also by the complicated, wide, sidearm sweep with which he throws both fast balls and curves.

Willie Mays, the slugging outfielder of the San Francisco Giants, observes of Drysdale, "Until you get used to looking at this guy, you'll swear that every pitch is going to crack you on the head."

Drysdale has led the major leagues in strike-outs for the last two years. In 1960 he fanned 246 hitters, four more than he did the season before. His total of 488 for that period amounts to the best two-year strike-out record in the history of the National League. It surpasses the standards of 483 and 479 posted, respectively, by Dazzy Vance and Christy Mathewson. Drysdale, what's more, accomplished his record in only 540 innings. Vance required 574 and Mathewson 735.

The young Dodger leads the majors in still another department. Over the last three years he has hit the most batsmen with pitched balls. Many batters refuse to believe that this record is entirely accidental. Struck on the back one day, Johnny Logan of the Braves threw a punch at Drysdale. Soon the field was overrun with fighting baseball players, emerging from both dugouts. On other occasions Drysdale's hitting batters with pitches has led to raucous arguments, to fines and to bad blood generally.

In mufti Don is a pleasant, relaxed boy, described by his parents as a gentle lad who willingly did chores around the house for his mother. His wife finds him thoughtful and generous. He is a loving father and a favorite among the neighborhood kids. His teammates are fond of him. Of those who talked to this reporter about Don, none was critical of him, even when assured they would not be quoted.

Determining the exact cause of Drysdale's eruptions would doubtless require extensive probing by authorities in the field of human behavior. But an unscientific explanation is offered by E. J. (Buzzie) Bavasi, the Dodger general manager. "When Drysdale first reported to the club, I called him into the office for a talk. I told him that getting into the majors isn't the big thing. The trick is staying. Don agreed. This might account for his flare-ups when things go wrong. Somewhere in the back of his head he may have a fear of not being able to make the grade."

Drysdale has quite a variety of ways of expressing himself when things go wrong. He will kick at the dirt and often step behind the mound and stand there for extended periods, consumed with anger. He grew so infuriated with a pitch one night that when the catcher fired back the ball, Don snapped at it with his bare hand. The pain was such that he had to call time.

Nicked for a pop-fly home run over the Los Angeles Coliseum's short left-field fence in the first inning against St. Louis last year, Drysdale boiled. He finally got the third out on a grounder, first to pitcher. Don stepped on the bag for the put-out—and promptly hurled the ball into the stands. He explained afterward that he was aiming for his glove, but the throw got away—that's what the man said, with a straight face too. Knocked

... ...

Rain Fire

By Jane Merchant

Tinder-dry
Kindling earth
Receives one sparkle of rain
And is swept with
shimmering turbulence,
A cleansing fury of mingled
darkness and light
Till dust and dullness are
utterly consumed
And from the cooling earth
Smoke mists arise.

... ...

out of the box on another night, he responded by picking up an armful of helmets and throwing them one by one about the dugout. Frightened teammates ducked, hit the floor or ran to safety.

The wildest outburst Don can recall took place within the privacy of an empty clubhouse during a game at Cincinnati. Merely reconstructing the incident makes Drysdale squirm today.

"We had scored five runs in the top of the first inning," he says. "In the bottom of the inning Cincinnati made three runs off me and had two men on base. Manager Alston lifted me for another pitcher. It was the right move on his part—I had no gripe with him. I was the guy I hated. 'You idiot!' I said to myself, 'how can you blow a five-run lead like this? You should dig ditches for a living.'

"I stormed into the clubhouse. I emptied my locker and threw everything on the floor. Then I threw my cap on the floor, my glove and my warmup jacket. Then I took off my shirt and threw it on the floor too. Suddenly I spotted a bat bag in the corridor. It was loaded with bats. I booted it real hard. It hurt my foot. That made me madder. I booted it again. Now my foot really hurt. I picked up the bag and decided I was going to throw it out of the clubhouse, like a bouncer tossing out a drunk. The bag was heavy. I slipped in my spikes on the hardwood floor and went sprawling. The bats flew out. I stuffed them back in, hauled the bag to the door and threw it out."

His mission completed, Drysdale sat down, exhausted. "I started to laugh," he says. "I was certain that this was the most stupid thing I had done in my life. But I was now relieved. I took a shower and felt fine again."

Buzzie Bavasi often is asked why he doesn't fine Drysdale for such explosions. "We want to be careful not to kill his competitive spirit," Bavasi answers. "Don is really a very fine fellow who means right. He never complains, and he's ready to work on instant notice. If we need a ball game today, he would be my starting choice. Besides, we don't feel a man should be fined for getting mad at himself. If Don embarrassed fans or teammates, we would take action."

Drysdale, the fact is, has embarrassed teammates—if coaches are considered on the team. When he hit a losing streak two years ago, he lashed out at the Dodger coaches, whom he accused of flagrant second-guessing. "Every time we lose, it's the pitcher's fault," he roared. "I never hear anything said if a batter strikes out, or if an outfielder drops a fly, or if a runner gets picked off base. All you hear about is bad pitches. If our coaches could win games by talking, we'd be seventeen in front."

Newspapers all over the country headlined Drysdale's charges. The club didn't fine Don. Instead, he received a telegram from Bavasi. It read: "Understand you put foot in mouth again. Kelly Gene (Drysdale's infant daughter) has more sense. My love to Ginger (Drysdale's wife)—not you. (signed) Buzzie."

Manager Alston thinks Drysdale's temper is a handicap to the pitcher, but feels the case has been exaggerated.

"On many occasions," says Alston, "Joe Becker, our pitching coach, and I have sat down for heart-to-heart talks with Don. When angry, he forgets finesse and tries to overpower hitters. In the major leagues this can't be done. Still, he isn't the only pitcher who gets mad. I once saw a quiet, placid pitcher named Preacher Roe get so hot that he threw his glove into the stands. Very little was said about it. If Drysdale had done it, there would have been a national scandal."

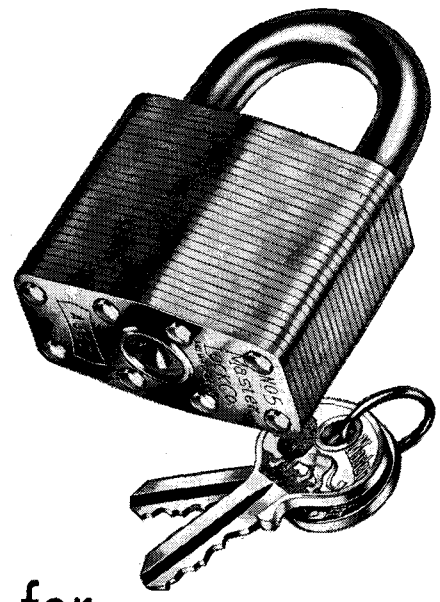
Alston describes Drysdale as an especially intelligent student of the pitching art. To make the point, the manager recalls the time Dodger scouts advised Don to pitch inside to a dangerous left-handed batter who tended to crowd the plate.

"When the man came up," says Alston, "Drysdale studied him. The hitter had moved away from the plate about eight inches. A lot of pitchers would have pitched inside as instructed. But Drysdale immediately sensed that a change was necessary. He threw outside, instead, and struck out the man his first two times up. The third time the batter switched to his original style. Don noticed it—and pitched him close. He got him out on a broken-bat pop-up."

Alston concedes Drysdale has been handicapped in the Los Angeles Coliseum. "Don's best pitch to right-handers is a sinking fast ball at the hands," says Walter. "But because of the short fence in left (250 feet) he is afraid to use it as often as he should. He resorts to the outside curve, which he doesn't throw as effectively. Don has won more games than he has lost in the Coliseum. But I think in a normal home park he would do better."

Drysdale is baseball's most outspoken critic of the Coliseum's left-field fence. "You don't pitch to a batter in that park," he once said. "You just stab around. I threw a perfect pitch on the inside corner one night to Billy White of the Cardinals. White, a left-handed batter, hit the ball off his hands while falling away, and I heard him scream with pain.

Master
LAMINATED
Padlocks



for
durable security

World's strongest case construction, genuine pin tumbler lock. $1.25 to $4.00, in a variety of sizes, at hardware stores and locksmiths everywhere.

World's Largest Padlock Manufacturers
Master Lock Company
MILWAUKEE 45, WISCONSIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I look up—and there the ball drops over the left-field fence."

Tapped for a similar home run in the Coliseum by left-handed hitter Bob Skinner of Pittsburgh last year, Drysdale was removed from a game in which he had struck out thirteen men in eight and a third innings. The Dodgers won anyway, but Drysdale didn't get credit for the win.

"I'll never win in this place as long as I live," he screamed afterward. "They should trade me and put me out of my misery. I'll go anywhere."

"Even to the Phillies?" he was asked.

"Even to Cucamonga," he answered.

Naturally the story made the newspapers. But Walter O'Malley, president of the Dodgers, dismissed the incident quickly. "It is traditional with our club that odd behavior is the general rule, not the exception," said O'Malley.

The frequency with which Drysdale hits batters with pitched balls causes some bitter comment. In 1959, his banner year, he smacked eighteen, the most to be hit by a pitcher in his league since 1915. Unabashed, the Dodgers defend Don against head-hunting charges. Walter Alston explains, "Drysdale's sidearm fast ball veers in so suddenly to right-handed batters that they often aren't able to get out of the way. Many times, when Don has felt that a ball might be dangerous, I have heard him yell to batters, 'Watch out!' I don't think he purposely would hit anyone."

For cracking Willie Mays with a pitched ball two years ago in San Francisco, Drysdale drew a fine of fifty dollars. The Los Angeles management protested on the ground that Sam Jones of the Giants hit Dodger Norm Larker in the same game without penalty. Don paid the fine quietly. However, he was less agreeable to part with his money after hitting the Cardinals' Joe Cunningham last year. While the league president considered the case, Drysdale said that if he were fined he would bring suit against baseball for impugning his character. "If they fine me and I don't sue," said Don, "it will be an admission of guilt. The way Cunningham strides, you have to pitch him inside or he'll kill you. I defy anyone to prove I hit him on purpose."

A fine was never levied. At the scene, though, Solly Hemus, the St. Louis manager who stands five feet nine and weighs 170, had doubled his fists and threatened to slug the giant Drysdale.

"You'll be up at that plate too," snarled Hemus.

"The way I've been going lately," answered Don, who had lost four games in a row, "I hope I am."

Fresco Thompson, vice president of the Dodgers, has the theory that Drysdale "may be a little spoiled."

"Don came quickly to the majors," says Thompson. "He never took many knocks in the bush leagues. He never wore a dirty uniform a few extra days because his minor club was economizing. He didn't spend much time riding in hot buses from town to town. Nor did he dress in shabby clubhouses or live in skimpy hotels. A baseball man who has had a good dose of this doesn't tend to blow up so easily once he hits the majors. He remembers how the other half lives."

Drysdale admits he has never missed a meal. He and his sister, Nancy, grew up in middle-class comfort in Van Nuys, a suburb of Los Angeles, where their father, Scott Drysdale, worked as a repair supervisor for the Pacific Telephone Company. The elder Drysdale, who had a brief fling at minor-league baseball, schooled his son in the sport since the time Don was five. "We played catch in the afternoon," recalls Don. "Often we'd go to the playground and Dad would hit me grounders and flys and I would take batting practice. He really taught me the game."

When first spotted by Harold Phillips, Southern California scout for the Dodgers, Drysdale was playing second base for Van Nuys High. It wasn't until his senior year that Don tried pitching. Then he turned in a record of ten wins and one loss.

Don was signed by the Dodgers in 1954 for a $4000 bonus and sent to Bakersfield (home team of the slugger who inspired *Casey at the Bat*) in the Class C California League. The next year he moved up to Montreal in the International League. By midseason he had won ten and lost two. Then, one day in the clubhouse at Toronto, a metal lid atop a soft-drink machine fell on his pitching hand.

"The pain was murderous, and the hand began to swell," says Don. "But, like a fool, I didn't ask for medical treatment. I was afraid that maybe I would be benched and ruin my chances of going to the majors the next year. Roger Craig, my teammate, had just been called up by the Dodgers, and I was determined to follow."

Don swiped a can of ethyl chloride, a freezing compound, from the trainer's bag and, unaware that a small bone was broken, used the anesthetic on his hand before each game for the rest of the season. He lost nine of his next ten starts.

"I never would have made the majors the following season if luck wasn't with me," admits Don. "The Dodgers lost Johnny Podres to the Navy, and Billy Loes, Don Bessent and Karl Spooner got hurt. Stuck for pitchers, the club took me, in desperation."

Since his Bakersfield debut, where he earned $250 a month, Drysdale has made enormous financial strides. Today, the Dodgers pay him a reported $32,500 a year. The previous tops for one of their pitchers was roughly $30,000, paid Don Newcombe in 1957 after he had won twenty-seven games the year before.

Drysdale's best seasons to date have been 1957 and 1959 when he posted records of 17-9 and 17-13, respectively. Since he won but fifteen and lost fourteen last year, many have wondered why the club has boosted his salary from what was believed to have been $25,000 in 1960.

"Won-and-lost records don't always tell the story," says Bavasi. "Drysdale's performance last year was his best to date for reasons that don't easily meet the eye. The number of innings a man pitches is important. Don pitched the most for our club, two hundred sixty-nine, only three innings less than Vernon Law. Then in nine of the games that Drysdale lost last year, the Dodgers got him only a total of nine runs. He left six games in late innings with the Dodgers leading. We won all six, but, as it happened, Drysdale wasn't credited with any of them. He's entitled to every nickel he's earning."

The erratic behavior of Drysdale is possibly reflected by his record. Don is given to streak pitching.—long stretches of winning or losing. Last year, for instance, he won three of his first four games, then lost nine of his next ten. When he won his next six in a row, the nation's baseball writers voted him the award as outstanding player in the National League for July.

By the time the trophy reached Los Angeles, Drysdale had lost three straight. He had just been knocked out of the box by San Francisco when Arthur Patterson, the Dodger publicist, approached him in the locker room.

"The trophy has arrived," said Patterson. "Where do you think we should make the presentation?"

"Make it in the outhouse where I belong," Don answered bitterly. Don won his next start to launch a winning string of four straight, of which three were shutouts.

Asked why Drysdale tended to be a streak pitcher, Chuck Dressen, Milwaukee manager and former Dodger coach, blamed it on Don's capacity for worrying. "Some pitchers shouldn't think too much," said Dressen. "They should just throw. Drysdale worries about the size of the ball park, the umpires, his weight and problems like that. A fellow like Warren Spahn, for instance, never worries about anything except the man at the plate. With his natural ability, Drysdale could be a thirty-game winner."

The frequency with which Don's temperament projects him into the news doesn't bother his pretty wife, Ginger, a former model and Tournament of Roses princess from Pasadena, California. "Regardless of what happens in a ball game," says Mrs. Drysdale, "Don never brings his anger home. I don't lecture to him about his conduct on the field. Baseball is his business—he's old enough to know what he's doing."

The Drysdales met in April, 1958, when a newspaper enlisted Ginger to pose with Los Angeles players for a picture series to be called "A Day With the Dodgers." When Don looked at the bright face and trim figure of the young lady, he says his pulse quickened. And when she smiled at him, his heart melted to tallow.

"Nervously," he recalls, "I asked her if she would like to go to a party with me, even though I hadn't been invited to one." Ginger agreed, and immediately went out and bought a fifty-cent Dodger yearbook to learn something about the man with whom she had just accepted a date. Seventeen days later, over grilled-cheese sandwiches in a Pasadena drive-in, Drysdale slipped a diamond engagement ring on her finger. They were married at the end of the 1958 baseball season.

Today the Drysdales and their eighteen-month-old daughter, Kelly Eugenia, reside in a tasteful Hawaiian-style home they own in Van Nuys, complete with swimming pool and sun deck. The down payment was facilitated by a check for $11,200, Drysdale's cut from the 1959 World Series, in which the Dodgers defeated the Chicago White Sox. That year Don also won the award as the most valuable player of the All-Star Game at Pittsburgh. As starting pitcher for the National League, he faced only nine batters in the three innings he worked, allowed no hits and struck out four.

The topper to the paradox of tantrum-tossing Don Drysdale is probably the nature of his off-season occupation. He is a public-relations man. And his boss, W. A. Hutchinson, general manager of the Meadow Gold Dairies of Southern California, says he is very good at his job.

Hutchinson interviewed Drysdale after watching him in a particularly stormy performance at the Coliseum. "When I met Don," Hutchinson says, "I couldn't help remarking that I was amazed to find him such a gentle, polite young man."

Drysdale replied tartly, "What did you expect to see, a convict?"

Hutchinson laughed and hired him on the spot. Today Hutchinson says, "Don makes a fine impression with customers. He is friendly, talks baseball with them readily and—believe it or not—is very patient with questions about his temper."

THE END

NEXT WEEK

CROSS-COUNTRY POWER SHIFT:

WILL THE WEST TAKE OVER?

By Frank McCulloch

THE MYSTERY OF DE GAULLE

By Joseph Kraft

THE FLEETING FAME OF NO-HIT PITCHERS

By Frank Frisch

A FIGHTING PRIEST IN PERU:

FATHER DAN'S BIG ADVENTURE

By James Joyce Donahue

HOW MUCH NATURE SHOULD WE PRESERVE?

THE GREAT WILDERNESS FIGHT

By John Bird

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Captive Captain (Continued from Page 21)

them chewing over the thought of anything in petticoats commanding a ship at sea—and making mental wagers as to what he would do to resolve the situation. He swore wordlessly. Some harridan, beyond a doubt—fat and besotted, with a cutlass in her teeth and a bottle of gin at her elbow. It was improbable, but Pearson appeared to be too unimaginative a man to weave the story on his own.

With five years of naval experience behind him, Bailey ran the *Nancy* Navy fashion and had given his officers and men Navy titles. More easygoing shipmasters thought it pretentious, but he had found it good for discipline and morale. He turned to the midshipman commanding his prize crew. "Get sail on her as soon as you've tidied up and repaired damage, Mr. Whitmarsh. How many dead?"

"Two, sir."

"Very good," Bailey said, giving the traditional answer that did not mean what it would imply to a landsman. "Have their sailmaker stitch them up. I imagine Mr. Pearson will want to conduct the service. I'll attend. Send someone aft for me when you're ready."

He paused at the entrance to the cabin, half drawing his sword, then he swore that nothing in skirts was going to panic him. He rammed the blade back in its sheath and opened the door.

She sat at a table facing him. He had been right about some things, wrong in others. There was a bottle at her elbow, a delicate decanter of wine, and beside it a half-filled glass. She held no cutlass in her teeth, but there was a rack of the weapons hanging behind her. And the table was heavy with pistols, neatly aligned and cocked. Each slender hand held a pistol as steadily as the gentle motion of the ship would allow.

And she was no harridan. His mouth narrowed in speculative admiration as he took in the greenish eyes, the startling red hair and the smoothly tanned skin dusted ever so lightly with freckles.

He made her his best bow. "Jonathon Bailey, master of the American letter-of-marque privateer brig *Nancy*," he said in the deceptively lazy tone that had charmed women from Malta to Maracaibo. "Upon my soul, you're a beauty."

The flashing eyes never wavered. "You didn't have to take my ship to pay an empty compliment. You're a pirate, and I'll thank you to get off my decks."

"Your eyes shoot green fires when you're angry. Could it be that this handsome vessel is named for your ladyship—and that you're the countess of Pembroke herself?"

"I'm nobody's countess," she snapped. "I'm plain Mary Smith and I'll thank you and your cutthroats to be on your way."

"Probably you haven't heard that the United States is once again at war with England."

"Oh, I've heard," said plain Mary Smith, "but it doesn't mean that any popinjay with letters of marque and reprisal is going to soil my decks. Get out!"

"Look," Bailey said, moving into the cabin, "can't we discuss this sensibly? I could have done with your pretty ship with a single broadside if I had wanted to. Now that I've seen her captain," he added, "I'm glad I told my gunners to be sparing with their fire." He indicated a chair opposite her. "May I sit?"

"No." She gestured with the pistol in her left hand. "Move over there and see what I have beside me."

Obediently he moved and saw an open powder keg beside her chair.

"I have only to snap a pistol into the keg," she said conversationally, "and we'll all disappear."

He tried to keep his tone light. "I doubt if you'd do anything so rash."

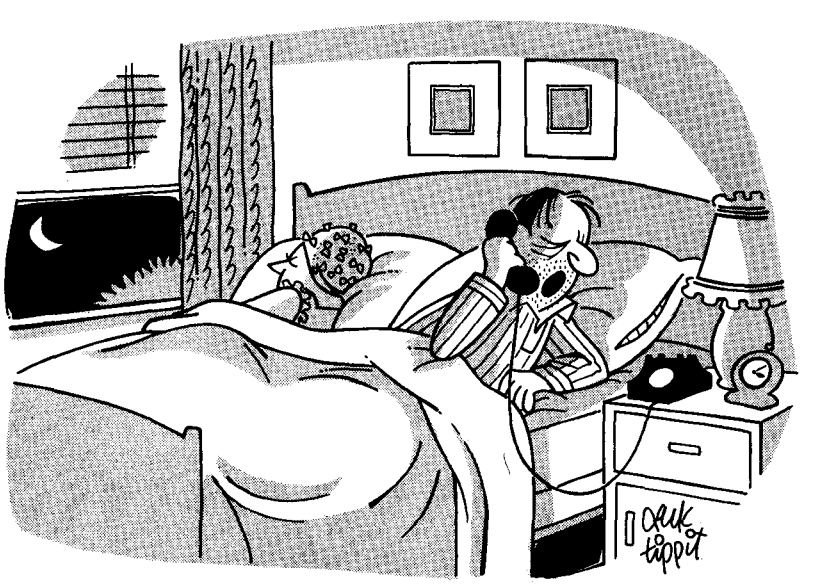
Mary Smith arched an eyebrow. "There are some things about me which, fortunately for both of us, you'll never need to learn. I'm not one of those fashionable females who swoon at the touch of a thistle. My father took me to sea when I was twelve, and I've seen a thing or two. Six weeks ago, before he died at sea on our way to Jamaica"—the husky voice faltered for only a breath—"I swore that this ship would always be sailed with honor."

A pistol butt rapped on the table for emphasis and upset the glass of wine. She gave a purely feminine cry of annoyance, dropped one pistol and hastily sopped the tablecloth with a napkin, never taking her eyes from his. As she picked up her second pistol, Midshipman Whitmarsh stuck his head in to announce that the committal service was about to be held.

"Would you care to attend?" Bailey asked Mary Smith. "They're your men."

"I'll stay here. Possibly a little fresh air on deck will clear your mind. Think about the powder keg."

Her injunction was unnecessary, and the mental image of the determined, greenish-eyed redhead stayed with him during the service. And it was only after two silent forms slid from beneath British



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"To whom did you wish to sing?"

Sign up and you're saving. You can put any size "installment" you want into Savings Bonds on the Payroll Savings Plan—even 63¢ a day. In 40 months this amount adds up to $750 saved and $250 earned at maturity.

How to get paid 3¾% interest for buying on the installment plan

Ever hear of a payment plan that has no interest or carrying charges, and pays you 33⅓¢ for every $1 installment you make? There is one, you know—the Payroll Savings Plan for U.S. Savings Bonds. Your payroll clerk will set aside any size installment you wish (as little as $1.25 a week) and as the money accumulates, buy your Bonds. You can cash them with interest anytime you need them. But hold them for 7 years, 9 months, and the Government pays you at the rate of 3¾% a year, compounded every 6 months—$4 guaranteed for every $3 you invested!

The beauty of Savings Bonds

• You can save automatically on the Payroll Savings Plan, or buy Bonds at any bank • You now earn 3¾% to maturity, ½% more than ever before • You invest without risk under a U.S. Government guarantee • Your Bonds are replaced free if lost or stolen • You can get your money with interest anytime you want it • You save more than money—you buy shares in a stronger America.

You save more than money with U.S. Savings Bonds

20th ANNIVERSARY 1941 1961

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the magazine publishers of America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ensigns and splashed into the sea that he had an idea. As soon as it was decently possible, he beckoned to Whitmarsh. "Send a man over to the *Nancy* and have him bring back Josiah Strong's cage of pets."

The midshipman goggled. "Strong's pets, sir?"

"Yes, Strong's pets! Must I draw pictures?"

Bailey was not given to growling at his subordinates, but he was uncomfortably aware that Whitmarsh must have felt he had taken leave of his senses. Well, let him. He didn't know about a determined girl sitting beside an open powder keg. Josiah Strong's pets, long a subject of amusement for the crew and an irritation to Bailey, might prove the solution.

Plain Mary Smith, as she styled herself, might be determined, but she was still feminine. The little cry of annoyance and the busy napkin mopping up the spilled wine had betrayed her. A man under similar strain would have ignored the tablecloth and kept his mind on the business at hand. It might work. If it didn't, Bailey had to admit to himself that he didn't know what would. Women, he told himself darkly, should never be allowed to do men's jobs. It was entirely too risky for the men.

He fretted away half an hour helping Whitmarsh organize damage-repair parties until a seaman climbed through the entry port carrying a cage of white mice. Strong was the best gunner Bailey had ever known, and it was because of that that he bore with white mice on his otherwise immaculate brig.

"Peake," he said to the seaman, "the captain of this ship is a woman, and it may be that Strong's mice may help us resolve a nasty situation."

If Peake thought that his captain was crazy, and he probably did, he gave no sign other than a slight wariness in his eyes.

"I'm going aft to her cabin," Bailey went on, "and I want you to follow me with the mice. I'll leave the door ajar. After I've been in there a minute or two, open the cage and shoo the mice into the cabin. Stand by until we see what happens."

Mary Smith still sat behind the table, lovely and determined as ever. "Well," she said coldly, "having disposed of the men you murdered, are you prepared to let a harmless merchantman resume her course?"

"As I pointed out, my angry beauty, we are at war, and you have fallen fair game. Quibbling will only prolong our association. The sooner my crew can get this ship under way, the sooner she'll reach an American port where arrangements can be made for your return to England."

"All very high-sounding," she sniffed, "but I've heard more than a little of your United States. My mother was an American and she told me tales of wild savages and hairy men who eat their meat raw. I suppose I'll spend the rest of the war in a smelly prison."

Bailey's patience was beginning to evaporate, but her remark prodded him into a short, hard laugh. "If you can show me a spot anywhere along the fine, clean coast of New England that smells anything like your precious London, then I'll give you back your ship and see you safely on your way. And we have no Dartmoor prisons, such as yours—where, I hear, a man hopes he will die quickly before he loses his mind and rots under his own eyes."

She reddened. "We're peaceful merchant traders and have no say in what the government does."

"Exactly the point we made when we decided to eschew your tender care nearly forty years ago."

As he was beginning to wonder if Peake had gone to sleep outside the door, he felt something cross his foot. He looked down carelessly, briefly, and saw that Josiah Strong's mice were on their way to his rescue. After three cruises aboard the *Nancy*, the small creatures were unafraid of humans and appeared eager to investigate their new surroundings. Even as he glanced at the deck, three mice were hurrying under Mary Smith's table.

"This is a waste of words ——" the girl started to say, and he almost laughed aloud as he saw her expressive features rapidly mirror puzzlement and mounting alarm. Then she gave an extremely uncaptainlike squeak of panic and moved back, darting a horrified glance toward the hem of her skirt.

It was the chance he needed, and he had only a second to spare. His long arms shot across the table, grabbed her wrists and forced her arms upward. Her pistols barked, and lead plowed into the fine oak paneling overhead. But there was still fight in Mary Smith. She freed one hand and tried to snatch a cutlass from the rack behind her. But he rounded the end of the table quickly and held her close against him, pinning both her hands behind her back.

Mice forgotten, she struggled like an imprisoned panther while Bailey shouted for Peake to secure the mice, her arsenal of pistols and the powder keg. As the seaman, puzzled but nimble, did as he was told, Bailey held the writhing girl, acutely aware of her nearness, the fires in her eyes and the rich red of her lips.

Then, when Peake made his final exit, carrying the open keg as tenderly as a young father carries a newborn son, Bailey, unable to resist, kissed Mary Smith soundly—and was bitten for his pains.

He released her, making sure that he placed himself between her and the cutlass rack. Lovely as she was, she was highly dangerous, and he found himself thinking that it was a good thing that men fought wars.

He shuddered mentally at what the casualties might be if a shipload of Mary Smiths ever came swarming over the *Nancy*'s bulwarks, not even half as lovely nor half as angry.

The only weapon within reach was the decanter, and she sent it whizzing toward his head. It missed him by mere inches, and he laughed at her; but it was a hollow laugh, because the projectile hissing by reminded him too uncomfortably of a round shot that had passed his head in the same manner when he had fought an English brig only the week before.

She sat down, more exhausted from her own anger than from the tussle with Bailey. "A low Yankee trick," she panted. "What a brave captain who must take a ship by scaring a woman with a crew of mice!"

"But the shame of it was washed away with a kiss."

"Try it again and you'll lose a lip," she warned.

"I intend to," he said, removing an armful of cutlasses from the rack and prudently surveying the cabin for other weapons she might have hidden. "The reward is more than worth the risk."

It was then that Midshipman Whitmarsh came pounding down to report that a sail had been sighted. "There'll be time to get back to the *Nancy*, sir. Only her royals are sighted yet, but she seems to be setting a course for us."

"Royals, did you say? Then she'll be a frigate, likely, and there are none of ours in these waters."

"A fine, spanking British frigate," said Mary Smith with relish, "and on her deck a captain who will be happy to blow your puny brig right out of the water."

"She'll have to catch me first," Bailey said grimly, "and your ships are as lubberly as their captains. What are you carrying?"

"Rum, molasses and hardwoods from Jamaica—not that my cargo will ever realize you a shilling now."

Ignoring her, he shot rapid orders at Whitmarsh. "Clap on every rag she'll take. Get her under way first, then divide your crew and the English into two working parties. Put half on heaving up the molasses and rum and throwing it overboard. Have the others work on jettisoning the guns. Don't waste time rigging tackle to the yards to hoist 'em. Chop away the bulwarks and when the ship rolls to the proper side, chop away the gun tackles, and they'll pitch overboard on their own. I figure they weigh about eight tons all together, and the loss will bring her a little higher in the water. When that's done, send the men below to help the others unload cargo. Tell off two of our men to tap her water casks and see what can be pumped out. She hasn't been long out of Jamaica—she should be able to spare several tons. Every ton lost means speed gained."

Conscious of the passage of time, a commodity so precious now that he could almost hear it walking across the sea, he still had to pause for breath. And he thought, during the moment of silence he allowed himself, that he saw something resembling respect in the girl's green eyes. Could it be that she was beginning to see him as the captain of a fighting ship and not a pirate hiding behind his country' flag? But there was no time to speculate on what went on in a woman's mind, and he turned his attention to Whitmarsh, whose young eyes were dancing with eagerness to get away.

"Hoist her British ensign. We'll leave the *Nancy*'s flag aloft, and I'll try to draw his fire while you haul away. If he's been in these waters or spoken any of his own ships, he'll have heard of the *Nancy* and may make a try for us if he can get within range." He clapped the midshipman on the back. "Get to it, lad, and good luck to you."

The midshipman scurried away, and Bailey said to the girl, "I'm taking you aboard the *Nancy*. Get a few things together and be above as quickly as you can. I can't allow you more than three minutes."

He was gone before she could reply and was deep in the business of helping Whitmarsh organize the working parties before he found himself wondering why he was taking Mary Smith along. If the *Pembroke* were to be recaptured—and there was a heavy chance she might be—the girl would be back in command of her own ship and on her way home. It puzzled a man who usually was in control of his own reactions; but when three minutes had elapsed, he found her standing by the entry port clutching a bundle, stray locks of hair fluttering like a scarlet mist in the wind.

His gig skimmed across to the *Nancy*, where Varney had men swarming up the shrouds to make sail the moment Bailey came alongside. He sent the girl below to his cabin, without a murmur from her, and felt the old thrill of danger mingled with delight as his little brig lifted her gray wings to the wind.

White water was beginning to boil around the *Pembroke*'s forefoot too, and he was gratified to see two geysers spout along her larboard side. So much for the larboard guns. And when the ship rolled to starboard, Whitmarsh would take care of the pieces on that side, if he hadn't already. The midshipman was doing very well and would get an extra share of the prize money if he brought the *Pembroke* to a friendly port.

Whether the merchantman reached a safe haven depended a great deal on Jonathon Bailey, the *Nancy*, and whether the captain of the oncoming frigate recognized the privateer. In three cruises the *Nancy* had accounted for three Royal Navy gun brigs, all of which she had burned and scuttled, three topsail schooners and eleven merchant ships, eight of which had reached American ports with valuable cargoes. It was an enviable score, but it made her one of the most sought for of American privateers; and, as Bailey was well aware, there wasn't a Royal Navy captain in American waters who wouldn't have given a year's seniority to bring the *Nancy* under his guns and send her gurgling down to Fiddler's Green.

With the *Pembroke* under way, splashes indicating that Whitmarsh had his crew hard at their work unloading rum and molasses, Bailey worked the *Nancy* toward the frigate. He wanted her captain to have a good look at his vessel. He looked at the Englishman through his telescope and saw a knot of excited officers on her quarter-deck. He believed he had guessed correctly. The British captain, under the impression that he had caught the privateer in the act of capturing the *Pembroke*, was content to let the

"This isn't my station!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

merchantman follow her course while he dealt contemptuously with the *Nancy*.

Even a cabin boy on his first cruise knew that a brig should never engage a thirty-two-gun frigate. The difference in number of guns and weight of metal was frightening to contemplate. Bailey had no intention of playing the fool, but the *Pembroke* was a fine ship and would realize a fancy price if Whitmarsh got her away. So Bailey would flirt with the frigate for a while to gain time. No wager, no return—that was the creed of a privateer.

The frigate put herself on a parallel course with the *Nancy*, trying to inch closer. And there were probably derisive officers aboard the Englishman asking one another if the celebrated brig had grown so cocky that she allowed her reputation to befog her common sense.

Bailey, fully aware that he could outrun and outmaneuver any frigate afloat, even showed the audacity to shorten sail and fire a mocking gun. As he bellowed out the order to Josiah Strong to fire, he heard a faint gasp beside him and turned to find Mary Smith shading her eyes with a slender hand to watch the result of the shot. Wind blew the greasy smoke away quickly, and they saw a splash about fifty yards short of the frigate's larboard beam.

"I'd far rather you stayed below," he told the girl.

"But this is folly," she protested. "If your carronades miss him by that small patch of water, it means his long guns can reach you easily. There's such a thing as being too bold."

He looked at her curiously. "Whose side are you on?"

She blushed furiously, her cheeks almost matching the color of her hair. "It was the excitement of the moment," she said. "I'm a foolish woman—as you proved when you let loose the mice."

He wanted to tell her that it wasn't so. He wanted to say that he had never seen greener eyes nor hair so softly red—but the frigate's larboard side disappeared suddenly behind billows of gray and black smoke pierced by flashes of orange flame. And he threw Mary Smith to the deck and covered her with his body. English gunnery was not of the best, he thought, but you could never tell. And then he thought of nothing.

It was a velvet blackness for a while, shot sometimes with flashing lights and pain—and strange dreams that made no sense at all. He would feel hot, and his dream would tell him there was a cool hand on his forehead. He would cry out that he was alone, and soft lips would brush against his—as in a dream.

Once he opened his eyes and was aware immediately of a pain in his right thigh and a pounding in his head. He mumbled something about changing the watch, or thought he did, but a soft voice told him that it wasn't time to awaken and that the watch had been taken care of. Like a small boy, drowsy and happy to know that it wasn't morning, he went down again into sheltering darkness.

When next he awoke, it was to find the *Nancy*'s surgeon, Amos Peabody, and Joshua Varney standing beside his bunk. Both men broke into pleased grins, and Varney slapped the round little doctor on the back. "Doc," he said, "you're a great man. You brought him around."

Doctor Peabody looked pleased. "Aye, but don't forget I had very competent help. . . . A piece of splinter drove into your thigh," he told Bailey, "and a flying timber hit your head. It's a good thing your head's made of oak."

"Thanks to both of you," Bailey said. "You, doc, for bringing me through . . . and you, Josh, for saving the *Nancy*."

"'T wa'n't nothin'," Varney said. "He jest got in that one broadside that hurt you. After that, he must have got so mad at our impudence that his gunn'ry an' seamanship got turr'ble—plain turr'ble. We skipped out o' range, and when it come dusk, the wind jest died altogether. Not even a cat's-paw on the water. We put out the boats to haul her along, an' wet the sails so's they'd draw when a wind come. A little wind blew up after dark—caught us first, it did—an' his runnin' lights jest disappeared like fireflies blowin' out their lamps for the night. 'T wa'n't nothin' a-tall."

"Any word of the *Pembroke?*"

"No—not with her, that is. But we spoke the *Congress* frigate two days ago. On her way home, she was, and had all the *Pembroke*'s prisoners aboard. Said she run down on the *Pembroke* two, three days before and took all them merchant Britishers aboard. *Congress* said this made Whitmarsh happy as a clam in high water. They hinted he should try to work her through the Chesapeake an' try for Baltimore or Annapolis. He'll get her through, that little Whitmarsh will. He's turnin' into considerable of a seaman."

"Aye," Bailey agreed, "and he'll have his own ship one day—as you will." Then he asked the question uppermost in his mind. "It seems I heard Captain Smith's voice near me—I heard so many. Is she ——"

Doctor Peabody bobbed his head. "She's the competent help I mentioned. She's still aboard. There were eight others wounded besides you. I've been busy. She did most of the caring for you. Don't know what you would have done without her."

"Could I see her?"

Peabody gnawed at his lower lip with his teeth, his eyes twinkling a little. "Think I should allow it, Josh?" he asked Varney.

Varney was at his New England best. "Up to you, doc. My job's to work the *Nancy* home. Rest's up to you."

"All right, Jonathon," said the doctor, "but not for long. You're still a mite feverish, and it will be a time before you walk your own deck again. We'll come by later. . . . Come on, Josh."

She came in a few minutes later, looking not at all like the master of a merchantman, wearing a red dress of some soft material that matched the color of her hair and a bit of green ribbon at her throat that matched the color of her eyes.

She walked slowly across the cabin and stood beside his bunk. "It's good to see you awake," said the soft voice of his dreams. "It was a hard time for you."

He looked at her, trying to find his voice. And when it came, he said, "Doctor Peabody tells me that I owe you very much."

"Far less than I owe you. I might have been hit if you hadn't protected me." She paused, looking at her hands. "A woman couldn't bear what you've been through. I owe you my life."

"Then there is no debt involved. May we forget this and be friends—Mary?"

She held out her hand, and he found it was as soft as the hand that had cooled him in the darkness, not at all like the hand of a girl who could drive a tall ship through pounding seas, hurl a wine decanter at a bold Yankee or grab for a cutlass to defend herself.

His weak fingers curled around hers. She smiled, the first smile of hers he had seen. And it was like the promise of morning touching the edge of night. She bent over him, and her nearness assured him that they were on the threshold of something that would be as enduring as the sea that was rolling the *Nancy* home.

THE END

Now Possible to Shrink and Heal Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

Only Preparation H Contains New Healing Substance That Can Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery And At Same Time Relieve Itching and Pain.

A world-famous research institute has discovered a new substance which now makes it possible to shrink and heal hemorrhoids *without surgery*. It stops itching and relieves pain in minutes, then speeds up healing of the sore, injured tissues all while actual reduction (shrinking) takes place.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so. And most amazing of all, this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months.

In fact, results were so thorough, sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." Among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind. The secret is the remarkable new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids, Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps prevent infection which is a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Any drug counter.

WATCH BANDS
KEY HOLDERS
At drug, sundry and general merchandise stores everywhere.

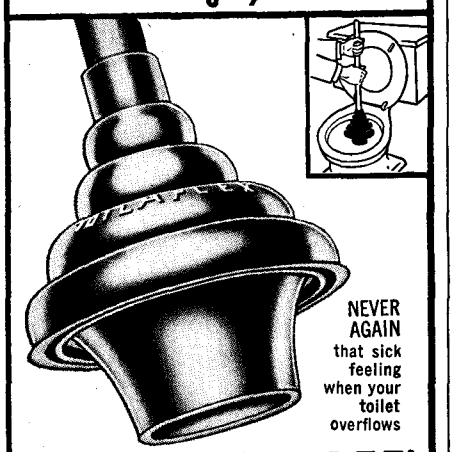
ILLBRONZE BRAND
Spray-O-Namel®
GUARANTEED 5 YEARS
MAGNIFICENT COLOR AT YOUR FINGERTIPS
ILLINOIS BRONZE POWDER CO., Chicago 16, Ill.

MONEY...
In Your Spare Time

Spare-time income can help you meet expenses. Write for details about our subscription-selling plan. No obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
295 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

POWERFUL NEW PLUNGER CLEARS CLOGGED TOILETS *in a jiffy!*



NEVER AGAIN that sick feeling when your toilet overflows

'TOILAFLEX'
Toilet ALL-ANGLE Plunger

- DOUBLE-SIZE CUP, DOUBLE-PRESSURE
- DESIGNED TO FLEX AT ANY ANGLE
- CENTERS ITSELF, CAN'T SKID AROUND
- TAPERED TAIL GIVES AIR-TIGHT FIT

$2.65 fully guaranteed
AT HARDWARE STORES EVERYWHERE
Higher in Canada

GUMOUT Cleveland 4, Ohio

WITH ONE QUICK SPRAY... IT'S BUGS AWAY!

BUG BOMB®

- **KILLS FLIES, MOSQUITOES FAST—WORKS INDOORS AND OUT!**
- **SUPER-POWERED—CONTAINS NOT ONE BUT FOUR BUG-KILLING CHEMICALS!**

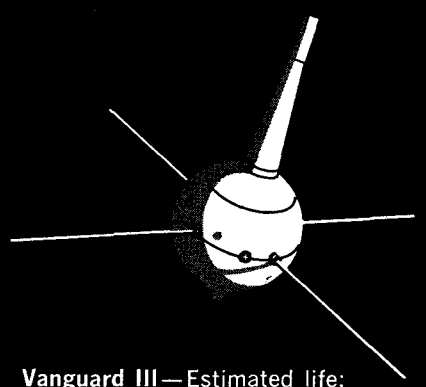
Bridgeport BUG BOMB...the most advanced all-purpose bug-killer modern science has produced! BUG BOMB's fast-action formula contains four bug-killing chemicals. Quickly kills flying bugs, crawling bugs; keeps sprayed areas bug-free for hours. Pleasantly scented, no nasty chemical odor. *Get economical super-powered BUG BOMB* today, in the big blue can. Remember..., if it doesn't say Bridgeport...you're not getting the authentic **BUG BOMB**

Bridgeport makes the best spray for every bug problem.

Bridgeport

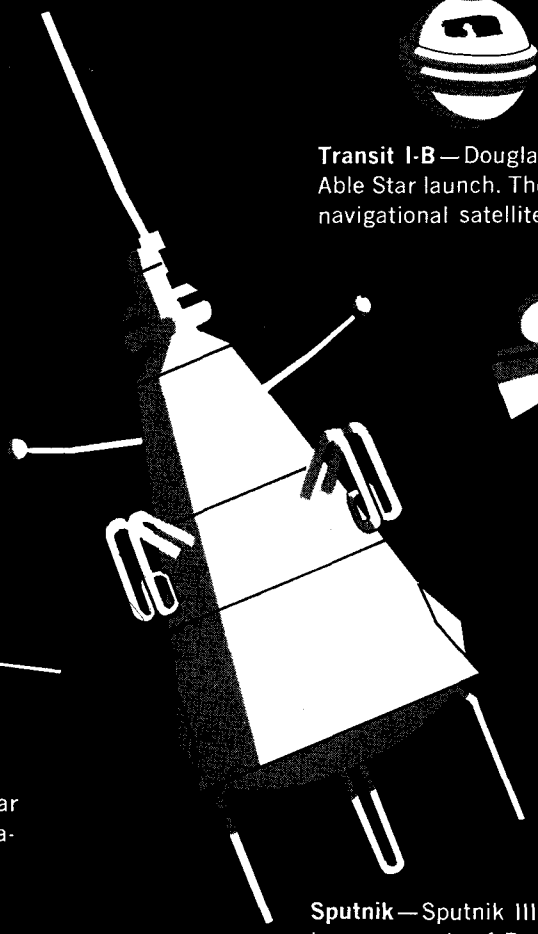
HOME PRODUCTS DIVISION—SHULTON, INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

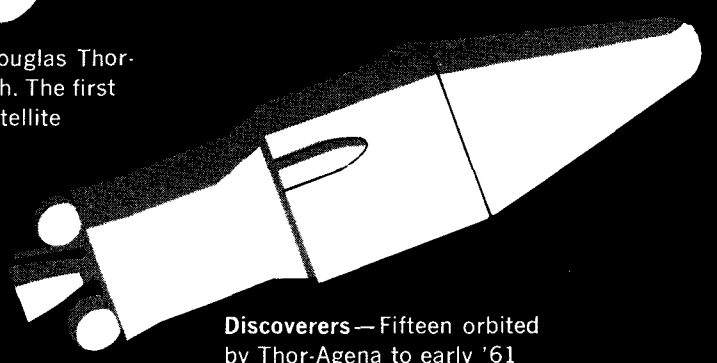


Vanguard III—Estimated life: 30-40 years. Measures radiation, space environment

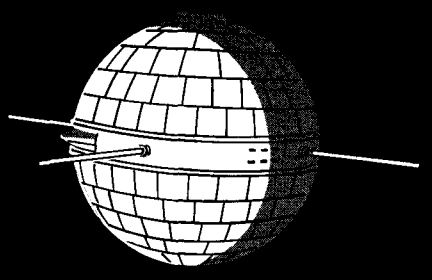
Transit I-B—Douglas Thor-Able Star launch. The first navigational satellite



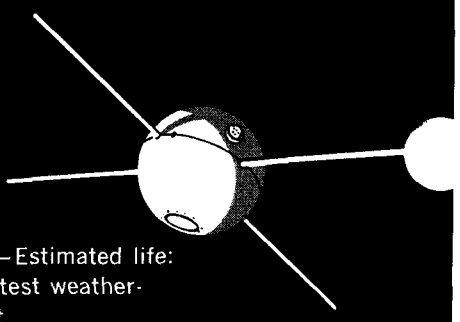
Sputnik—Sputnik III shown is an example of Russian satellites



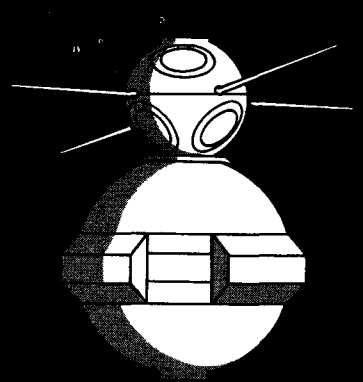
Discoverers—Fifteen orbited by Thor-Agena to early '61



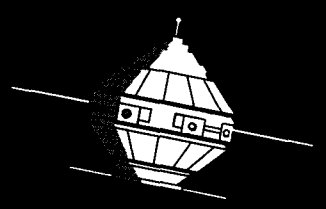
Courier IB—Thor-Able Star launch. Active communications satellite



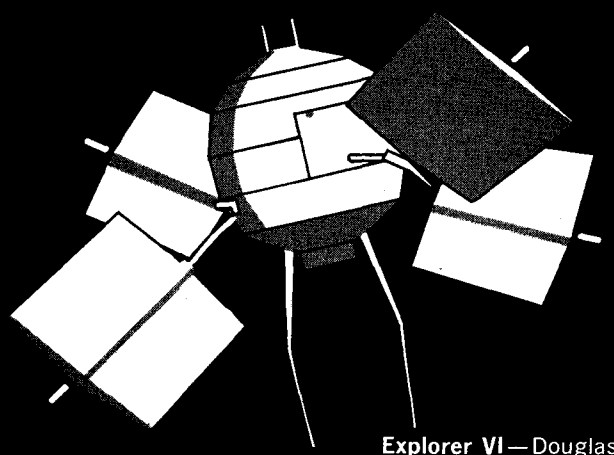
Vanguard II—Estimated life: 50 years. A test weather-scan concept



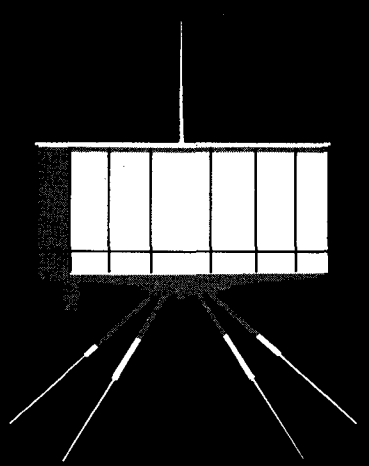
Transit II-A and Greb—Thor-Able Star launch. The first piggy-back satellite



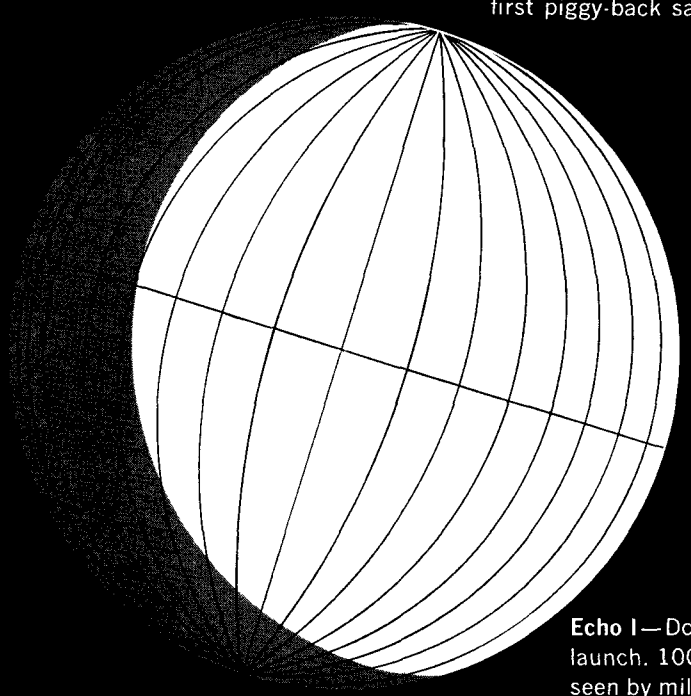
Explorer VII—Launched by Juno II and still transmitting some data



Explorer VI—Douglas Thor-Able launch. The first paddle-wheel satellite



Tiros I—Thor-Able launch. Picture-taking weather satellite. Tiros II, also a weather satellite, Thor-Delta launch



Echo I—Douglas Thor-Delta launch. 100-foot balloon seen by millions. A communications satellite

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

64% of all satellites orbited since 1958 were launched by the Douglas Thor

By successfully lobbing package after package into the sky this big, white U.S. rocket has earned the name "Workhorse of the Space Age"

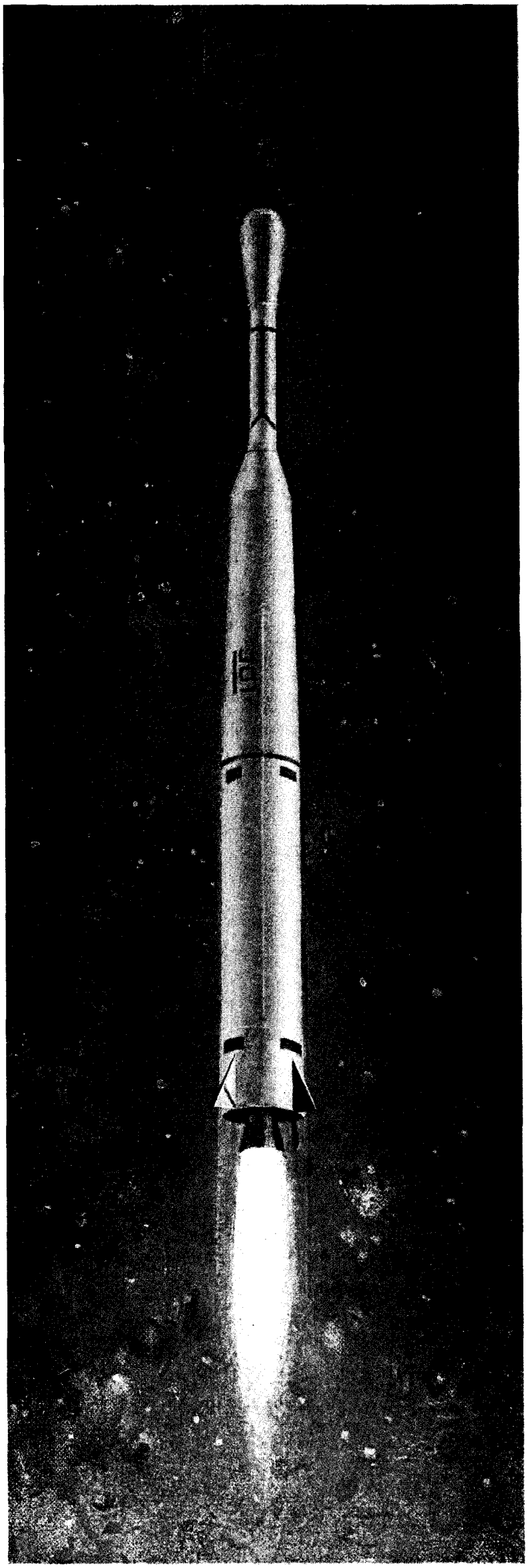
In the satellite-launching business, the glamour surrounds the payloads which make the headlines. These packages forecast weather, take photographs, measure radiation, guide ships or planes, and someday may improve TV reception and telephone service.

But before a satellite can begin doing its job out in space, it must be boosted off a launching pad. And for that job, the Douglas-built Thor has no equal for reliability.

In assigned space missions for the Air Force, Navy and National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the Douglas Thor missile has launched 64% of all the satellites orbited since 1958 (as of April, '61).

And in the same period, out of 83 Thor tactical and space firings, 86% have been completely successful. This is an extremely high reliability factor in a field where the state-of-the-art is changing so rapidly.

Such reliability, inherited by Thor from a series of successful Douglas missiles, has been an ingredient of Douglas products during more than 40 years of aviation and 21 years of missile experience. It is even now being woven into advanced systems of rocketry which will keep our country ahead in the international contest for military and scientific supremacy.



DOUGLAS

DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT CO., SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA • MAKERS OF MISSILE AND SPACE SYSTEMS • MILITARY AIRCRAFT • DC-8 JETLINERS • AIRCOMB® • RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT PROJECTS • GROUND SUPPORT EQUIPMENT • ASW DEVICES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Goal for Americans (Continued from Page 33)

expedient for promoting the publick happiness that those persons, whom nature hath endowed with genius and virtue, should be rendered by liberal education, worthy to receive, and able to guard the sacred deposit of the rights and liberties of their fellow citizens."

I read in an address delivered in 1925 by Mr. Justice Cardozo to certain law-school graduates: "You will study the wisdom of the past, for in a wilderness of conflicting counsels, a trail has there been blazed. You will study the life of mankind, for this is the life you must order, and, to order with wisdom, must know. You will study the precepts of justice, for these are the truths that through you shall come to their hour of triumph. Here is the high emprise, the fine endeavor, the splendid possibility of achievement, to which I summon you and bid you welcome."

These two utterances, a century and a half apart, have behind them a cultural dignity, a fusion of what is nationally desirable and what is internationally desirable for the American mind. If we are in fact the last, best hope of Western man, if we have by force of circumstances become the principal guardian of a cultural tradition older than Homer, we in America must begin to inquire whether the parochialism and the pessimism now fashionable in the field can long continue. When I read in academic quarterlies that—I paraphrase—a sense of bewilderment and a refusal to come to terms with reality is the trade-mark of classic American literature, or that *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* is really a disguised version of Dante's *Inferno*, or that the reason William Faulkner does not write about normal people is that he doesn't think people are normal, I wonder what has happened to our sense of humor. I also wonder what has happened to the great tradition of Western humanism in relation to the problem of American culture.

What is that problem? Let us return to the fountains. Let us ask ourselves what is the central issue before the humanist engaged in maturely interpreting the American scene.

Into the New World a rich and complex Old World culture—"cultures" would be a better word—was transplanted with extraordinary rapidity. The environment into which it came was unprecedented in the experience of Western man. The mountains were higher, the rivers were vaster, the climate more varied and violent, the natives stranger than anything he had ever known. Space and sky and forest—everything was indeed enormous. It was not Asia. It was something as queer as, so to say, landing on the moon.

This culture flowed from Europe westward in two great parallel streams. One of these, Latin, Catholic, and Mediterranean, spread over South America, Central America, Mexico and most of the Caribbean and at one time or another reached as far north on the one coast as the Carolinas, and on the other, San Francisco Bay.

The organization of this culture, Spanish and Portuguese, was, as it were, *sui generis*. Its special characteristics affect us in the United States to this day. It retained its colonial status longer than did the culture of North America—or most of it—but it was for that reason also more mature in some ways.

The place held by religion in it was radically different from the place held by religion in the future United States. During its spread in the New World, it encountered three native cultures more sophisticated and advanced than anything north of the Rio Grande—the Aztec, the Mayan and the Incan—and it absorbed and still exhibits many of their components.

Moreover, its attitude toward the native races, once the initial period of slaughter was over, differed basically from the traditional attitude of North America. Latin American culture developed an economy, an educational system and a set of social values not found in British North America. The Spanish and Portuguese languages carry with them their own psychology—and the contrast between the *personalismo* of the Latin American and the rugged individualism of the North American entrepreneur is more than a problem of translation and semantics; it is a problem of radical differences in outlook.

This culture of the south has been in constant active contact with the culture of the north in the New World, from before the time English sea dogs were singeing the king of Spain's beard down to the present tension between the Cuba of Fidel Castro and the United States of Eisenhower and Kennedy. These tensions and this contact are at once central to, and complications of, the problem of American studies. Probably the relations between the two cultures have been oftener relations of hostility—witness the Mexican War—than of amiability, although periods that attempt understanding also develop, alas, more often in the political and economic spheres than in the cultural one.

American studies as usually pursued ignore this culture of the south. Americanists do not commonly read either Spanish or Portuguese, know little or nothing about Latin American history and are still more ignorant of its great cultural achievements, like baroque architecture and its rich and varied literature and its literary theory. Alfonso Reyes of Mexico, for example, was called by competent critics, at the time of his death, the last universal literary man, and fulfilled Archibald MacLeish's demand for a return to the concept of the man of letters in the modern world.

Latin American culture has been and is a dynamic element in the development of our own. It has, for example, furnished more than 2000 place names to the United States postal directory. Its languages have influenced American English, as such simple examples as "rodeo" and "vamoose" indicate. Its customs are part of our "Westerns" on television. Its housing, its music, its dances, its scenery, its ruins and its romance have been imitated and admired in the United States. One third of the continental area of this republic was for a long period, as modern history goes, under the governance of Spanish viceroys or of Mexico. The largest single Christian church in the United States is identical with the dominant church in Latin America.

If we are the last, best hope of Western man, if we are to preserve and advance the institutions of Western Europe and of the Atlantic community, the Latin American approach to the problem of what it means to be this new man, this American, is of considerable philosophic importance. "American" values are not necessarily and uniquely those of North America. Alfonso Reyes's essay on what it means to be an American is, I think, superior in richness of thought and insight to most of the like North American essays on the same theme from Crèvecoeur to Theodore Roosevelt. I am, in fact, merely repeating Jefferson's urgent plea that one of the best ways to comprehend the culture of the New World is to study all the culture of the Ne World.

But it will be argued that for the humanist the problem of American studies primarily concerns the development of the United States. The history of North America, if we except the French Canadians in Quebec, is the history of the transplantation into a New World, mainly in the temperate zone, of a culture predominantly northern, Protestant and Atlantic.

We note at once in the famous cases of Jamestown, Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay, that from causes historically explicable, this culture began to adapt itself to its new environment and to develop new forms perhaps more quickly than did the culture of the south, though the point is debatable.

Perhaps this exhibits the pragmatical spirit of the English tradition. Certainly differences between the Old World and the New seem, to us, at least, earlier evident in the history of North Americ than in the history of Latin Americ Shortly these differences become radical, particularly in politics, religion and science, or rather the application of science to life. In the one area there develops the startling concept of a written constitution for a representative republic; in religion, the concept of voluntary association; and in science, the application of scientific principles to agriculture and industry, by and by on an enormous scale. In the north, men turn against their ancestors, they denounce kings and aristocrats and the effete culture from which they sprang, they reduce religion to democratic principles, they seek to extirpate rather than to absorb races other than their own—or if not that, then certainly to reduce them to perpetual servitude.

Profound changes such as these go forward rapidly in the social and economic spheres, whereas the arts remain cautious, conservative and European. The praise of authors, painters, dram tists, sculptors and architects here is th they are no worse than Europe's, sometimes as good and occasionally better. We note how the recognition of Whitman comes late and how we have to wait until the twentieth century for a Frank Lloyd Wright and how, after a thousand tries, we do not produce a dramatist of power until Eugene O'Neill.

All this is sufficiently complex, but the North American problem turns into something even more difficult than the adaptation of north-European forms to a New World. In the closing decades of the last century and the opening quarter of this one, the problem of adaptation and invention is immensely increased by the swarming hither of Slavs and Jews, Armenians, Greeks and other peoples. They enrich our cultural life, but the problem of adaptation grows difficult, especially because their religions are no of the standard British types. Trar planted Europeans of the north—tl "old Americans"—must revise their racial thinking, their religious acceptances, their theories of tolerance. They who struggled to liquidate the Indians and who enslaved the blacks scarcely finish an epic civil war with all its catastrophic consequences than they have to reinterpret their eighteenth-century principles. They have to equate with themselves and their traditions races and traditions hitherto remote and recondite in their experience.

You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Clara was injured at a bingo party in the church hall when a chair collapsed under her. She sued the church.

"While a church ordinarily is immune from suit for injuries suffered during its religious activities," Clara's lawyer argued, "bingo is hardly religious in nature. It is a business activity, and a church is responsible, like any other enterprise, for people who are hurt in such an activity."

"Please, please, a charitable institution such as a church is not liable for injuries caused by negligence," the church attorney replied. "Even though the church may have been negligent, it can't be made to pay."

If you were the judge, would you make the church pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The church had to pay. "By conducting the game of bingo as a large-scale money-making proposition," the court said, "the church stepped out of its ordinary and accepted sphere and thereby lost the immunity . . . accorded charitable and religious organizations. . . ."

Based upon a 1960 Ohio case.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The problem is more than one of "Americanization"; the problem is one of a transformation of culture. New and unexpected cultural forms appear, originating in quarters of the globe remote from Britain, Holland, Germany, France and Scandinavia. Outlandish churches, odd ethnic groups, strange restaurants, new foods, inexplicable attitudes in law and politics, a babel of tongues that must be subdued into English, gaudy tastes, new uses of Sunday, parochial schools, new burdens on public education, gangs organized on Sicilian lines, inherited contempt of group for group, new musical forms—these and a thousand other novelties affect everything from parades to public libraries.

For example, the traditional American school classics prove inadequate for this kaleidoscopic cultural pluralism, at once polyglot, industrial and megalopolitan. Longfellow and Whittier will not do, the English Bible ceases to be a book in common, and it sometimes appears that only the *Julius Caesar* of Shakespeare and *Silas Marner* hold literature together in the schools. High-brows, meanwhile, repelled by the vulgarity of mass entertainment, by a chain-store psychology, by an air-conditioned nightmare, remove Jonathan Edwards, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville, Henry James and a few other writers to a special literary shrine. Yet none of these authors expresses America as the Declaration of Independence, a Fourth of July oration, Webster's "Reply to Hayne," and the Second Inaugural express America—that is, directly, plainly and with simple affirmation.

A profound cleavage in the verbalization of American culture values inevitably follows, something deeper than the difference among the academic intellectuals, those who merely read good books and those who principally devote themselves to television, the sports pages and the picture magazines. On the one hand, as national interest in oratory dwindles—and we underestimate, I fear, the importance of public discourse in American history—the function of Webster and Lincoln, Jefferson and even Will Rogers, is taken over by programs of Americanization, loyalty oaths and salutes to the flag by school children. On the other hand, the main stream of belletristic interest—that is, the force of literary criticism and of writing found satisfactory to that criticism—becomes, like modern architecture, a contribution to an international style. It is a style and an interpretation based on Freud, an Austrian; on Joyce, an Irishman; on French poets and critics congenial to T. S. Eliot, a British subject, and to Ezra Pound, whose American connections are those of an expatriate.

The point is not patriotism; the point is not a plea to return to oratory; the point is not to downgrade literary theory or writers celebrated by theory. The point is that literary studies, as currently pursued in American colleges, have ceased to be that broad highway into a republican philosophy that was created by Irving, Bryant, Longfellow, Cooper, Simms, Lowell, Whittier and Holmes in the nineteenth century.

This does not mean that Longfellow and Bryant were greater men, Melville and Hawthorne lesser ones. I am merely trying to describe a significant alteration in the usefulness of literature as now interpreted for the purposes of a truly humane, a truly scholarly interpretation of American culture. When one now asks, as Crèvecoeur asked in 1782, who is this new man, this American, the answer sometimes appears to be: He is a lonely soul, lost in a wilderness of neo-Calvinism and midnight melancholy. The answer is interesting, but I am not persuaded it is the final one. To assume that the American writer is uniquely unhappy, to assume that American literature was grossly misunderstood until the appearance of D. H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature* in 1923 is to make an assumption possible only to those who mistake the ipse dixit of highly subjective literary criticism for historical truth. Current identification of American literature with a message of darkness and revulsion—and nothing could have more horrified most of those who wrote it—is not cultural history.

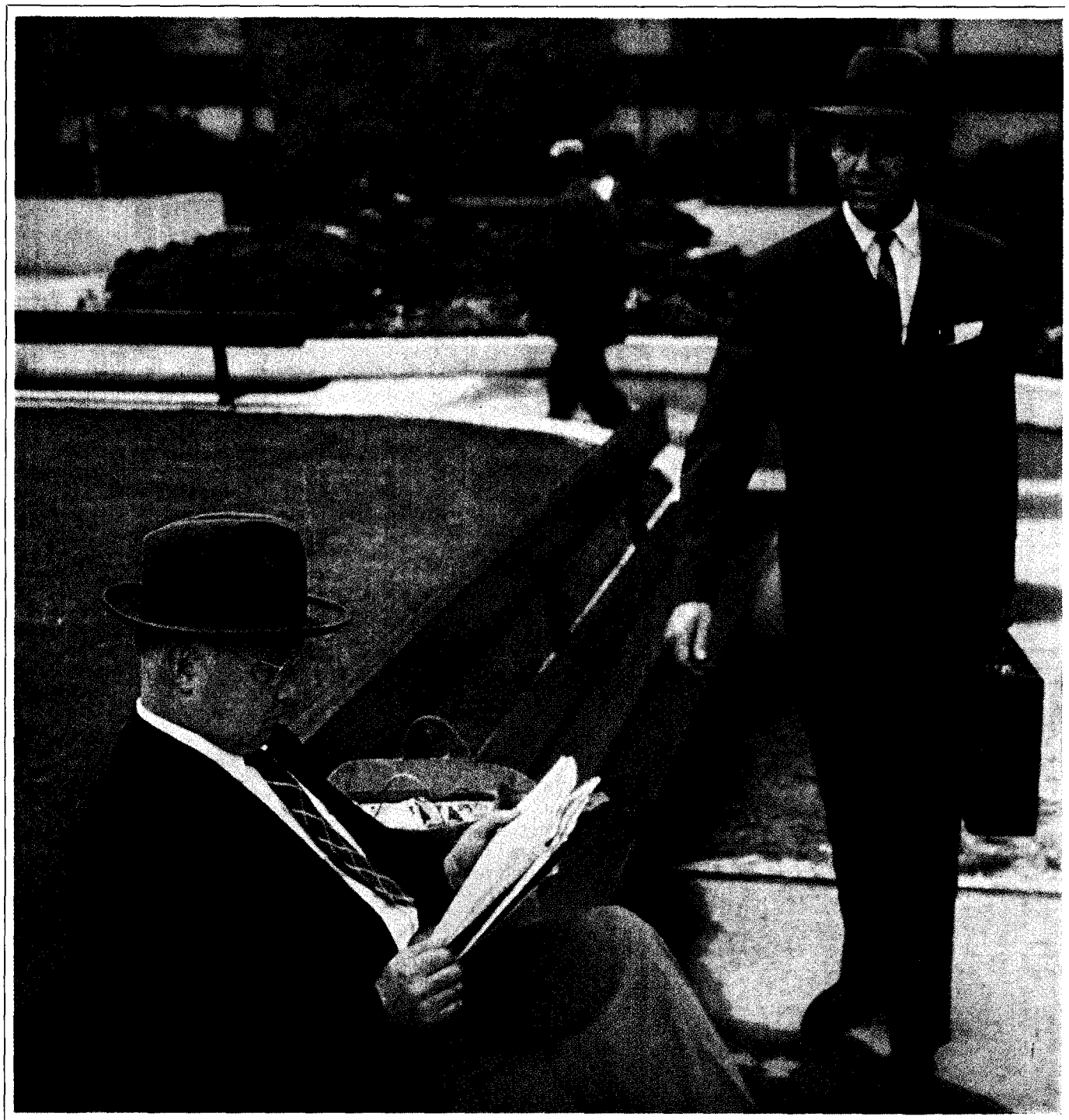
The humanist concerned for American studies and for a proper fusion of the national and the international orders of ideas must seek a higher level of discourse. He must begin by understanding that the United States is the first nation in history to be created on philosophic assumptions—assumptions that in fact boldly denied the premises of both

PLEASE

USE YOUR POSTAL ZONE NUMBER

The U. S. Post Office and *The Saturday Evening Post* need your help. By giving us your zone number, you'll be assuring speedy delivery of your magazines.

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania



Is your retirement plan "Recession-Proof"?

There's lots of talk these days about the "soaring sixties." And, naturally, we all hope they *do* soar. But let's be realistic. Throughout modern history, the economic pattern has been one of "ups and downs." That's important to remember... *especially when you're planning your own retirement.*

If you are a shrewd investor, and your retirement date happens to coincide with an economic boom... everything's rosy. But, if you reach retirement age when the market's down, you're in trouble. There's one way, and only one, to make your retirement plans recession-proof... and that is through a life insurance plan which *guarantees* the *right amount* of income, at the *right time,* for as long as you need it! Shall we talk it over?

Know Your Social Security! Write for free 32 page booklet showing important new benefits. Address P.O. Box 959, Sacramento, Calif.

Cal-Western Life

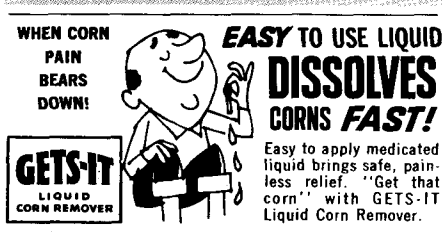
Partners In Your Plans for Tomorrow

CALIFORNIA-WESTERN STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY • Home Office: Sacramento

INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP LIFE INSURANCE • ACCIDENT & SICKNESS • PENSIONS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More and More
PIPE SMOKERS
are turning to
Edgeworth
Executive Mixture
A LUXURY BLEND OF THE FINEST WHITE BURLEYS, GOLDEN FLAKE AND RARE RED VIRGINIA TOBACCOS
Executive Mixture
Finest Burleys, Golden Flake, and rare Red Virginia, cut Cavendish. Achieves supreme aroma and flavor with no aromatics added.
The House of Edgeworth
Larus & Brother Company, Inc. • Richmond, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877


WHEN CORN PAIN BEARS DOWN!
GETS-IT
LIQUID CORN REMOVER
EASY TO USE LIQUID
DISSOLVES CORNS FAST!
Easy to apply medicated liquid brings safe, painless relief. "Get that corn" with GETS-IT Liquid Corn Remover.

"WHERE'LL I GET THE CASH?"

HOW many times have you asked yourself that question when you are faced with household expenses that have to be met? We would like to suggest an answer that can mean increased income for you.

By selling magazine subscriptions, you can earn generous commissions. Many of our representatives earn more than $10.00 a week in their spare time—and you can do the same! Just send us your name and address on a postal and you will receive our offer and easy-to-follow instructions.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
294 Independence Square Phila. 5, Penna.

Aristotle and Machiavelli. We came into being as a conscious culture exemplifying certain general ideas about the relation of the state to human life, just as Soviet Russia came into being as a nation exemplifying general principles.

Indeed, it is precisely because this is so that the great and dangerous tensions of the modern world exist. We did not invent these ideas, these principles, these assumptions, which some modern interpreters seem to join Rufus Choate in dismissing as mere glittering generalities. We got them from Europe; we got them from Western philosophy, from Western theology, from the Western arts, from Western political theory—and we have become the chief proponent of the Western culture that shaped them and that they have helped to shape.

Let us not fall into the error of Mr. Oliver Edwards in Boswell's *Johnson*, who said to the great lexicographer: "You are a philosopher, Doctor Johnson. I have tried, too, in my time to be a philosopher, but I don't know how; cheerfulness was always breaking in." A solemn article in an academic journal assures me that cheerfulness will not break in, for I read there that humor has disappeared from letters for three stupendous reasons: Comedy is intellectual; tragedy is a more natural form of expression; and no one, it seems, dares to handle the humorous incongruities of American life. I infer that the editors of this quarterly have never heard of Mr. James Thurber.

Such is the antinomy of the age. Science, though its freedom is restricted by nationalism, works hopefully along an endless frontier. Humanists, though they are committed to a noble general view, when they turn to the national life, find small promise in either its philosophic assumptions or its artistic expressiveness, and as we and the Russians try to project modern culture into outer space, deny to the culture thus to be colonized in other worlds any such qualities as reason, harmony, dignity and joy. How, then, shall we strengthen our concept of Western man?

Well, there are at least three things not to do. The first is the method of uplift. From time to time there appear in newspapers and magazines editorials demanding that novelists abandon pessimism and write about the more smiling aspects of life, which are the more American. Serious writers very properly pay no attention to these exhortations. If we can imagine the Italian Optimists Club telling Dante he was driving business out of Florence by describing life as hell, we can also imagine Dante retorting that his concern was not with trade but with eternity. The world of the artist is not the world of Norman Vincent Peale.

Nor will we get anywhere by waving the American flag. We do not want to return to the charming trumpet-and-drum romances of the early 1900's in which villainous Tories were thwarted by a sound young patriot aided by a pure, sweet girl while General Washington looked on. The American Legion is an even worse judge of art than is the State Department; and the last thing that will help us is official art. Better anarchy than art or scholarship in which all the issues are predetermined.

Nor, in the third place, is it a defense of the pessimists that they mean well. Misunderstanding Hardy's famous statement that to arrive at the best demands a look at the worst, those who stress the wickedness of man, the debility of society, the vacuity of culture and the propriety of violence, degeneracy and failure as themes for art argue, to be sure, that the profound sympathy they wish to evoke for the human predicament is on the side of the angels. It is. But this is to substitute emotion for philosophy. It may be true that, contemplating Popeye, Lolita, Studs Lonigan and the interesting character in Kafka who turns into an insect, I may be led to exclaim, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." But the grace of God is an understandable concept accepted as part of a coherent theology intellectually prior to the expression of pity by the great Methodist who first uttered this famous phrase. Man's inhumanity to man has made countless thousands mourn ever since Achilles maltreated the body of Hector; but to stop with this commonplace is to beg the central issue. Let us not mistake compassion, which is part of wisdom, for the whole of wisdom.

What, then, is to be done? We cannot avoid nationalism if we would; we must understand Western Europe and the Atlantic community if we are to defend it. The first thing is to understand it. Young Americans simply do not know the European culture from which we spring, nor the processes by which that culture gave birth to the America of Kennedy. What passes for a command of foreign languages in our schools has long been a scandal—one that perhaps the scientists, with their inventions of abstracts, can endure, but that the humanities cannot, since you cannot abstract the great monuments of European thought and art. But it is not in the languages only, it is likewise in general culture that we fail. If perchance the young American scholar knows a little European literature, he does not usually know the arts, architecture, music and philosophy; he does not understand that romanticism in Europe was a system of thought, not an eccentric cult; that monarchy was a living principle like Communism; that the doctrine of the divinity of the people in Walt Whitman parallels and echoes the populist theology of Michelet, George Sand, Heine and Manzoni.

The second thing to be done is to command a juster knowledge of the slow and painful ways by which the country has reached such security as it has attained. Despite the immense industry of scholars, humanists in the American field do not sufficiently command the rich and varied literature of the periods of exploration and discovery, of colonial and provincial creativity, of the weight and onset of the magnificent eighteenth-century debate over the relation between politics and aspiration, out of which the nation arose. In the single field of American education—and upon an enlightened electorate the founding fathers hoped to establish both a country and a culture—matters have been so feebly pursued that only a few years ago the American Historical Association appointed a committee to urge that basic research be done. But is anything more central than the educational pattern by which a culture is immortalized?

The third thing is to refuse to dismiss the glittering generalities of the eighteenth century as pleasant but shallow approaches to truth. We are committed to them. We are especially committed to rationale of equality, badly as we behave in carrying it out. We must understand with Pericles, with Dante, with Wordsworth, with Lincoln that a philosophy of culture is also a philosophy of the state. The business of the scholar in the American field is not to be swayed by the fashionable theories of an intellectual minority, but to search beneath the frustration of current fiction, beneath the noisy vulgarities of the supersonic age, beneath current anxiety and bewilderment for the perdurable conviction evident in the quotation from Justice Cardozo: "You will study the wisdom of the past. . . . You will study the life of mankind, for this is the life you must order and . . . must know. You will study the precepts of justice, for these are the truths that through you shall come to their hour of triumph. Here is the high emprise, the fine endeavor, the splendid possibility of achievement, to which I summon you and bid you welcome."

If it be said these are impossible demands, I reply that American minds have succeeded in adjusting themselves to the impossible demands upon the human brain of modern astronomy, modern physics and modern mathematics. Why is it impossible to pursue a philosophy of culture, a philosophy of politics? Surely the long history of Western man is not to culminate in doctrines of nescience and defeat. THE END

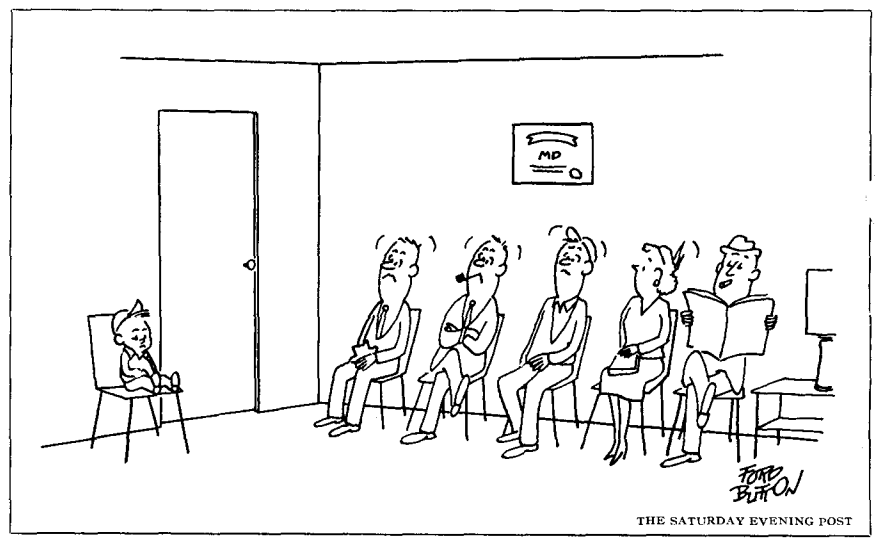
For readers who would like to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Mugridge, Donald H. and McCrum, Blanche P. under the direction of Roy P. Basler.
Guide to the Study of the United States of America: Representative Books Reflecting the Development of American Life and Thought
Library of Congress
$7.00

de Tocqueville, Alexis
Democracy in America
Knopf
2 vols. $1.45 each

Jones, Howard Mumford
The Theory of American Literature
Cornell University Press
$2.75

Curti, Merle E.
The Growth of American Thought
Harper & Bros.
$9.00 (text ed. $7)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Unwilling Huntress (Continued from Page 31)

You see, Miss Kent, if this were serious, if that target were a man attacking you, or a crocodile or a mad dog, your excitement would increase the error. You must do it right every time, from the moment you begin to practice. Like this. You take up most of the pressure on the trigger first, so there's only a little way more your finger has to move."

"And then you fire?"

"No, you don't. You take a breath and wait till you're breathing it out. Wait deliberately. That helps to eliminate any convulsive action. That finger-squeeze comes with the breath expulsion. Look, there are ninety degrees in a quarter circle; if the rifle barrel wavers one degree, you'll be five feet out in a hundred yards. If it wavers a minute of arc—one sixtieth of a degree—your bullet will hit an inch away at that distance. Your whole concentration must go into the business of holding yourself steady—and the rifle steady as a part of yourself, as an extension of your limbs and body. Now you try it."

She was what is called a natural shot; she was easy to teach. When at last they started using bullets again, she put a group close to the bull, but Wade took one thrill away from the accomplishment. To him it showed progress, no more.

"Is it so necessary to be a perfect shot?" she asked him, and he frowned.

"It isn't necessary at all, one way you look at it," he said. "We've passed those days in New Guinea. But on the other hand, it's still a primitive country, and if you're ever forced into the position of having to use a rifle, it's mighty helpful to be confident you can use it well. It's insurance, if you like. That self-confidence, that's the thing."

He kept up the lesson for an hour and halted it abruptly.

"That's enough for today."

"It's time I looked in on my patients too," she said.

She was employed as a nurse attached to the mission station. She had her own quarters, but shared meals with the Sitwells, who had been so long on the Sinagaska station that every native for twenty miles around was a personal acquaintance. Peter Sitwell, frail and white-haired, was a tireless worker for his church, in spite of years and failing eyesight. He was so nearly blind that when he left the familiar spaces of the mission clearing, he had a native to walk beside him. His wife was elderly, too, and practical—an unhurried housekeeper who shared the teaching tasks at the mission with Miss Fiske, another who had gone gray in unselfish service.

"I'll be seeing you tonight anyway," Wade announced as he was leaving. "Two new rolls of movie film—I want to run them through the mission projector. I still haven't got the bulb for mine."

"I'd like to see them."

Wade's photography was as meticulously good as anything else he did. As a district officer, charged with the whole conduct—administrative, legal, medical and social—of a large area, he traveled to remote villages, was a spectator of rare and weird ceremonies, a competent judge of strange skills. He was familiar with unusual trails and kept a full record with his movie camera, as well as in his official reports. He worked hard at his hobby, planning continuity and linkage shots, and over the years was building up a strong but impossibly long documentary of an era that was passing from New Guinea.

The new film that he showed that night on the palm-walled veranda of the mission was unedited, its sequences designed to fit projects he had been working on concurrently for some time. There were, for example, several shots of a line of native carriers taking their burdens round the craggy bluff of a mountain face, a few sequences of villagers engaged in harvesting the annual May-fly crop—an esteemed delicacy—from the fast-flowing river surface, a glimpse of one of the several stages of the preparation of sago-palm flour and then a curious, brilliant section depicting a crocodile rising from rest and making an unhurried entrance into the river, with a group of birds, egrets and cranes sauntering unconcernedly from his path. The crocodile was enormous, nearly black, his scales distinct in the strong light.

"That's the one I should never have taken," Wade said.

"What's that?" Peter Sitwell asked. He had joined the group on the veranda to sit through the film and, for the sake of company, pretended to enjoy it, but it was doubtful whether he saw anything more than a kaleidoscope of shifting color.

"The big croc at Randa village," Peter said, stopping the projector. "I should have reached for my rifle that time, but the chance of a camera shot was too good."

"You think it's the one that took the women?"

"More likely than not. I took this about five months ago, just before it all started."

Donna frowned, unseen in the darkness. Even the Europeans, she thought, had come part way to the fatalistic acceptance of death that cursed the natives. The Randa crocodile had come into the conversation before. Each month now, for the past four months, as regularly as the moon, he had seized a woman of Randa village. In the time of the new moon the women fished at night with small hand nets in the water; nothing stopped the custom. For four months it had coincided, apparently, with this one great reptile's need to eat; he had taken his toll each time. The later deaths had been nearly predictable.

Donna, new to the country, had been shocked by the equanimity with which the natives accepted the tragedies. Randa was only five miles away; the women there talked freely of the deaths, not because of any observable compulsion, but simply because it was news. They fully expected another of their number to be sacrificed at the next new moon. But the expectation interfered not at all with their future plans for moonlight fishing.

Their little canoes, separated and spread out along two or three miles of riverbank, each lighted with a burning torch, each manned only by two women, were quite vulnerable to any big crocodile.

"I'll get him this next time for sure, I have to," Wade said. "I took that picture the day before the first woman was killed and I've kicked myself since. Meantime, I've shot six crocs along that bank, but none of them was him. He's a big fellow—seventeen, eighteen feet—and he's got a back like a draft horse. See him?"

The halted picture showed the monster, forefoot lifted, on the veranda screen. The dim lighting it provided illumined a table with two vases of lilies, lovingly arranged by Miss Fiske. Wade started the projector again, but in a few moments called another halt.

"I'm going to run this one back," he said. "It puzzles me. I can't remember why I took it, what my purpose was. I was looking at it before, direct on the film, and I can't work it out."

The sequence showed a native carver with an adz, working on the figurehead decoration of a river canoe. From close up, the camera moved back, with commendable technique, to a point at which the whole scene, with a little crowd of helpers and onlookers and village gossips, was widely framed. Then deliberately it swept along the riverbank, pausing at each figurehead in the rank of drawn-up canoes. It continued on to the base of a coco palm, halted there, then traveled up the towering trunk, up and up until the feathered crown was centered overhead, outlined against a cumulus cloud. From there, slowly, slowly it traveled over a completely undistinguished sky and came to earth again, pointing at a clump of quite uninteresting bushes.

"I might have wanted the continuity—had some idea of using the shot up the palm trunk for something—but I can't see why I followed with the sky shot," Wade said. "And you know, a couple of weeks ago I took a sequence of that same carver—I hadn't remembered taking this one."

"Oh, I can solve that mystery," Mrs. Sitwell said. "That'd be the last time you came down with malaria—the boys brought you back from Randa on a litter, remember? And one of them, Mataki, was carrying the camera. You must have been woozy when you took it."

"That's it, I think," Wade said triumphantly. "I must have been coming down with it when I took the carving sequence and got dizzy—that's when I panned to the palm."

"And the shot up the palm and across the sky was when you fell down. You fell backward—you were all muddy. You took three days to come out of it, or four."

"Three," Wade said. "I always take three."

He's got even his sickness disciplined, Donna thought. *He'd be predictable even in that.*

Discipline was what he put her through with the rifle practice. Day after day, while he was at the Sinagaska station, he called for her at precisely the same hour—a few minutes after four o'clock—set up the target on the palm trunk and put her through a planned routine of practice. She was good; she was determined to be. In less than a week he had extended the range to a hundred yards. He was amazed, he said, at her consistency.

"I think we can try some hunting," he said at the end of ten days, and she felt pleased. She had never thought of herself as the hunting type, but the whole adventure of living in this strange country was still exhilarating; she was determined to sample its every aspect.

They walked back from the river in the direction of the hills, climbing up toward the fleecy clouds that seemed to grow and cluster there every afternoon. There were open slopes up near the peaks, large grassy places that had once been forest. These were native hunting grounds, and the fires with which the natives routed small animals from hiding prevented the re-establishment of trees.

As they crossed a ridge, they saw five small wallabies feeding. When the humans appeared, the animals began to run, but Wade whistled—a shrill, piercing shriek of a whistle that stopped them in their tracks. The five animals, one here, one there, sat up on their tails and faced the sound, waiting in curiosity.

"Now's your chance," Wade said.

Donna raised the rifle. She took the first pressure, breathed out, squeezed the trigger. Four of the wallabies raced for the ridges, bounding high above the yellow grass clumps. The fifth dropped in a heap. They walked over.

"You hit him right where I told you to," Wade said. "Nice shooting."

Donna looked at the inert bundle of fur, the size of a small goat. She felt sick, and he caught her expression.

"That's the first thing you've ever shot?"

"It's the last also." She meant it.

He took the rifle from her. "It can affect you that way. It did me, too, once. I was just a kid, of course."

"Oh, Wade. I wish I hadn't."

"Life lives on life. Someone has to kill things in order for us all to live."

"It doesn't have to be me."

She turned from the dead animal and began to walk back the way they had come. He walked with her, silent, understanding. After a little while she paused and grasped his elbow, in a gesture as intimate as any that had passed between them.

"I'm not a sentimentalist, you understand," she said. "A nurse has to learn to be hard, how to stifle sentimentality. But shooting just isn't for me. I should have known without having to find out."

"You'll keep up the practice though?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Not even that."

"A pity. You were so quick to learn."

He was an amazing man, she thought, with his quiet acceptance of her decision. Others would have tried to talk her out of her revulsion. They'd have said, "You won't feel so bad about it tomorrow," or something like that. Not Wade—he accepted, and changed the subject.

"You're not going to see me for a few nights," he announced. "I'm going to haunt that riverbank down at Randa, see if I can bag that croc. I've got only a few nights before the moon. Then the fishing will start."

"What will happen if you don't see it? Will you stop their fishing?"

"No. I can't do that. That's part of their life. I can hold them for a night or so; I've talked to them and asked them to keep off the river until I give them the word. But there's a convention about the river fishing; they'll be letting down their ancestors and their tribe if they don't go ahead with it at the season of the new moon. I've seen the old headman—Pintuban, you know him—and he'll give me one night. No one else will be on the river. He'll come with me, and we'll cruise in a woman's canoe as though we were fishing. Then if the crocodile comes in, I'll get him."

"But that's dangerous."

"Not really. As long as I see him, I'll get him. Probably the worst that will happen, I'll get a ducking. You know me—I don't take any chances I don't have to."

That's not quite accurate, she thought. Aloud she said, "And if you don't see him?"

"Then the women will just have to take their chances; that's if I don't find him sunning on the bank somewhere beforehand. I'll keep trying. But there's a fairly big chance he'll rise to the bait. He's formed a habit pattern, you see. He'll be cruising that night, looking for canoes."

(*Continued on Page 68*)

... ...

Wafted

The trellis has schooled
The rose to strict forms, but its
Perfume plays truant.

Helen Harrington

... ...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The remarkable water o

Imagine a place where cool, pure water silently bubbles from the earth.. with a refreshing invitation to the most weary visitor. This was the setting about a century ago, in the little wilderness town of Tumwater, in Wash ington Territory. Here, hardy Northwest pioneers discovered a diamond clear artesian water that flowed at constant volume and temperature al year around.

Although its fame grew as a wonderful drinking water, the deep artesia wells held a more important secret—one that was finally revealed in th summer of 1895. The remarkable water of Tumwater was also a naturall perfect brewing water!

Since that time, the flavor secret of Olympia Beer has been this sam artesian water. Its rare ability to coax the very essence from choice grain and hops creates the distinctive taste and golden clarity you enjoy i every glass of light, refreshing Olympia Beer. ***"It's the Water***

Visitors are always welcome to "One of America's Exceptional Breweries, Olympia Brewing Company, Tumwater, near Olympia, Washington, U.S.A., 8:00 to 4:30 every da

*OI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tumwater

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 65*) "And you're the bait?"

"The canoe is—the lighted canoe. That's his method. He'll try to smash it first, then look for what's in the water."

"It's an awful risk."

"Don't make it sound melodramatic, Donna. I've got fairly quick reactions. I'm a good shot. I know what to expect; and anyhow, it's part of my job. The way I see it, it is."

There was something really rather wonderful about him, she decided.

She was pleased next day that he had apparently taken her at her word about the rifle practice—and then remembered that he was probably at Randa village. She saw very little of him for a day or two. Meanwhile, the moon was passing through its dark phase. Everyone on the river was conscious of the moon; the tribes ordered their lives by it and transmitted their awareness to the whites who lived among them.

"It's tomorrow night," he told her when she had a chance to ask again about the crocodile. "It's all arranged. Old Pintuban's got everything ready—he's not a nervous type and he has a hate on this croc for killing his people."

"Can't he do it himself? The shooting part?" she asked, though she knew what the answer would be. He stared at her.

"Pintuban? He couldn't hit a barn door. There's not one of the natives here can. He's handy enough with a spear. But there isn't anyone else on the river can shoot—only me."

"Well, take care."

"I will. But I'll see you tomorrow. I'll have an early meal before I go, and leave here about five."

She slept very little that night, thinking of the contest to come in the next day's early evening. About midnight, with the strength and surprise of a revelation, she realized she had fallen in love. She examined this proposition, fighting against it. It increased her sleeplessness, and helped not at all with her concern for Wade.

That concern became urgent when, by accident, she met him at noon the next day. He was taking the short cut through the mission clearing to the two-room office that was his headquarters, and for a few moments, as she approached him, she felt that he had not seen her at all. His face was beaded with sweat, as it should not have been on a normal tropical day, his skin had a gray tinge, and his face was lined.

"You don't look well," she told him, but he shrugged that off.

"A bad headache, that's all. I'll throw it off."

"Come over to the clinic. I'll mix you something. At least lie down for a few hours."

"Thanks, but no. I'll be all right. I've my own treatment."

Looking back at him after they parted, she saw that his step was unsteady. It was not at all like Wade, and she frowned.

Throughout the afternoon, thoughts of the encounter worried her, and at four o'clock, when normally he was due to leave the office, she went over to his quarters. He was lying on top of his bed, bathed in sweat. For a few minutes he didn't recognize her, and she was frightened. He had a high fever. When he realized who she was, he struggled to rise.

"You stay there," she said sharply.

"Got to get up. Got to get to Randa." He looked at her owlishly for a moment and then smiled, a broad beautiful smile. "Got an appointment with a croc," he said.

She found it surprisingly easy to push him back on the bed. His malady was malaria, easy enough to nurse, but it had to develop. She ran outside to find, if she could, Wade's houseboy and saw him coming in from some fishing expedition of his own, in time to begin his evening's work.

"Quick, Jonas; come quickly," she called. "Masta Harris is sick."

He was flat on his face, unconscious on the floor when they returned. Between them they lifted him to his bed, undressed him and rolled him between clean sheets. There was nothing now to do that Jonas could not handle; he was a competent native—Wade, of course, would have seen to that. And then she thought of the crocodile.

Three days, Wade said, the fever took to run its course with him: "I always take three days." In three days the crocodile would have claimed another victim. And no one else on the river could use a rifle. She hesitated a long time and then checked Wade's rifle and his cartridge belt. She was uncomfortably aware while she did so that she was as much concerned with Wade's future peace of mind as with the possible fate of a village woman. He was already blaming himself, in some degree, for the earlier deaths. She tried to replace the thought of his vulnerability with that of the waiting village, the active life that depended for its continuance on a well-placed bullet.

Everything was ready. She gave Jonas final instructions. "I'm going to Randa village, Jonas. You'll have to watch Masta Harris close. You'll sleep in there on the floor. There won't be anything to do, except when he needs a drink. You understand?"

"Yes, missy. I looked after him before. You going to shoot that *puk-puk*, missy?"

"Yes, Jonas. If I can."

Nothing surprised Jonas. He took everything in his stride. She felt aggrieved that he did not try to stop her. It would have been easier if she had had to face some outside resistance. On the tree-shaded track to Randa, the shadows seemed alive. She was nervous and jumpy, full of consternation at her own intentions. *At least I could have brought some of the mission boys*, she thought. But that was madness—to protect herself from the nameless, imaginary fears of the forest and then go alone to face the monster on the river.

Old Pintuban, small and wrinkled, waited alone where the track joined the riverbank before it swung inland to the village clearing.

"Masta Harris is sick, Pintuban," she told him.

"Ee-e-e!" He made a long thin sound of disappointment.

"He will come tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow he will still be sick."

"Then I will go to the village and tell them they can go fishing."

"No, Pintuban. I will come with you instead."

He looked at her, his face still expressionless. "I have not seen you shoot, missy. You are a good shot?"

"Yes, Pintuban. I'm a good shot." For the first time she realized that she was endangering his life as well as her own. But having come this far, it seemed impossible to draw back. She thought to demonstrate. Fifty yards out on the current a yellow flower tossed gently on the water, hard to distinguish in the gloom.

"You see that flower, Pintuban?" she asked and raised the rifle. But he put up a hand and caught the barrel, bringing it down.

"No, missy. You will fright the *puk-puk*. The canoe is here. Come with me."

She had ridden the small, narrow, unsteady canoes before, seated on a makeshift thwart. This time, to keep the rifle at the ready, she had to kneel on a folded mat in the wet, curving bottom. She was forward, in the bow. Behind her Pintuban stood, keeping the balance of the craft with fine adjustments of his stance, his hands on the paddle, but the left one clutching also the haft of a blazing torch of bound palm fibers. The flame, following the movements of his hand, fattened and diminished, leaped and flared from time to time, keeping a circle of black muddy water illumined with a rose glow. They glided beneath the trees of the bank, keeping in close to the shore, in the great backwaters.

Sometimes fear clutched frantically at her heart as they went beneath a branch, and a spiderweb, tough and tenuous, clasped her face. Sometimes the plop of a fish jumping brought her head swinging round in panic. But each time the calm unhurried movements of Pintuban with his paddle, following a course as inevitable as the decline of the new moon in the West, quietened her jumping nerves.

One torch burned down, and then another. They had been two hours on the water, nearly three, and in all that time she had had no relief from the tension of holding the rifle, from the immobility of her cramped knees. The physical pain of holding her position increased and was magnified by the necessity for concentration. It had the effect, however, of lessening the hardships conceived by her imaginative mind, the wild flights into terror that she had to curb at their outset.

It must have been well after nine o'clock when Pintuban spoke, low down in his throat. "Missy," he said, and she felt the bow of the canoe turning. She could see nothing.

"Missy," he said again, more urgently, flapping the remnant of the third torch flare. Out on her left, thirty yards from the canoe, was something that looked like a leaf floating, like two leaves together.

"*Puk-puk*, missy," Pintuban said more urgently; and with a shock she realized that the two tiny leaves were moving against the current, moving in toward her, moving at speed and with intent. Behind them, as the torch flare caught two eyes, two ruby lights glowed and then were gone as the reptile sank.

"Quick, missy." Pintuban betrayed his first concern. She saw the monster at the surface of the water, ten yards from the canoe, and its eyes picked up the light again. She took fine aim, was set to fire and heard Wade's voice: "*Breathe out. Take it easy. Breathe out and squeeze.*" The front sight was traveling with the slow-moving target, all correct.

The trouble was that the crocodile exploded into convulsive action just before she fired. The barrel of the rifle swept down and in; she took the last squeeze and felt the recoil, heard the detonation. Then the crocodile hit the canoe and sent her flying through the air into the muddy waters of the river.

Such panic as she felt then she never could have imagined. A good swimmer, she forgot her training and gasped and struggled, flailing the water. Then someone grasped her and helped her to the bank, and she fainted dead away.

When she came to, the night was bright with torchlight. The Randa people were all about her, leaping with joy, shouting and singing. The water was thick with them, and the riverbank. And through them, pushing them aside, came Pintuban, bringing the rifle.

"It was a true shot, missy, a good shot. The canoe is broken, but the rifle is found."

"The crocodile?" she asked.

"He is killed dead. A big one. They bring him up."

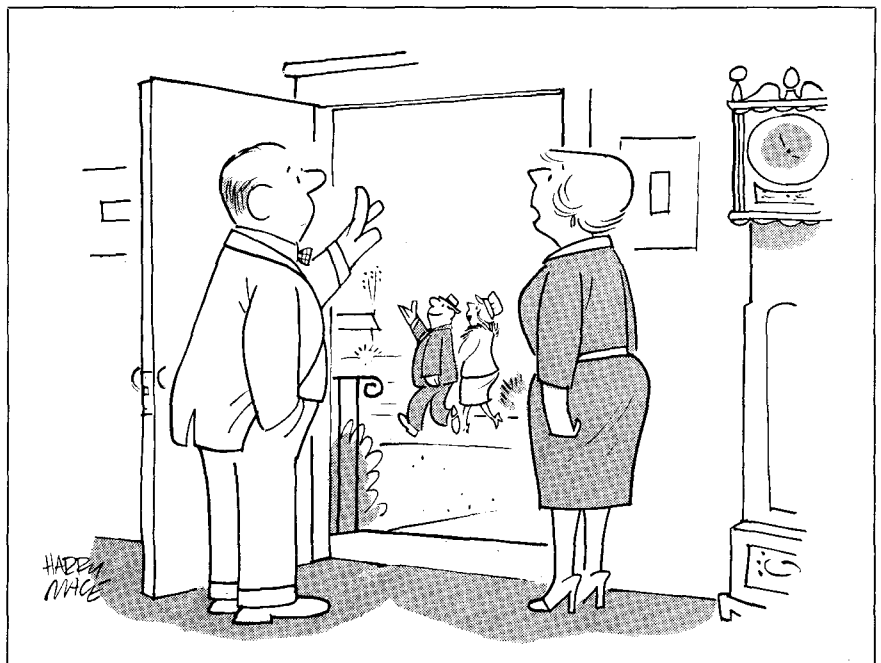
"I don't want to see him," she said and closed her eyes.

When she returned along the five miles of track, she was so exhausted she could hardly put one foot in front of the other, but she smiled tolerantly at her leaping, shouting escort of villagers, dancing for joy and lighting her way with torches. They were strange people, she thought—in safety they released their emotions; in danger they kept them concealed.

They brought her all the way to the outskirts of Sinagaska, and then she heard the shouting from Wade's quarters. "Donna, Donna," he was calling. She hushed her escort and sent them back and looked in on her patient. But his cry was just delirium. She heard her name again, in a babble of indistinguishable words, as one does hear one's name in the incomprehensible noise of a crowd. He was delirious, but safe in the good hands of Jonas, and there was nothing she could do.

In her own room she lay awake in spite of utter weariness. He would be angry with her perhaps, when he came to conscious life and realized how she had risked the life of Pintuban—or angry with himself perhaps, for his helplessness. But that was just another situation for her to meet when she came to it. For that one she was better armed, more adequately prepared. She thought of that strong clear call of "Donna" in the fevered gabble of words and smiled, for it was like a love song.

THE END



"I think we should look around for some younger friends. Have you noticed how old ours are getting?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oklahoma: the State That Struck it Rich

(Continued from Page 19)

winning. He did, however, facilitate removal of the state's bad bootlegger problem by helping the state vote itself wet.

The lesson of the dust-bowl era was harsh but quickly learned. Oklahoma planted the nation's first antidust shelter belt of trees in Greer County. Since then about two dozen large reservoirs, hundreds of lakes and thousands of farm ponds have been built or dug. Irrigation from underground water has boomed and, as a result of changed crop practices, many formerly uneconomic, small farm units have been combined into profitable ranch-size operations. Oklahoma's senior U. S. senator, Robert Kerr, predicts that Oklahoma's new water resources will eventually prove more important than the state's tremendous oil and gas reserves.

Pistol-shaped Oklahoma, with its muzzle poking into the New Mexico border, is a huge and remarkably varied piece of real estate. Those who do not know it often think of it as an area of flat, treeless prairie, mostly barren and dry. No such label can possibly be applied to the state, or even to very much of it. It is the Oklahoma boast that "no matter where you live in this country, there's a piece of Oklahoma exactly like your home area, excluding only an ocean shore or snow-capped mountain."

Eastern Oklahoma, most of it underlaid by vast coal beds, is mountainous and heavily wooded. In autumn, Oklahomans go on tours into the Kiamichis and Ouachitas to admire the bright foliage, just as New Englanders go to Vermont or Hoosiers to Brown County. In the spring they cover the same territory to enjoy the pink glow of landscapes dotted with redbud, the state tree.

Westward the land tilts gradually upward almost a mile higher to Black Mesa at the far western tip of the Panhandle. Whenever there is danger of unrelieved rolling flatness, an eminence of some kind crops up to assure the state's geographical versatility. In the north there are the Osage Hills, and across the south are eroded remnants of ancient mountains—the Arbuckles, the Wichitas, the Quartz Mountain area and, right against the Texas Panhandle, the Antelope Hills.

Oklahoma geologists are rightly fascinated with their own state. At the crest of the Arbuckles, for example, some ancient cataclysm has pulled a plug of earth 8000 feet deep out of its vertical position and laid it out on the surface. Thus these thousands of feet of normally underground strata now parallel U. S. 77, their ribs looking like so many rocky farm fences.

Excluding our two newest states, Oklahoma's east-west span is longer than that of any other state except Texas and Montana. Bill Burchardt, editor of *Oklahoma Today*, one of the best of state magazines, describes the changes that occur from east to west across this 500-mile expanse. "The tall oaks of the eastern counties shrink gradually into the stubby blackjacks of the west. Red soil shifts to black and then to light tan. Wild vegetation steps down to chaparral which, and we don't intend to apologize to Webster, is stuff that scrapes the chaps of a man on horseback, and then down to anything which scrapes the shins of a walking man—this is *shinnery*."

All this land belongs to approximately as many people as live in Brooklyn, 2,500,000, but with some sharp differences. All but a negligible fraction of Oklahomans are American-born. Their major church, prominently including Senator Kerr, is the Baptist Church. In several parts of the state, Masonic organizations are very strong. Guthrie, from which Oklahoma City in 1910 stole the state capital, has the world's largest Scottish Rite Temple. An annex of this massive structure is the original state capitol.

Oklahomans are much less noisy about their state patriotism than Texans or Californians, but equally intense in their partisanship. "The reason we adopted *Oklahoma!* as the state song is that there were a couple of complimentary lines in it, and we have enough inferiority complex to be knocked over by flattery. We always hope the flattery is true, then we realize it isn't, and after that we decide to make it come true, whatever it is."

A cynical Texan once remarked, "Oklahoma has two parts, a pair of cities and nothing." The cities are Oklahoma City, largest city and the state capital, and Tulsa, the brash young "oil capital of the world." Tulsans sometimes call Oklahoma City an "overgrown cow town," because Oklahoma cattle, which far outnumber the human population, are marketed and processed here. However, the state capital is geographically ideal. It sits near the actual center of the main body of the state and is a good representation of all Oklahoma. Aside from its position as the gathering point for legislative representatives, dominated by those from nonurban areas, it has enough oil, wheat, cattle and cotton people, and it is handy enough to the coal regions to keep it aware of the state's major interests.

Moreover, Oklahoma City is a geographical meeting ground. East of it are the mountains and timber, west are the prairies that roll 350 miles out to the tip of the Panhandle. The wheatlands are north, the cotton south and the oil is under eight of every ten counties, everywhere, including directly under the city itself. The city's underground oil field sprouts oil derricks all over town, including the capitol grounds, which give it an unusual sky line that otherwise would top an undistinguished urban mixture.

A new ingredient, which helps make the older city look bad by contrast, is an increasing number of breath-taking examples of ultramodern architecture. Oklahomans are more than willing to pour glass, aluminum and cement into such striking edifices as the First Christian Church and the quilted geodesic roundhouse of the Citizens State Bank. This wave of forwardness is an expression of the optimism and firm independence of the state and perhaps also, as one unbeliever remarked, "Where there are oil fortunes, there will be architects to help spend them."

In the glow of its advanced new building, however, the state capital has neglected a few things. The North Canadian River is permitted to flow through town almost unnoticed and untended. And the city shares the state-wide indifference to maintenance of driving surfaces. The asphalt on Broadway, and even on comparatively new Classen Boulevard, is wrinkled. State residents grudgingly concede that "we don't get much for our road money" and let it go at that.

Oklahoma City, for a city of only 322,000, enjoys above-average cultural entertainment. It has two widely known symphony orchestras, one of which is a full junior symphony, a beautiful Art Center in a highly modern fair grounds, and the central library conducts a civic program in which Oklahomans can exercise their habitual bluntness on civic issues. There is very little night life in the city, which is strongly church-centered, or, for that matter, there is little anywhere in the state. Fun in Oklahoma is outdoor fun. Roundup or rodeo clubs exist in almost every town, plentiful small game draws thousands of hunters, rattlesnakes are chased at an annual rattlesnake festival near O'Keene, and there is so fierce a concentration on football rivalries that partisans have had the poor taste to besmirch the buttresses of railroad overpasses with scrawled scores and slogans.

In accordance with the belief that Oklahomans need not imitate older states, Oklahoma City does not hesitate to scatter big buildings. The downtown area is much less concentrated than is usual in urban centers, and the capitol building, a typical old-fashioned edifice, is well away from the downtown area in roomy and nicely landscaped grounds. The state government is now overflowing into other buildings, although the capitol was quite adequate thirty years ago when Oklahoma's population was more than it is now. One of the excuses for the more rapid growth of government than of people is that the state now has such enterprises as the five excellent lodges in state parks at five of the man-made lakes. The state not only built the lodges but operates three of them and claims to lose money on only one of these three.

The city itself is growing—as are most Oklahoma cities—while there are still declines in many rural and small-town areas. The metropolitan area outside the city limits has a population equal to a third of the city's total. It includes the better northwest suburbs, the Tinker Air Force Base region on the south, which has inspired its own fast growing satellites, and the university town of Norman, a few miles farther south. Northeast of town U.S. Routes 66 and 77 intersect and, since both will be parts of the new interstate system, Oklahoma has decided to call itself the "crossroads of the nation," a description with a little less basis than Oklahomans hope.

The two major highways become one for a short distance, and both lead to the Turner Turnpike which connects Oklahoma City with the state's second largest city, Tulsa. Tulsa is somewhat brighter, fresher and smaller than the state capital and is a major hub of underground oil and gas lines whose total mileage in the state exceeds that of its railroads.

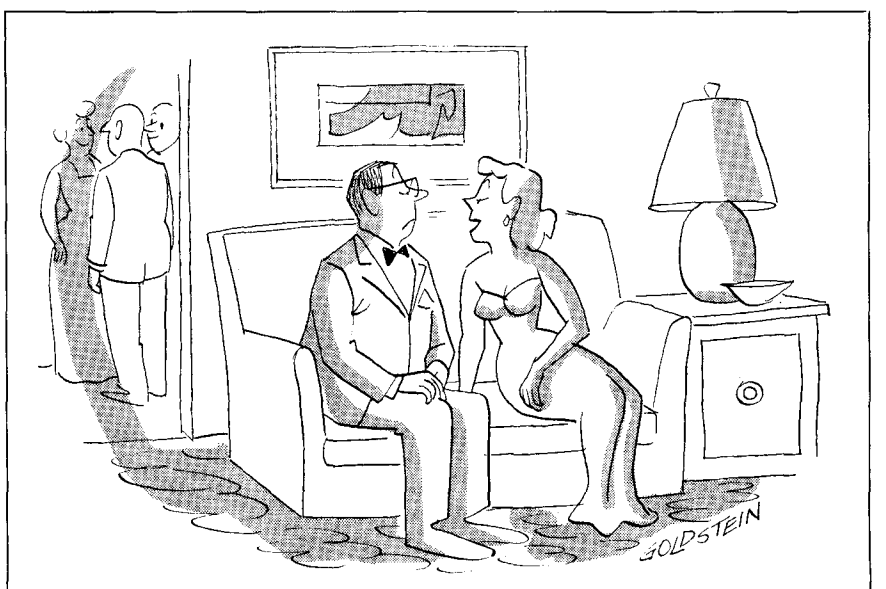
Tulsa demonstrates the civic value of home and regional offices of major oil companies. The big companies build big office buildings and research laboratories and operate highly technical refinery facilities. These activities draw college graduates with above-average income. The results in Tulsa are that Tulsans draw more books from its libraries, use more telephones and have larger professional societies than Oklahoma City. Tulsa also has more city parks, but unhappily its streets are not much better.

Tulsa does not have the spectacular architecture that sprinkles Oklahoma City, but it is trying to catch up on bold designs. A new modern civic center is under construction, there are a couple of interesting office buildings, a surrealist drive-in bank and the rather striking headquarters of a nationally known radio preacher. Tulsa's towers are just about visible from the nearby town of Sapulpa, which was once a meeting place for Oklahoma bad men, the Daltons, the Doolins, Youngers, and one woman, Belle Starr.

In its avidity for new industry and diversification, Tulsa is now claiming that it has a port, the almost-suburb of Catoosa. A waterway is under construction from Catoosa down the Verdigris and Arkansas rivers which will hook Tulsa into Mississippi barge traffic. The project is not altogether without opposition. The railroad industry has produced three college professors who studied the plan and pronounced it futile. And Elmer Peterson, recently retired veteran newspaperman of Oklahoma City, has been a consistent critic not only of Tulsa's project but of all other high-dam projects in Oklahoma.

There is a steep decline in Oklahoma's population clusters from Tulsa down to the third-place city of Lawton, which has only a quarter as many people. In numbers this would tend to support the man who described the state as a pair of cities and nothing, but of the two parts I prefer the nothing. The two sizable cities have their merits, but the rest of Oklahoma has all the surprises. I have driven 5000 miles within the state, about half of it on a very recent circling, and the facets of this versatile land area are unending.

Turn a corner in Ponca City and suddenly there is a huge and inspiring bronze statue, The Pioneer Woman. A few blocks away a service-station man adds a bit of information that is somehow surprising. "Local girl," he says, "will be the first girl in space." She is Miss Jerri Cobb, first qualified astronautess. Approach a wide, shallow, dull-looking river and suddenly history leaps up. It is the fabled Cimarron. And a small, lonely sign out in the Panhandle modestly announces that Coronado crossed here in 1541 on his empty search for gold. Another abortive gold search occurred more than 400 years later in the Wichitas, bare rocky stubs of mountains that once were 15,000 feet high and are now only one sixth of that.



"I'm deeply concerned about emergent nationalism in the Afro-Asian bloc, and getting married."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is surprising to find that supermarket shopping carts and parking meters were invented in Oklahoma, or that Wrigley's gum was first made in Guthrie, and the spiritual *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot* was written in Pushmataha County. Small towns in abundance pop up as home towns of major-league ball players. Oklahoma has produced more than a hundred, from Jim Thorpe to Carl Hubbell to Mickey Mantle. In the 1960 season the major leagues could have assembled two full nines of Oklahoma players.

Oklahomans are friendly and sometimes surprisingly frank. In a coffee shop at Fairview, a turkey-raising town, the local investment club exposes its holdings to public gaze on a blackboard behind the counter. Small family newspapers are numerous and so are cafeterias. Although these two phenomena are not related, there is a street corner in Woodward where a good little cafeteria in a Quonset hut stands cater-cornered across from the Lawrence family's Woodward *Daily Press*. On April 9, 1947, a tornado roared across this corner. When the *Press* was again able to publish, three days later, it listed 107 local casualties.

There is little question about what the average Oklahoman believes is new and promising in his state—it is water in man-made lakes. Sooner or later an Oklahoman will tell about a fellow Okie, who had never been away from the state before, flying to Minnesota for a visit at one of Minnesota's lakes. The Oklahoman set out to circle the lake, came back looking puzzled and the next day again toured the entire lakeshore. On his return this time he couldn't stand it any longer. "There's something wrong with this lake," he said. "Where's the dam?"

An outsider viewing Oklahoma is much more likely to be struck by the astonishing prevalence of museums, by the universal availability of excellent, old-fashioned navy-bean soup, by the abundance of schools of higher learning, by discovery of the state's very old but almost unknown national park, scenic little Platt, and by the importance of Indians in the state. And it is inevitable that a stranger will quickly meet the popular state nickname, Sooner, which goes back to prestatehood.

Most of our states, more than half of which have Indian names, were first pioneered as wild land, then gradually settled and matured into statehood. Oklahoma is unique. It exploded into statehood. Most of the state—the Panhandle was a reject of Texas and for many years an absolute no-man's land—was a sealed box for many decades while surrounding areas became states, or at least organized territories. It was thus isolated because it was chosen as the place where the Federal Government could sweep under the rug the Eastern Indians of our early history.

Those who were herded here—and one of the routes was known as The Trail of Tears—were the Five Civilized Tribes, the Choctaw, Chickasaw, Cherokee, Creek and Seminole nations. Much of Oklahoma was held inviolate for the civilized tribes, and to protect them against quite different Indians, the nomadic plains tribes, an arc of forts was built. From these forts the white man warred on the plains Indians and decimated both the tribes and the animal upon which they depended for food, fuel and shelter and to whom some referred as "My Father, The Buffalo."

But in 1889 the pressure of white civilization forced the first of a series of openings of the hitherto inviolate Indian lands, culminating in the famous Cherokee Outlet Run in 1893. These openings, or runs, were races. The Army emptied the lands to be opened of all stray white people, made the prospective settlers line up at the borders and then, by signal of bugle or gun, permitted the hordes to run, ride or drive wagons into the new lands, each staking out a quarter section, or a town lot, wherever he could or would.

But the lands were not entirely emptied. Crafty chiselers had hidden inside the lines and, when the signals sounded, they dropped from trees, materialized from caves and rose from creek beds. These were the Sooners, who were at least rascals, if not thieves, skimming some cream before the honest racers arrived. Oklahoma, with its happy faculty of forgetting past slurs, has now deified the name Sooner—"It means we jump the gun a little." A handful of real Sooners are living still, and many families relate with pride the story of a Sooner forebear.

Sizable areas of what became Oklahoma were retained for some years as Indian reservations, and many additional tribes were sent in, but all reservations in Oklahoma have long since been divided among individual tribal members. One partial exception is the Osage tribe, source of many of the oil-rich Indian stories, which often were true. The Osages divided their Osage County lands, but kept the mineral rights in the tribal name, each member's share becoming known as a headright.

The voluble historian of the Osage tribe is George Vance Labadie, an attorney of Pawhuska and one-sixteenth Osage. Labadie recounts happily, "This land has paid us a half billion dollars. We closed our rolls in 1907 at 2229 Osages, only 40 per cent full-bloods even then, and when we broke up the reservation, each man received a square mile. And now, thanks to the Burbank oil fields, we're the richest Indians in the world, per capita, and well known too. Look at our world-famous Oklahoma ballerinas with Osage blood—Maria Tallchief, Rosella Hightower, Yvonne Chouteau and Moscelyne Larkin."

Indian blood, which has run as high as the governorship and the supreme court in Oklahoma, is increasingly a matter of pride in this state with the second-highest Indian population. My favorite among them is William Wayne Keeler, principal chief of the Cherokee Nation, who is somewhere between one eighth and one quarter Cherokee. Keeler lives in Bartlesville, one of the brightest and tidiest of Oklahoma's smaller cities. It is the home town of the big Phillips Petroleum Company and amiable Bill Keeler is executive vice president of the company.

"I serve as chief," Keeler says, "because my sympathy for these people is much stronger than my degree of Indian blood, and because the part of me that is Indian is ashamed of the white man. Of course, all Oklahoma Indians are just plain citizens now, and the only duties of a chief are to handle a few hangover decisions on those remnants of the Nation's assets which couldn't be divided at the time of the individual allotments."

The concentration of Indian and frontier history and its recency before Oklahoma exploded into the white community is a definite factor in its abundance of museums. The museums are neither well advertised nor well identified for tourists, but their relics are drawn from an area that was heavily crisscrossed by history. For here many wagon ruts going west cut the wide paths of cattle trails going north. In one limited area near McAlester, the principal coal town, the northbound Texas Road crossed the California Trail, the Emigrant Trail and the Butterfield Overland Mail route—twenty-eight days to California for $200, baggage limit forty pounds. The famous north-south Chisholm Trail almost bisected the state, and a little west of it the Dodge City Trail sliced northward to the Kansas railheads. Then, far out in the Panhandle, the Cimarron Cut-off of the Santa Fe Trail left still-visible wagon ruts.

It is hard to choose among the Sooner State's museums. Three of the best are gifts of Oklahoma oilmen, reflecting a tendency for oil fortunes to be spent at home. The Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa came from Tom Gilcrease and has a collection of Remington and Russell paintings and sculpture that can hardly be topped anywhere, in addition to hundreds of Catlin's frontier pictures. Across town Tulsa's Philbrook Museum was the gift of Waite Phillips. It is more an art institute than a museum, but does have a serious collection of artifacts from a mysterious archaeological mound at Spiro, in eastern Oklahoma.

The most pretentious of such institutions is the huge park and museum of Woolaroc, near Bartlesville, maintained by a foundation organized by the colorful Frank Phillips. The state's largest inventory of historical documents and relics is in the State Historical Society building on the capitol grounds at Oklahoma City. As a state-operated property it is less inviting than some others, but it is unique in housing historian Muriel Wright. Miss Wright is a repository of vast knowledge of early Indian Territory and Oklahoma, which she can pour out in unbelievable detail. She is also the granddaughter of Rev. Allen Wright, a Choctaw who earned a master's degree from an eastern seminary and gave Oklahoma its name in 1866, which is Choctaw for red men, or red people. We may be lucky that the Reverend Mr. Wright was not an Osage. In Osage phonetics, red men is *Nikazhudse*.

"I must have dozed off."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Many museums, like that at Goodwell, specialize in the Panhandle, which preserves the no-man's land history of that once lawless strip. At massive Fort Sill is a varied collection of old guns and material from the Indian wars. This is the place where the Apache chief Geronimo, was imprisoned and Quanah Parker, a Comanche leader, finally surrendered. The fort fires shells and ground-to-ground missiles into the flanks of the Wichitas and boasts a commanding officer, Maj. Gen. Verdi Barnes, who never had a nickname. "My schoolmates thought Verdi *was* a nickname."

Oklahoma's best-known citizen, part-Cherokee Will Rogers of Claremore, is to be doubly memorialized in Oklahoma institutions. His bust will appear at the Indian Hall of Fame in Anadarko and also in the new $5,000,000 Cowboy Hall of Fame on Sooner Strip at the edge of Oklahoma City. If the news that the beloved Will Rogers was both cowboy and Indian is confusing to young TV viewers, it may be worse news that the dual role was common and that cowboys in Oklahoma have been heavily displaced by tractors with post-hole diggers and wire stretchers.

One of Oklahoma's possessions which draws history close to the viewer is perfectly preserved Fort Gibson, near industrial Muskogee, a nice reminder of Oklahoma's claim that the state has advanced "from arrows to atoms" and "from tepees to towers." At the University of Oklahoma in Norman, Dr. George Cross, president, concedes that the tidy Stovall Museum is less well known than the university's schools of medicine, biology and engineering. It is also safe to assume that more people are aware of O.U.'s college football record—forty-seven straight victories prior to the eighth game in the 1957 season.

O.U., together with Oklahoma State University at Stillwater, heads the tax-supported school system. Schools of higher learning are not only plentiful, having been handed out as political plums in early days, but they are open without scholastic restriction to all high-school graduates. Recently the state has aroused national interest with the Frontiers of Science Foundation, a program which has been widely copied. It identifies promising students and facilitates their progress in science, a matter of national concern. Among the founders is Dean McGee, handsome partner of Senator Kerr in Kerr-McGee Oil Industries.

McGee and Paul Endacott, president of Phillips Petroleum, are Oklahoma notables and patriots who emigrated from Kansas as young engineers and witnessed the oil-industry transformation from the brawling boom days to its present steadiness, good housekeeping and good citizenship. They are also reminders that Oklahoma was settled by people who rushed in from adjoining states, endowing the Sooner State with a split political and economic personality. Kansans filled northern Oklahoma, Arkansans the southeast and Texans the southwest.

As a whole Oklahoma is just about at the national average of personal income but within the state the north and central counties, including the now thoroughly revived Panhandle, are the prosperous areas which pay the bills for part of the south and east. Perhaps the state's rising population, balanced economy and potentially increasing tourist business will lessen all the disparities except political. At any rate the Sooners are now at the very peak of their optimism. But they are still refreshingly frank. As one said, "We always knew we'd be great, but there have been times when we were too sick to talk about it." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Passage to Danger (Continued from Page 37)

The boy hesitated, looking very solemn, and Scott said, "I think he'd better stay out of the sun today."

"Then how about we fish from the deck in the shade?" Bahama said.

Jack glanced up. "Did anybody use the dinghy last night? I was positive I brought those oars aboard yesterday, but they were still in the dink this morning."

No one answered, and Ramon Pérez smiled politely across the language barrier. He had joined them for breakfast and afterward he retired again to his cabin forward. Scott helped Jack move the furniture out of the deckhouse so that Jack could take up the carpeting and get at the engine hatches, then Scott sat on the companionway, watching Jack as he checked the port engine over. It had sounded all right to Scott, but he was no expert on the internal-combustion engine, and Jack was—a power boatman had to be.

After an hour Jack found what the trouble was—a fitting on the gas line was fouled, he said, and the engine had been starved.

"I think I'd better put in at the nearest port and see if I can pick up a new fitting," he said. "There's a resort around on the ocean side of Key Largo. We can make it in an hour, and it's one of the pleasanter spots of the keys, Scott—a good harbor and good food. Maybe we'll lay over there tonight."

"Sure," Scott said, but he turned away, climbed to the bridge deck and opened out the chart folded on the chart table next to the controls. He had a hunch and he was right. He found fingers of pale blue marking a man-made harbor near the northern tip of Key Largo, and less than a mile from it, identified on the chart, was a landing field. He went below again and said as he helped Jack replace the hatch covers, "Why the devil don't you lay it on the line with me?"

Jack looked up innocently. "Lay what on the line?"

"There's an airstrip on Key Largo."

"I thought you'd just as soon not know the details," Jack said. "I didn't want to stir you up any more than you are already."

"There's one thing I don't get," Scott said. "Why are you involved in this? I understand about Mike. He works for Bart Leroy and he's always ready for anything that comes along, but where do you fit in? Pip and I came down here to cruise the keys with you, but you've turned an innocent voyage into a dark intrigue. Why?"

Jack kicked a corner of the carpet into place and faced Scott. "You and I are old friends since college days. You know I wouldn't do anything to jeopardize Pip. I hoped you'd never know a thing about it."

"You didn't answer my question. Where do you fit in?"

Jack motioned to Scott to help and said as they carried the folded drop table back into the deckhouse, "I told you I owed Bart a favor, Scott. I'll tell you what he did for me. You know I went into real estate down here. Well, I took a shellacking." He fastened the table to its fittings on the bulkhead and straightened. "I got sucked into this fever—dredging canals in the mangroves and filling the land and marking off building sites with your boat at your back door, all that horse-radish. Well, I ran into troubles, one headache after another. The expenses mounted, and I owed a big bill for dredging and materials, and no sales were coming through. I was in over my head, and along came Bart Leroy and threw me a rope. He took over my debts on my personal note and gave me all the time I needed to get the project completed and pay off. So you can see I owe him plenty."

"In other words, he's got you under his thumb," Scott said.

"If you want to put it that way, yes, but the way I put it is the man did me a favor, and I feel a debt of gratitude."

"A debt that transcends all other considerations, apparently," Scott said, then grinned. "O.K., forget it."

"You're not sore any more?"

"No, not sore; but I think this whole thing is dangerous and foolhardy and I intend to do everything I possibly can to stop it."

Jack looked alarmed. "Such as what?"

"Such as trying to talk some sense into Mike."

"I don't know that we'll be seeing Mike."

"I'll see him," Scott said, "if I have to pitch camp on the runway of that airstrip."

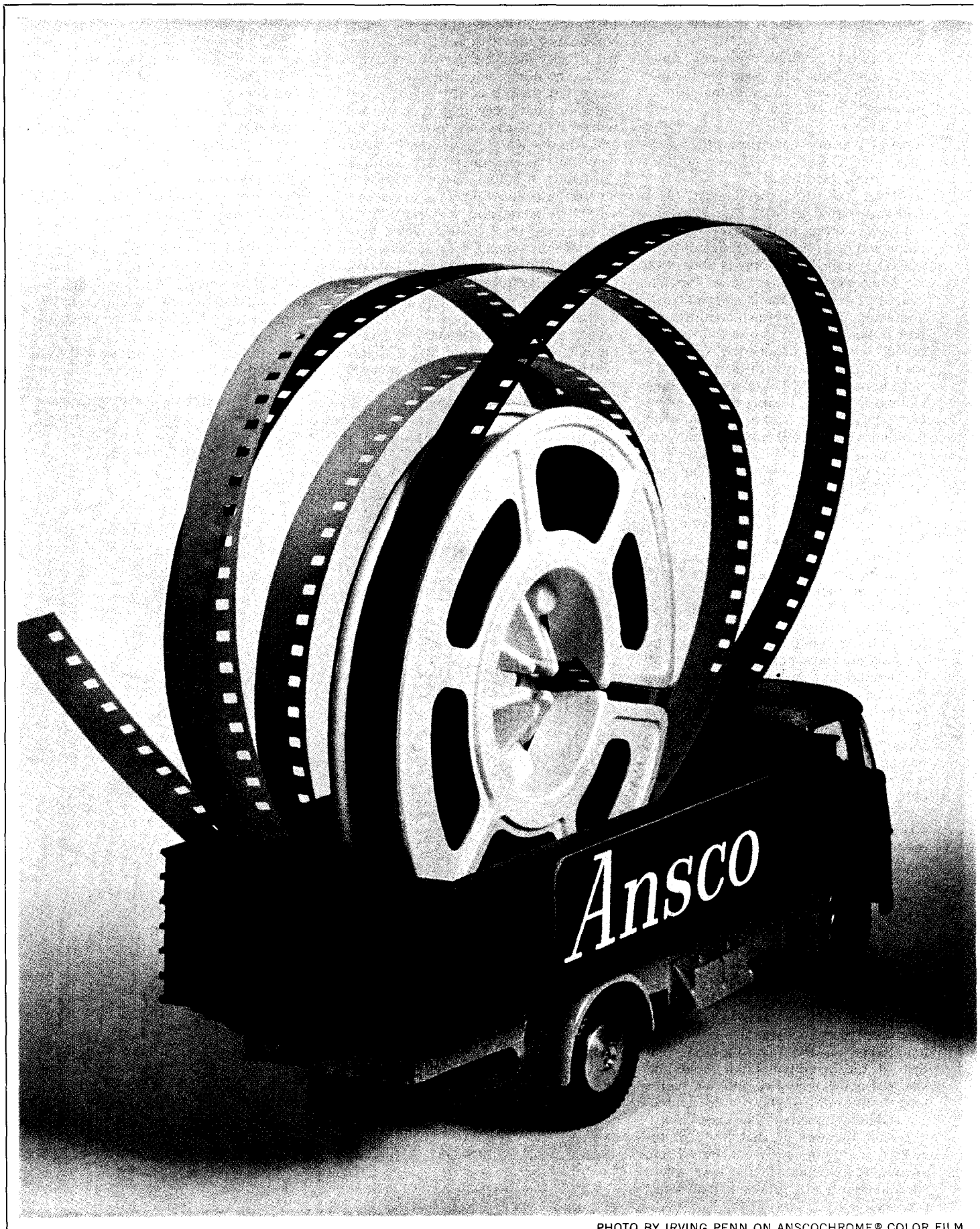


PHOTO BY IRVING PENN ON ANSCOCHROME® COLOR FILM.

color realism: *(in motion picture film)* **1.** the ability to record color in motion even under such imperfect shooting conditions as hazy sun, dark shadow, thick overcast, **2.** an attention to all colors so that motion picture color matches natural color, **3.** a concentration on the reality of color in motion, **4.** the capture of motion without distorting color, *(as in Ansco Moviechrome® 8 Film).*

YOU CAN HAVE BETTER PICTURES BUT FIRST THERE MUST BE ANSCO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"No, you stay out of it," Jack said. "If the Border Patrol caught on, Mike would be in big trouble. They keep a close watch on all the airports in Florida. They check every plane rental and blacklist pilots suspected of flying missions to Cuba. That's the reason for handling it this way. They know Pérez, and he couldn't just get aboard with Mike in broad daylight and take off. They'd stop him, or a Border Patrol plane might challenge him and force him down. They caught at least one fellow at Key Largo already, and it's risky. If anything leaked out ——"

"Naturally nothing will leak out," Scott said. "But I'm going to try once more to talk some sense into that brother of mine."

"I'll see you get the chance to try, so long as you don't interfere otherwise," Jack said. "O.K.?"

"Agreed," Scott said.

"Then let's stow the dinghy," Jack said and started aft.

Pip was sitting in the shade with Bahama and he smiled at his father as Scott helped Jack bring the dinghy aboard on its single davit and secure it. Pip had caught a fish that Bahama said was trash, and a toadlike gray-brown creature that had puffed itself up like a balloon and floated when Pip dropped it overside—then squirted down with a jetlike deflation. Bahama had been telling him about trolling in among the big trestles of the Overseas Highway for tarpon—big silver fish that jumped like kangaroos and were as slimy as barracuda. Everything he said had the flavor of adventure, and he knew what Pip liked to hear.

"Want to make some sandwiches, Bahama?" Jack asked. "We'll shove off for Key Largo pretty soon."

"Coming up, cap'n," Bahama said and got to his feet. "You gonna help, Pip?"

"Yes, all right," Pip said.

Bahama went forward along the narrow deck, with Pip at his heels; and in the galley Pip buttered the bread, and Bahama put the sandwiches together, all the time talking cheerfully and tweaking Pip's ear now and then if he showed disbelief, his thick red lips grinning like a slice of watermelon. He was very friendly today, and Pip's fear of the night before had dissolved into that area of unconscious chemistry where nightmares incubated.

"Next stop, Key Largo," Bahama said. "That's one big key, Pip, and down the other end is a town named for the first mate of Lafitte, the pirate. You don't believe it? Absolute fact, Pip. Many times I put in at Tavernier when I was running rum for Spanish Inez. She had a fleet of fast cruisers, that there lady, and the Coast Guard never could catch us, but they used to shoot us up."

"They shot at you too?" Pip asked.

"Me too," Bahama said. "I wasn't much older than you then—just sixteen, seventeen years old—but I used to help load in Havana and run to the keys. That Spanish Inez wore pants like a man and she had a big forty-five and she had a long, cold knife. Anybody who double-crossed her—tipped off the Coast Guard, like—got the feel of that knife in his gizzard. You don't believe it, Pip? There are graves out there in the keys where she laid their bones, graves no man won't ever see."

"But *you* know where," Pip said.

"Well, now, Pip, even them keys are gone, probably," Bahama said. "These here keys keep changing. One gets washed away in a hurricane, and another jumps up. Wherever a mangrove seed floats you got another key. It strands on a shoal and sends down them roots, and the sand and debris sticks in them roots, and then another mangrove sprouts; and the first thing you know, you got another key. They just grow like little fishes and they disappear like little fishes too." He snapped his fingers. "Gone, and who knows where? Swallowed up by one big barracuda, maybe. Little fishes got to be careful, Pip."

The tomato-red lips were smiling, but Bahama's dark eyes held Pip's in a fixed gaze, then he patted the boy's shoulder lightly and said, "Now you take them sandwiches to the cap'n and your dad."

Half an hour later the *Cormorant* got under way, felt its way among the channel stakes, and turned south toward Angelfish Creek, where there was a good channel to the ocean side. The light was intense, but there was little glare or heat radiation, and everything stood out with remarkable clarity—the green tangle of Old Rhodes Key to port, the broad expanse of shallow water that was a constant shift of color—citrus green at the horizon, a brilliant emerald where shoal sand bars were, and so clear that the bottom was often visible. Scott felt a sense of unreality, as if a water color had been painted from pigments squeezed pure from the tubes and they had been captured in it, a living ship afloat on a wash of green.

Jack had gone below, and Scott was at the wheel, following the broad channel of Angelfish Creek among the enclosing mangroves, when he heard Pip's low voice at his elbow, saying, "Tell me something, dad."

It was the first time they had been alone together all that day, and Scott looked down with a smile. "Yes, son?"

"What do you think of Mr. Bahama? Do you like him?"

"Do you?"

"I think so."

"Just don't believe everything he tells you, Pip," Scott said. "He likes to lay it on a little thick. I overheard that bit about Spanish Inez."

"She killed a lot of people," Pip said. "She had a pistol and a big knife."

"Maybe," Scott said. He had left Angelfish Creek behind and he eased the wheel to starboard. "There are some rough characters in this old world, Pip."

"Like old Black Caesar," Pip said.

"He's been dead more than two hundred years."

"But he made people walk the plank, Bahama said."

"I expect he did."

"Dead men tell no tales," Pip said.

From the deckhouse below, Bahama was calling, "Hey, Pip," and the boy gave his father a slow and strangely appealing smile before he went down the companionway.

Jack returned to the bridge and took over, and Scott moved to the rail as the *Cormorant* turned a buoy and followed a long dredged channel into the harbor, past markers where pelicans and cormorants perched. The channel led near a galleried hotel facing the sea and disclosed a series of canals where a number of yachts were berthed. Jack chose the basin farthest south and brought the boat alongside the pilings of a dock more than a hundred yards from the nearest craft.

Here the land was low and very flat, with the dark green of mangrove and hardwood off to the south and, along the water front, palmettos guyed against the ocean winds and an occasional sentinel coconut palm. From the deck below, Pip's excited voice called, "Hey, dad, look—that's Barb."

Walking along a powder-white limestone road toward the dock was a girl in slacks and a yellow shirt, with a camera case slung from her shoulder and sunlight shining on her black hair.

"Remember?" Pip said. "The girl in Fort Lauderdale, dad. It's her."

"So it is," Jack murmured. "What's she doing here?"

They had made the boat fast by the time Barbara Hopkins reached the dock, and Jack's first words were, "Anything wrong, Barb?"

"Wrong?" she said. "No, I was just passing this way and I recognized the *Cormorant* coming in. . . . Hi, Pip. . . . Hi, Mr. Chapman."

"Passing this way?" Jack said. "Cutie, this is the end of the road. It's twenty miles out of your way."

"That's not a very warm welcome," she said serenely.

Both Bahama and Pérez had remained below, and Jack did not invite her aboard. "We're happy to see you, of course," he said. "But how did you know we would be here at Key Largo?"

"I just happened to be here investigating a picture story," she said. "Why all the fuss? Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Of course," Jack said and shot a puzzled glance at Scott.

"I am, Barb," Pip said.

She smiled at the boy. "How's the vacation, Pip? Do you know they have two swimming pools here—one salt water and one fresh? If you're going to take a dip, I'll take some pictures."

"I'll get my suit on," Pip said and ducked below.

"I'll wait for you over there," the girl called after him. "I'll walk on ahead with your father." She turned her serene smile on Scott. "If you're going over, that is."

"You bet," he said and offered his arm.

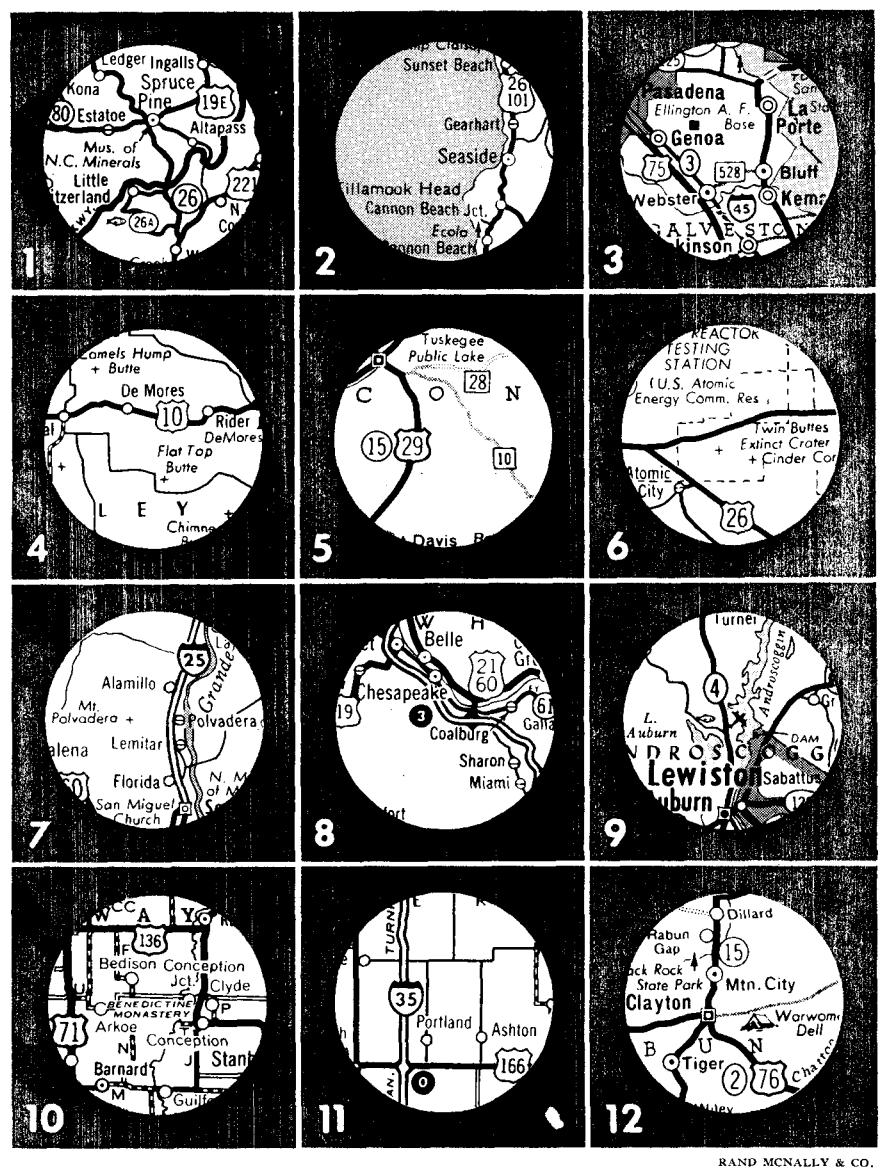
They walked on a few steps before she asked, "Why did Jack look so thunderstruck?"

"It was surprise," Scott said. "A very happy surprise."

"Surprise, yes," she said. "Happy, no. I'm not here by chance, of course, and I'm not working on any picture story. I came for another reason. I was thinking about you and Pip, knocking about the keys and having a glorious vacation, and all the time so completely defenseless. So when Flora happened to mention that you might be here on Key Largo, I slipped ashore and rented a drive-it-yourself and drove up here."

"Defenseless?" Scott asked. "What in the world are you talking about?"

They were following a road that wound around a salt-water inlet protected from barracuda, and she paused in the shade of a palmetto and said, "You're going to find this pretty incredible, but Bart Leroy is an incredible man. I don't know what you said or did to enrage him so. It can't be just Flora's silly book." She met his eyes solicitously. "This is the bad news. Bart has been trying to get in touch with your partner. He plans to offer to buy him out."



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Harley P. Cook**

(*Answers on Page 74*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Wait a minute," Scott said. "For Pete's sake, you mean he wants to buy control of Smith and Chapman? Because I turned down his wife's book? To get back at me?"

"Something like that."

"But this is incredible," he said. "Nobody could be that vindictive. Is the man insane?"

"Well, he's certainly not like other men," she said. "But I suppose he's as sane as the United States Mint. Maybe it does something to a man's sense of values to be in a position to indulge his every caprice."

"But this is fantastic," Scott said with a shake of his head.

"But whatever his motive, Bart has already rationalized it," she said. "Smith and Chapman is a small, sound firm, he said, but the publishing business needed a shot in the arm—sound business practices and all that. He said he'd decided to take a hand." She sat down on a slant-backed wooden chair under the palmetto, and its fronds made a dry, rustling sound overhead. "He'll go through with it, Scott. Don't doubt that. He'll make an offer that your partner will hesitate to refuse. Would his shares give Bart control?"

"No, we took in some additional capital when we founded the firm—from personal friends."

Such as Jack Adams, Scott thought and frowned. But he was more nettled than worried. He and Tom Smith had worked together for the same publisher—Tom on the business side and Scott in editorial—and they had learned publishing together. Four years ago they had pooled their resources and founded the firm of Smith and Chapman. They were not out to make a lot of money. They both loved books and the unpredictable business of producing and selling them, and Scott felt reasonably sure that Tom would resist the temptation of Leroy's offer—any reasonable offer, that was, but the girl had warned him that Leroy would pay almost any amount.

"What does the man want?" he asked. "To see me grovel?"

She looked up. "Would you grovel?"

"I'd beat his brains out first," Scott said.

Her smile looked pleased, and she said, 'Good for you. Most people do grovel, you see."

"And that delights him no end?" Scott said.

"Bart isn't crude," she said. "He's a subtle man. Nothing is out in the open with him. You have to follow labyrinthine channels and you need a long, strong thread to guide you. He puts a cork on his emotions and he'll show you a smile that would charm snakes. He doesn't want anything so simple and primitive as revenge, you see."

"What does he want?"

"Just to take over on a permanent basis, day in and day out," she said. "He'll wait for you to make the first move and when you go to him, he'll give you the bland treatment and say, 'Don't you think we can get along, Mr. Chapman? I've always been interested in publishing, you know.' He'll want to keep you in 'gony and suspense, never knowing when ne blow will fall. And you'll start adjusting to the situation; you'll start feeling secure again—and the first thing you know, you'll be Bart Leroy's man, body and soul."

"You've analyzed the man, I see."

"Basically, of course, he likes you," she said.

"Likes me?"

"That's just the point," she said. "That's why he wants to get control. Oh, I know that man and I've seen it happen with Flora. It's broken her spirit, and that's why she has her pathetic little spurts of rebellion that are about as effective as a moth beating its wings on a windowpane." She spread her hands and said with a wry smile, "So now you know."

"Thank you," he said. "It was a splendid thing you did, driving all the way up here to tell me this."

"I couldn't just stand by and see the ground cut from under you," she said.

Pip came running up in his bathing trunks. He showed his droll, winning smile and put his hand in Barbara's with a simple trust in his welcome that affected Scott. It showed a need the boy felt, he thought, and he liked the way she smiled down at him and the friendly equality of her manner. It was not just the experience of her work that had given her this way with children, he thought—the liking for kids had been her compass, surely.

"Please excuse me," he said. "I want to call New York."

When the connection was made to the offices of Smith and Chapman in New York and Scott asked for his partner, Tom's secretary came on and said in a tone of surprise, "Oh, Mr. Chapman, how are you? How is the vacation?"

"Fine," he said. "Please put Tom on."

"But he's not in," she said. "When he left for lunch, he said he wouldn't be back. He's taking the afternoon off."

"Did he get a long-distance call today—from Florida?"

"Now let me see," she said, and her tone sounded evasive. "I don't seem to have any record of it."

"O.K.," Scott said and abruptly hung up. There was little doubt in his mind that Tom had received a call from Bart Leroy. He was tempted and was thinking it over, that's why he had left the office on a busy Monday afternoon. It was a disillusioning fact to face.

He walked back to the lagoon, with the sun beating down on his bare head and his lips pressed tightly together. He found Pip posing in the milky green water while Barbara took color shots from the decked platform of a bulkhead. She turned to him. "Any luck?"

"His secretary told me he had left for the day," Scott said. "This rather floors me, I must say. I've always had complete confidence in Tom."

A little frown of sympathy made fine lines on her forehead. "I hated having to bring you this news."

Pip called from the water, "Hey, dad, aren't you coming swimming?"

"Not now, Pip."

"Gee, we never have any fun," the boy said plaintively.

The words cut Scott because he felt the truth of his neglect, and he said quickly, "Yes, I'm coming in. Just give me a couple of minutes, Pip."

"So long, Pip," Barbara said. "I'll be seeing you."

"Won't you stay and have dinner?" Scott asked.

"Thank you, I have a date tonight. I have to get back there."

As he accompanied her to her car, Scott said, "But we'll be seeing you at Vaca Key, won't we? Can't we plan something there?"

She hesitated. "You're going on with your cruise?"

"It's Pip's vacation, and there's nothing I can do until I've talked to Tom."

"Maybe we can plan something, then," she said. "A picnic maybe—with Pip. I'll see you down there."

As he watched her drive away, he thought that this girl had integrity and a compassionate heart. He liked her simplicity and the assurance with which she had chosen her course and followed it. When he went back aboard the *Cormorant* to put on his bathing suit, Jack said, "Don't tell me your manly charm was responsible for this visit."

Scott grinned. "Why not?"

"Friend, you're too late on the scene," Jack said. "Another entry has the inside track."

"Meaning Bart Leroy's nephew? What's his name—Norwood?"

"That's right. He's had his eye on Barbara ever since Bart married Flora, I think. But he's not Bart's nephew, incidentally—not by blood."

"No? What is he then?"

"He was the nephew of Bart's first wife, and he had been her protégé," Jack said. "After she died, Bart took Carl on and made him his personal secretary. That was four years ago, and he's solidly entrenched now as the fair-haired boy. That makes tough competition, Scott, but you seem to have made an impression, since she dropped in here to say hello."

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Watching teen-agers dance these days makes you wonder what they do for fun.

A problem child is one who makes his father suspect there's a lot he doesn't know about his wife's kinsfolk.

A secretary who has no trouble with her spelling probably has a boss who does.

While equality of the sexes is a splendid ideal, few people believe women will ever allow it.

Anybody who doesn't feel insecure these days is probably irresponsible.

There are two kinds of teachers in this country: Those who control their class and the unarmed.

"The truth is, she came to warn me, Jack," Scott said. "It seems that your madman pal is trying to buy control of my firm."

"Buy your firm? Why?"

"Because I turned down Flora's book," Scott said. "Tell me, did he speak to you about your shares?"

Jack hesitated, then moistened his lips and said firmly, "Scott, you know I'd never sell you out, whatever happened."

"But he could put the screws on you too."

"Yes, I suppose he could."

Scott groaned. "That man has more tentacles than an octopus, and each one grabbing at a throat. Well, the hell with it. I'm going swimming with Pip."

But he could not shrug it off. He went through the motions of casual horseplay with Pip in the lagoon and then, because the sun burned hot on their reddening skin, they went back to the boat.

Bahama was in the galley, listening to Pip's transistor radio, and Pérez was perched on a stool beside him with a glass of iced rum in his hand. They were both well out of sight from the dock. A passer-by would see only two men and a boy aboard, the men having cocktails under the canopy as the sun sank low, and the boy playing with a belled cat that came begging from boat to boat, later going over to see the fishing boats come in with the day's catch—gray bonefish and bright-colored tropical fish and a long, slimy sea creature with an undershot jaw and needle-sharp teeth, a barracuda. Pip studied it a long time.

When they went to dinner, leaving Bahama aboard to provide for himself and Pérez, Scott called Tom Smith at his apartment in New York, but there was no answer. There remained a hope that Tom was out for the evening and not actually avoiding Scott's call, but he was depressed and only picked at the red snapper on his plate.

After dinner, Scott sat with Jack under the canopy again as twilight passed and the dark night came on. Pip went to bed at half past eight, and they were isolated in darkness until the moon rose at ten o'clock. Watching it clear the mangroves, Scott sighed and asked, "How old is that girl?"

"Barbara? She's twenty-four, I think," Jack said and chuckled. "Why? Are you feeling your years?"

"I was merely curious," Scott said. "I've seen her only twice, you know."

"Well, don't get serious," Jack said. "I know it's too bad, but the door is closed, old man. She came down here at Christmastime to do that layout on the *Crown and Anchor*, and things got pretty serious. And she's down here now for her vacation, you notice."

"I get the message," Scott said.

"Of course, with Carl there's another element besides love's sweet alchemy," Jack said. "He hasn't got a dime, but his prospects are fabulous. And if he married Flora's sister, he would put a red ribbon on the package—win Flora over too."

"You make him sound a pretty calculating guy."

"Oh, he's all right. He's Bart's yes man, sure, and you never know just where guys like that stand, but I didn't mean to run him down. Still, he's not good enough for that girl, so don't let me discourage you. After all, you live in New York."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"She's pretty well established in her work there. I happen to know that Bart offered to back her—set her up in grand style—if she changed her base of operations to Florida, but she said no soap. She's got a mind of her own. Not many people say no to Bart."

Scott heard a step on the dock and saw a tall figure silhouetted in the moonlight. A very low voice called, "Anybody aboard?" and Mike stepped down to the narrow deck.

"So you made it," Jack said.

"Hours ago. I had the fellow over there checking my motor."

"Engine trouble?" Scott said. "That sounds familiar."

Mike grinned in the moonlight. "I was making a routine flight from Marathon to the Crown Ranch, if anybody should ask you, and she started missing fire, so I put down here to have the motor checked. I stalled around in the hope that you and Pip would be in the sack."

"I stayed up to see you," Scott said. "I wanted to ask you a question."

"O.K."

"What are you trying to prove?" Scott asked softly. "Mike, I know it was a blow to you when the Air Force turned you down, but does that mean you have to keep forever proving what a hot pilot you are? Bart Leroy is using you, fellow, and for my money he's as wild as a loon."

"Maybe that's what I like about him," Mike said.

Scott did not use his own troubles with Bart Leroy as leverage—he had too much respect for his brother's independence for that. He had to make Mike see for himself that this adventure was immature bravado and not by any judgment worthy of the risk. No ideal was involved, no burning

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

desire to right wrongs—it was only adventure for the sake of excitement, and what was going on in Cuba was a serious business. Mike listened dutifully in the moonlight, and when Scott had finished, he smiled and said, "So ends the lecture. Scott, I told you there was nothing you could do about it."

Scott gave in. "Then tell me what's going on, at least. When are you taking off with Pérez?"

"Just at dawn, as soon as there's light enough. He'll get aboard in the dark and wait for me. We hop over to a spot on the highway east of Matanzas and I drop him and shoot back to the Crown Ranch. That's all there is to it, Scott."

"Just who is this fellow Pérez?"

"His sister is married to the manager of Bart Leroy's Cuban ranch—a fellow named Macias. Pérez used to be an army officer before the revolution and he's got connections in Havana. He knows the ropes. And give him credit, Scott. He's taking a big risk going over there. It would mean the firing squad for sure if they caught him. He couldn't make it to Cuba by normal travel routes, of course, and he's willing to take this chance—fly in there and bribe the right guys and get his brother-in-law out of the country. Give him credit."

"And the bribe money is in that bag Jack brought aboard—what he called 'cargo'? "

Mike said softly, "Fifty thousand dollars in Cuban pesos, Scott. I turn it over to Pérez when he sets foot on Cuban soil and not before. Bart is a real cautious guy."

"He is that," Jack said. "He gave me a locked bag. I understand he gave you the key, Mike."

"Right," Mike said. "But Pérez doesn't get it until I set him down. Once he's in Cuba, Bart figures he can trust the guy. I mean, taking a big risk like that will show his good faith. The only way he can get out again is for me to pick him up."

"I see," Scott said. "So there will be two flights?"

"How else are we going to get Macias out of the country? The first flight sets up the deal, the second brings it off." Mike slapped Scott's shoulder lightly. "How about we have a little drink to wish me luck? Are you going to wish me luck, Scott?"

"Since I can't wish any sense into your head, I certainly wish you luck," Scott said.

Jack went below to make the drinks, and Mike moved out on the bridge deck, beyond the shadow of the canopy into the moonlight. Somewhere a mullet jumped in the tranquil night, and the line of mangroves south was black as ink.

"I'm curious about something else, Mike," Scott said. "Just what is the situation with Flora Leroy?"

Mike said sharply, "Now what in the devil have you got into your square head?"

"Bart Leroy is dangerous," Scott said. "I think he's unbalanced, myself. I doubt if there's anything he'd stop at, so use your head. Lay off Flora Leroy."

"Scott, you really gall me," Mike said. "I may be a damned fool, but I'm not stupid. She's the boss's wife."

"But didn't you ask Barbara Hopkins to tell a white lie?"

"Oh, she mentioned that?" Mike shrugged. "It seemed a good idea at the time, Scott. I'll tell you how it was. I didn't know Flora couldn't handle the sauce, and just a couple of drinks hit her hard. I guess it must have looked as if we had been out on the town in a big way, so I asked Barbara to say she'd been with us. She's a regular guy. She came through like a trouper."

"Then it's no more than that?"

"I swear it, Scott."

"Good," Scott said. "I can't tell you how much that relieves me."

Jack brought up the drinks, and they talked in low voices as the gibbous moon hung over Cuba to the south, a hundred and fifty miles away. He would put down on a highway east of Matanzas, Mike said, and there would be a car waiting to pick Pérez up. Every detail had been arranged. He had bought the plane secondhand in Georgia and had flown her to the Crown Ranch last week, when he was supposed to have been in Texas. Yesterday he had taken off from Vaca Key with the Crown Ranch as his announced destination and had made this purported emergency landing on Key Largo. There was no authority at the Crown Ranch to log arrivals or departures, and who would know he had made a detour to Cuba? He would be down in Cuba soon after dawn and safe at the Crown Ranch by nine or ten in the morning.

When they had finished the drinks, Mike went below and stretched out on the couch in the deckhouse, and Jack retired to his cabin, saying he would set an alarm, but Scott did not even undress. A truck had spread a fog of insecticide at evening, and the mosquitoes did not trouble him. He sat in the cockpit, chain-smoking cigarettes, and he was still there hours later when he heard the ringing of an alarm, quickly shut off. Scott went into the deckhouse and turned on a light. Mike was sitting on the edge of the couch, stretching his big arms and yawning mightily.

Jack went to make coffee. There was no sign of Bahama or Pérez. Scott sat beside his brother, drinking hot coffee, and they did not talk. Scott was remembering Mike in his boyhood, recalling the strain of reckless abandon that he could identify now as that bugaboo, sibling rivalry—forever showing off, trying to prove that every quality Scott had was also his in abundance, except for five extra years of living. Mike had never quite got over it, but now as they sat together in the deckhouse on the eve of this casual adventure, they were perhaps closer than they had ever been. Words were not necessary.

Hearing a heavy step on the deck, Scott got quickly to his feet, showing a nervousness he had not known was so pronounced. Bahama Gibson squeezed through the door into the light, grinned at Mike, and said, "O.K., Pérez is on the plane."

"I didn't see you two leave the boat," Scott said.

Bahama grinned. "You napped a little, Mr. Chapman."

Jack brought the alligatorskin satchel from his stateroom and dropped it on the couch beside Mike, saying, "Here's the loot."

"Want to see something pretty?" Mike asked. "Fifty grand in hundred-peso notes." He took the satchel in his lap and felt in his pocket for his key ring.

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 72

1. N.C.	2. Oreg.	3. Tex.
4. N.D.	5. Ala.	6. Idaho
7. N.M.	8. W. Va.	9. Maine
10. Mo.	11. Kans.	12. Ga.

The satchel had a staple-and-hasp fastening secured by a small, thick padlock. Mike selected a small key from the key ring and inserted it in the lock. He twisted it, exerted strong pressure with thumb and forefinger, then shook his head and said, "I've bent the damned thing. It's stuck in there for fair. Damn it, do you suppose Carl Norwood gave me the wrong key?" He looked up at Jack. "Maybe I'd better bust it open."

"Why?" Jack asked.

"To see if the dough is there, of course."

"That bag hasn't been out of my possession," Jack said. "I had it locked up in my hanging locker. And I know the money's there. Bart showed it to me before he locked it up."

"Did the key work for Bart?"

"The bag was unlocked. He showed me the money, then he sent Carl to get a padlock and key."

"And the dope brought the wrong key," Mike said. "How do you like that? It will be a hell of a job to bust this padlock, but that's Pérez's problem."

"Time to go, Mike," Bahama said.

"Yes," Mike said. "So long everybody. I'd better walk over there alone." He gripped Scott's hand firmly, picked up the satchel and went quickly through the door. He walked briskly off into the moonlight along the white road.

Scott carried his coffee to the bridge. It was not yet dawn, but the moon seemed paler, and the inky line of the mangroves was acquiring depth. Soon the structure of a water tower began to show in tall silhouette, and the day opened bloodshot gray eyes.

Scott heard a noise, faint to the north, then swelling in the still air—the drumming noise of take-off. There to the west he had a glimpse of pale blue wings before dark green foliage shut it out. The plane drummed on southward, flying low. Jack called out, "O.K., let's shove off."

He started the engines, and the sound roared in the dawn; the exhaust spat like an angry cat. Scott took in the lines, and Jack backed the boat into the basin, turned, and steered for the sea. They moved past the docked boats, which hardly stirred in the *Cormorant*'s gentle wake, past the sleeping white hotel and a point of land where palm fronds were beginning to stir in a rising breeze from the ocean; and then in the channel Jack opened up both engines.

Pip's sleepy face appeared in the cockpit, and he called, "Hey, why didn't anybody wake me? Where are we going?"

"To Vaca Key, Pip," Scott said. "Get dressed and give Bahama a hand with breakfast."

An hour passed. They went back through Angelfish Creek and turned south. They ran along beside Key Largo, through Jewfish Creek and the opened bascule bridge of the Overseas Highway, then on to the next cut through bar or key, following the red line. By now Mike would have put down on a Cuban highway; by now he would be winging back toward Florida.

There was a cockpit in the bow where the hatch cover double-folded to make a back for a cushioned seat, and Pip went there with Bahama after breakfast, taking his radio along and listening to *rumba* music on a Cuban station. Tarpon Basin was left behind, and Grouper Creek, Buttonwood Sound and Baker Cut, and the waters of Florida Bay were a patchwork of greens and blues, with purple shoals and tiny mangrove islands that, as Bahama had said, were just beginning to be keys.

At nine o'clock Scott looked at Jack, and each nodded; by now Mike should be nearing the Crown Ranch.

Jack throttled down for Cowpens Cut and Pip stood up in the cockpit forward. Bahama had told him that if he looked sharp, he might see a roseate spoonbill. Yes, he saw the flap of pink wings low over the mangroves and saw cormorants sitting in a row on a channel marker, like a class in school. A voice was talking in Spanish on the Havana radio.

Scott sat tensely on the bridge, feeling a surfeit of these delicate greens and brilliant blue sky, and a great loneliness in this sense of isolation. It was nearing ten o'clock now, and surely Mike had come home safe, but he saw Bahama making his way aft, holding his Panama hat against the wind; and there was something in his dark eyes, as he glanced up at the bridge, that brought Scott to his feet. Bahama carried Pip's small radio in his hand and as he mounted the companionway steps and thrust up his head and heavy shoulders, he said in a low voice, "Cap'n, very bad news."

Scott clenched his fists, and Jack asked, "What news?"

"On the radio," Bahama said. "Little Pip he listen to the *rumba* music, and the news comes on, in Spanish, so he don't know about it. They're making a big brag about shooting down a plane from the States."

"Oh, no!" Scott said. "Where?"

"Same place," Bahama said. "East of Matanzas. One man killed, one got away."

Scott was voiceless. He let Jack ask the question. "Who got away, for heaven's sake?"

"I tell you what they said," Bahama said. "This plane sets down on the highway, and one man gets out. The soldiers start shooting and they kill him dead. The pilot guns his plane and takes off again, but they hit the plane somewhere, and it crashes maybe a mile away. Wait, more comes."

He listened, holding the radio close to his ear, and Scott heard the Cuban voice with a note of excitement in it, a gloating voice that made him crush his cigarette in his fingers and snap it overside.

"The dead man was identified as Ramon Pérez, an army captain under Batista," Bahama said. "From the way the plane caught fire is no doubt it carried arms, explosives, weapons of United States aggression."

"It caught fire?" Scott said.

"Wait," Bahama said. "Quiet, please." He listened, his face showing nothing, but his eyes rolling around first to Jack and then to Scott. After a moment, he nodded and said, "The pilot got away. . . . Police and soldiers look for him. . . . Soon be caught, they say. . . . He jumped from plane before it caught fire. . . . Maybe set it afire, they say. It burned all up. No identification, but a United States plane."

Jack exhaled and said, "Mike made it."

"He doesn't know anyone there," Scott said. "Where can he go? What can he do? But he's alive. Thank God for that."

"I don't think they'll catch him," Bahama said. "They talk big, but by now they should have caught him."

"But where can he go?" Scott said. "He speaks no Spanish. He knows no one in Cuba."

"There must be a plan in case of emergency," Jack said. . . . "Bahama, how about it?"

"There was this fellow to meet him in a car," Bahama said. "He has the name and address of this fellow."

"Bahama, you said 'soldiers,'" Scott said. "They were waiting for him. It was an ambush. They knew he'd be landing there."

"Looks like it," Jack said grimly.

"It means somebody tipped them off," Scott said. His voice rose almost hysterically. "He was betrayed. Somebody wanted him killed."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Or Pérez, more likely," Jack said.

"Here comes Pip," Bahama said quickly. "I'd better stop him, right? You don't want him to know."

His head disappeared, and they heard his cheerful voice saying, "Hey, Pip, come on—we got them dishes to wash in the galley."

"Jack, do you see what I see?" Scott said fiercely. "I can just see Bart Leroy sitting there on his damned yacht. He's been listening to the radio, too, I'll bet. He was expecting it."

"Expecting it?" Jack said blankly.

"I think he tipped them off," Scott said. "He betrayed Mike."

Jack said in a tone of amazement, "Scott, get control of yourself. Why?"

"Because of Flora," Scott said. "Because of Mike and Flora. Don't you see it? It was more than betrayal. It was murder!"

"Simmer down," Jack said. "Mike is all right. They haven't caught him, have they? And what's this about Mike and Flora? What gave you that idea?"

"They had Barbara tell a lie to cover up," Scott said. "If Bart Leroy found that out, and he must have ——"

"I know how hard this has hit you, Scott, but simmer down," Jack said. "I'll crowd on all the speed I can."

Bahama had left the radio on the deck, and Scott picked it up. He thumbed the dial to get a Miami station and caught the closing sentences of a news broadcast, but there was nothing about what had happened in Cuba. He kept changing stations, staring straight ahead as Jack took the boat fast through a cut, sending its wake crashing in among the mangrove roots. He heard Pip's voice below, lighthearted and unaware, then heard Bahama's deep laugh. In open water again Jack advanced the throttles, with the automatic pilot set on course, and the wake boiled astern. It was half past eleven when at last he said, "We're almost there, Scott."

Jack brought the *Cormorant* in between two small keys and entered a channel that led to a marina protected by a breakwater of crusty coquina rock. There were a fuel dock and a complex of finger piers, and berthed at the outermost pier, her superstructure dominating the scene, was the *Crown & Anchor*. Scott got to his feet and moved to the rail. The captain was sitting on the foredeck in a camp chair, reading a newspaper, but there was no one on the afterdeck.

"Bart isn't aboard, Scott," Jack said as he angled the *Cormorant* in to the dock just beyond the *Crown & Anchor*. "See that small blue flag on the starboard spreader? That means the owner is absent."

But Scott had already started down the companionway. He took the stern line ashore, dropped its loop over a bollard and strode on to the *Crown & Anchor*. His anger had not abated. In the long hours of waiting it had slumbered like a volcano, erupting now in a controlled but consuming rage. He called up harshly to the captain, "Where will I find Leroy?"

Sam Edwards put his newspaper down and said, "He went fishing, Mr. Chapman."

"Fishing!" Scott said.

"Him and Mr. Norwood took Miss Hopkins out to see if they could get her a marlin. They left at dawn."

Scott turned away. There was a cold-blooded ruthlessness there that staggered him. Bart Leroy had been somewhere in the Gulf Stream at dawn, perhaps had heard the beat of a motor and had looked overhead and seen pale blue wings shining in the morning sun as the small plane flew on to ambush on a Cuban road. Now he was placidly trolling in the blue Gulf Stream while Mike plunged like a hunted animal through Cuban brush, looking for some sanctuary in a hostile land—a big damned fool who couldn't speak a word of Spanish, a big damned fool who was only playing games and had been dealt a hand in a game they played for keeps.

Bahama and Pip were approaching on the pier, and Bahama said with a meaningful wink, "Pip and me find a way to keep busy. O.K., Mr. Chapman? He's been after me to show him how to skin-dive, and aboard the *Crown and Anchor* they got a junior scuba kit. Over yonder is a nice safe salt-water pool, and I show him how. O.K.?"

"Yes, all right," Scott said and stepped aboard the *Cormorant*. There was nothing to do now but wait for news. He had thought wildly of going to Cuba himself, but he had no way to get in touch with Mike.

He went back to the bridge deck and tuned the radio for Miami news, but there was still nothing about the events in Cuba. He stood staring grimly at the *Crown & Anchor*, saw Pip waiting on the dock as Bahama came down the gangplank carrying an orange-colored air tank the size of a small watermelon and a green face mask. He had changed to bathing trunks and he looked ridiculous with the folds of flesh bulging at his waistline. He and Pip set off together for the salt-water pool on the other side of the marina, fringed by palmettos.

There were three ancient cannon and a huge anchor, crusted with rust and coral, and Pip paused to examine them, but Bahama called him on. The pool was depressed, hidden by its earthen banks, and had a small beach of powdered limestone that was like grainy flour under Pip's feet. The water of the pool was milky and opaque, like the lagoon at Key Largo, although the bay water just beyond was crystal clear. Pip put a toe in and found the water pretty warm, but he drew back. You could not tell how deep this green-white water was nor what was there beneath.

"O.K., Pip, try this for size," Bahama said, and Pip slipped his arms through the shoulder straps, felt the weight of the tank snug on his back.

"I thought maybe dad would come over, too, and watch," he said.

Bahama's red lips grinned. "You scared, Pip? You wouldn't want your pop to think you was scared, would you?" He handed Pip the mask. "There's nothing to it, boy. You put this here in your mouth like so and you breathe through it. Try it out. Just forget you got a nose. The mask will cover up your nose and eyes. Go ahead, put it on."

Pip slipped the mask on, and Bahama tightened the strap until it fitted close; Pip felt the firm pressure along his cheeks. Bahama took his hand and waded with him into the water.

"Now you go down and have a look around," Bahama said. "Put the mouthpiece in. O.K., don't be scared. Put it in your mouth and down you go."

They were in water up to Pip's neck, and Bahama's big hands rested on his shoulders, suddenly bore him down. The pressure forced him under and held him there relentlessly and he was struck by a terrible fear. The mouthpiece filled his mouth, and blood pounded in his temples, and his lungs were sucking, but there was no air. Wild panic surged up in him, and he thrashed his arms and legs, tried to jerk away from the powerful vise of Bahama's big hands. In panic he snatched the mouthpiece away and gulped thick water, felt his lungs bursting with it and a heavy rushing blackness in his head and he knew that he was drowning, dying.

TO BE CONTINUED

YOUR SAVINGS EARN MORE

in Southern California

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

earn 4½% *current annual rate*

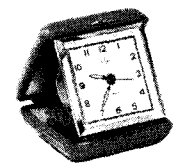
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN INSURANCE CORPORATION · SAFETY OF YOUR SAVINGS INSURED UP TO $10,000

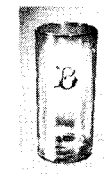
EARNINGS ON INSURED SAVINGS NOW STAND AT A NEW HIGH OF 4½% PER YEAR IN CALIFORNIA AT WORLD SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

Located in the heart of Los Angeles on Wilshire Blvd., World Savings is strategically situated in the middle of our nation's greatest construction market and leading area of industrial growth. The need for money to support the expanded business in Southern California has brought about increased earning power for save-by-mail investors. Send for free booklet "Why Investors Look to California," or air mail funds to World Savings and receive booklet with your savings passbook by return air mail.

• Dividends compounded quarterly • Resources now over $60 million • Savings accounts insured to $10,000 by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation • Main Office: Lynwood, California • Air mail postage paid both ways • Savings postmarked by the 10th of the month earn from the 1st of the same month.



FREE GIFT
for opening a new savings account of $1,000 or more
★ TRAVEL ALARM CLOCK
or
★ 8 CRYSTAL TUMBLERS
Please specify gift.
twelve ounce monogrammed in 23-k gold.



Air mail funds to: Wilshire office of

WORLD SAVINGS

AND LOAN ASSOCIATION
1926 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 57-X, California

FREE BOOKLET "Why Investors Look To California"

World Savings and Loan Association
1926 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 57-X, California

☐ Please send me your booklet, "Why Investors Look To California"

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How To Be Really Clean

(Continued from Page 30)

microscopic lint particles on your coat sleeve or invisible dandruff on your collar or powder and lipstick on your face—or because you're likely to rub your hands together and flake off a thousandth-of-an-inch-long piece of skin that would contaminate a stainless-steel workbench.

In other words, in a modern-factory Clean Room the mere entrance of a well-washed and normally clad human being is regarded as a calamity comparable to a chimney sweep's crashing the gate at a Buckingham Palace garden party. It might require hours or even days of work to eliminate the trail of debris—a pin point of dirt from shoes, a flake of cigarette ash or a minuscule fragment of hair—that almost certainly would be scattered about by the world's best-dressed woman in a single passage across the room.

Such a description of cleanliness will rightly be regarded as ridiculous by housewives; but in the industrial world, the science of building and maintaining Clean Rooms for processing and packaging precision products has developed at whirlwind speed in the last few years and is now a rapidly expanding phase of big Big Business. Last year an article in *The Saturday Evening Post* [THE MEASUREMENT PINCH, by Beverly Smith Jr., Sept. 10, 1960] explained the importance to American technological progress, particularly in the space race with Russia, of improving our ability to measure perfectly in terms of millionths of an inch. For example, an error of a millionth of an inch—about one three-thousandths of the thickness of a hair—in the bore hole of a guidance gyroscope can cause a space shot to miss the moon by a thousand miles.

Just as important in modern technology—and just as fantastic to the layman—is the need for cleanliness. Without factory Clean Rooms, your transistor radio might go haywire because of a speck of impurity in a tiny metal bar. A jet airplane might turn far off course because a fragment of lint in a valve causes malfunction of a guidance system that controls the movement of tons of machinery. A $1,000,000 guided missile can fail because a single fingerprint caused oxidation or corrosion of a ball bearing in which the track must not vary from a true circle by more than fifty millionths of an inch.

It is not easy for the layman to follow the conversation of experts on cleanliness when they talk about fifty millionths of an inch, which is about one-fortieth of the thickness of the paper on which this magazine is printed. But difficulty in comprehending does not lessen the importance of cleanliness in modern technological progress.

"The United States," a Boston publicity expert wrote recently with only a reasonable degree of exaggeration, "could lose a war because of a particle of dust only one ten-thousandth the size of the period that ends this sentence"—or, he might have added, because of the actual weight of a fingerprint on a vital part of a gyroscope in the guidance system of an intercontinental missile. It is because such unimaginably small things can cause the failure of such huge, expensive mechanisms as a space rocket that ultracleanliness has become essential to quality control in thousands of miniature parts in defense production. "If the washing machine in your kitchen develops a faulty part," Walter W. Kenyon of Millipore Filter Corporation said recently, "you call a man to fix it, and all is well. If one of many thousands of parts in a rocket fails, the whole works fails and is lost."

Although primitive Clean Rooms or White Rooms have long been used in certain manufacturing processes—watchmaking, for example—the astonishing progress in the science of cleanliness in the last few years has been due to the necessity of making extremely small parts like ball bearings or switches to save space and weight on rockets and jet planes and in gunfire control systems, hearing aids, dental drills and similar products. In this connection it is interesting to note that the first Russian space rockets had tremendous thrust, or power, and thus could carry a huge load aloft. At that time American rockets could not develop comparable thrust or carry such a big load, so that we had to make smaller space vehicles, in which every part had to be much smaller—and much cleaner—in order to function perfectly.

As a result of an increasing trend to miniature parts in the early 1950's, engineers began talking glibly about measurements in microns—one twenty-five-thousandth of an inch—and in fractions

... ...

Wading

By Richard Armour

Stones are slippery,
  Sides are steep,
Pools of a sudden
  Drop down deep. . . .

Water is tricky,
  Gets the best of me,
Starts with my feet,
  Ends with the rest of me.

... ...

of a micron which cannot be seen even with a powerful microscope. American manufacturers began turning out these tiny parts successfully, but they also began getting a fatally high number of rejects—as high as 30 per cent—because an infinitesimal bit of dust or lint or moisture contaminated a delicate mechanism before it was sealed into its final container. The only answer was to do the final work and assembly of such parts in a room where there was an absolute minimum of dust or moisture.

At first glance this might seem to be a problem for comparatively few manufacturers. But many contractors and subcontractors and specialty manufacturers actually are involved in one way or another in producing a mechanism like a rocket guidance system, and the problem spreads in varying forms to a large number of plants. "The need for white rooms," the trade publication *Air Engineering* said recently, "will continue at an accelerated pace. The business . . . is moving so fast that it won't stand still to be counted. Products that must be processed in white rooms will continue to grow in importance."

When the big need for ultra-Clean Rooms first arose in the 1950's, however, nobody was really sure how to build them. Some engineers in big factories achieved reasonably satisfactory results by a trial-and-error method of construction at considerable expense. Then plant engineers all over the country began informally exchanging information and thus gradually built up a long list of things that should or should not be done to decrease the danger of contamination. By 1960 there were some remarkable examples of Clean Rooms scattered across the nation, but none was perfect. "That," commented Horace B. Van Dorn, director of engineering at the Fafnir Bearing Company in Connecticut, "is because there is no such thing as a completely dust-free room. It's just a matter of degree."

Many plants have clean or "white" areas that are satisfactory for the products assembled there. Possibly 200 have built Clean Rooms; but in these, conditions vary greatly. The manufacture of miniature ball bearings requires a high degree of cleanliness in assembly areas of factories such as, for example, the Fafnir Bearing Company, the New Departure Division of General Motors in Ohio, the Barden Corporation in Connecticut or the handsome, prize-winning plant of Miniature Precision Bearings in New Hampshire. But rules enforced in such Clean Rooms may be quite different from those in similar rooms at plants like Eclipse Pioneer Division of Bendix Corporation in New Jersey, or Lear, Inc., in Michigan, or Motorola Semiconductor Products, Inc., in Arizona. Generally, the most rigid rules may be enforced in plants making extremely delicate electronic, inertial-guidance and gyroscope products, such as N.A. Autonetics in California, Kearfott Division of General Precision Equipment, Inc., in New Jersey, AC Sparkplug in Wisconsin, Sandia Corporation in New Mexico, Minneapolis-Honeywell, Sperry Gyroscope Company and American Bosch Arma on Long Island.

A visit to a Clean Room is strictly out of this world. All have many features in common, but each has variations, so that the best idea of facilities can be given by a kind of composite description of an ultra-Clean Room with the latest innovations. You are likely to reach most Clean Rooms by walking through an ordinary-looking factory where workers in the usual coveralls and smocks are busy at machines. Then you come to a door bearing a sign: FOR SUPERCLEAN PERSONNEL ONLY.

"That's a status sign," explained the plant engineer who accompanied me. "Everybody who goes through this door is indoctrinated. They have to enter when their shift starts and remain there, eating lunch in a special room, until the workday ends. They have to be sold on cleanliness and then resold every day, because familiarity breeds carelessness."

We pushed open the heavy door and stepped into a passage, shut off from the factory as if we were on another planet. The passage extended around two sides of a structure perhaps eight feet high. I sniffed the air, which seemed no different from that in the factory proper.

"Oh, this is just the service area," my companion said. "Everything from electric lights to air filters and vacuuming is arranged for servicing outside the Clean Room. There isn't even a light switch inside. The light sockets are above the Plexiglas ceiling for servicing from a catwalk. If you changed a bulb inside, you might scatter dust all over. This way, please."

We came to a thick glass door that moved on two aluminum pivots sunk into the floor and ceiling to permit dustproof sealing. Ordinary hinges cause metal to move against metal, and tiny metal fragments are chipped off and drift in the air. Adjacent to the door is the foreman's desk, so that he can check everybody entering the Clean Room. Here, too, are a dozen gauges that constantly measure everything from the temperature to the air pressure and the dew point inside the Clean Room—and ring an alarm bell if any change occurs.

A faint breeze struck my face as we opened the glass door—air under pressure moving out of the inner room so that the dusty air around us could not enter. This entry room was under air pressure of .04 inch of water above the normal atmospheric level, but other parts of the Clean Room are under pressure that increases as you move toward the most critical area, which is pressurized to about .20 inch. Thus the air and the dust flows always away from the critical area whenever a door is opened.

Obeying the instructions of my companion, I stuck my feet into a shoe cleaner, a set of nylon brushes revolving at 430 strokes a minute, that scours shoes so vigorously you have to hang on to a supporting bar to keep your balance. To approach the next door I had to walk across a thick black mat—a tacky gelatin mat, I was told—that seemed to grip the soles of my shoes as it gobbled up whatever dirt remained on them. (Some experts reject these mats as dust collectors and prefer floor suction grills that draw off dirt and carry it away.)

The doors into and out of the interior sections of the Clean Room open only in one direction, so that it is impossible to enter except by going through the small chamber—four feet by four feet—in which I now found myself. Actually it is a kind of air lock. As soon as I stepped inside, the door behind me and the door immediately in front of me automatically locked. At the same instant a blast of thirty-mile-an-hour wind from overhead hit me, carrying away dust, lint and stray hair particles and forcing them out through a powerful vacuum at floor level. This "air shower" lasted thirty seconds, after which the door ahead of me automatically unlocked. In some air showers the doors do not lock, but if anyone attempts to hurry through the little chamber without waiting the prescribed time, a "dodo" alarm bell rings, calling attention to the violation of rules.

"I feel pretty clean now," I remarked as we entered the next room, but my companion merely sneered politely.

"You're still about as dirty as usual," he replied. "The biggest problem in keeping Clean Rooms clean is people. That's why we have this locker room."

In the locker room I was handed a sealed polyethylene bag containing light tan nylon coveralls, a snugly fitting Dacron cap and a pair of nylon overshoes. In most Clean Rooms, workers are required to remove only their jackets and sweaters before donning the coveralls, but some foremen enforce much stricter rules.

"Don't unseal the bag," the engineer warned me, "until you've taken off your clothes, except for underwear, socks and shoes and put everything into your locker and closed the door. Otherwise, you'll merely shake the dirt off your clothes onto the coveralls."

The coveralls had no pockets and no cuffs. They fastened tightly around my neck, wrists and ankles, and the cap came down over my ears. I began to get an eerie feeling that I was preparing for an interplanetary flight as I pulled the bulky overshoes up around my legs and fastened them. They were a little awkward to shuffle along in, I remarked.

"That's good," said my guide. "All of this stuff is about as lint-free as you can get, but don't walk fast or you'll push some dust-laden air in front of you. Don't move around more than necessary. Take it easy. Some of our experts say they can always tell Clean Room workers by the way they walk. They call it the superclean shuffle."

"I feel well enveloped," I said. "Am I clean?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He gave me a critical glance. "Just so-so. Don't rub your eyebrows or you may shake loose some dust." He inspected my elbows and the seat of my coveralls. "When we get worn spots on this synthetic material, we throw the stuff away, because even if there is no lint, little fragments may break off."

I picked up my notebook and automatic pencil, and he almost screamed. "No! Those shed carbon particles and paper fibers. Here are some acetate writing sheets and a ball-point pen you can use."

We stopped at a row of washbasins where there were no towels and no handles on the faucets. Towels spread lint. If you turned a faucet, you might contaminate it with dirt from your hands and then, after washing, you could pick up the dirt on your hands again as you turned the faucet off. Liquid soap came out of a container. I pressed a button with my knee to turn on the water. I dried my hands under a filtered-air blower. I put on a pair of clean white kid gloves.

Ahead of us was a series of half a dozen sealed rooms with glass walls. Each wall had a row of big colored dots in the glass, which was so clean that otherwise you might walk into it. There were no outside windows, but a row of sealed, double glass windows permitted a view of a section of the nonclean plant. The windows, as well as various instruments, were set flush into the wall with no edges to catch dust. "No windows at all would be better," my guide said, "but this view gives operators in the Clean Room a feeling of contact with the plant and helps prevent claustrophobia. We call them acanfae windows—anticlaustrophobia-and-no-fooling-around-either windows."

Opening another glass door, we entered the preassembly room against a stronger flow of air that pushed out any dust we carried with us. You could feel the change in the air you breathed, a boon to sufferers from hay fever or similar allergies. The temperature was a steady seventy-four degrees, the humidity an unchanging 40 per cent, the dew point was controlled at thirty-two degrees below zero to prevent moisture. The slightest change—say, a single degree in temperature—rings an alarm bell. The air supply, which is changed every four minutes and is entirely separate from the rest of the plant, was filtered to .3 microns; that is, a series of filters had removed 99.95 per cent of all particles of .3 micron—about twelve millionths of an inch—or larger. Carl E. Schmid, engineering manager of Kearfott Division of General Precision, Inc., once figured out that it would take 112,000,000 particles of .3 micron size to cover a dot one eighth of an inch in diameter.

In the past most plants have built their own Clean Rooms, but a few companies—Unistrut Products Company of Chicago; the Baker Company, Inc., of Biddeford, Maine; Shielding, Inc., in New Jersey; Packaged Laboratories and General Acoustics Corporation, both of Los Angeles, for example—specialized in this field. In 1960 Controlled Environment, Inc., of Needham, Massachusetts, was formed, with Robert D. Peck as president, to take on the task of designing and installing complete Clean Rooms according to whatever standards of cleanliness are required for the product being manufactured. Controlled Environment, Inc., also trains personnel. The Lansdale division of Philco Corporation recently has arranged to supply specialized equipment for Clean Rooms.

The Clean Room normally is constructed inside a plant with either a wooden or a prefabricated-steel framework. One material for satisfactory interior siding is four-by-eight-foot sections of porcelainized steel—a kind of sandwich of thin steel over hardboard with porcelain on the exposed side. But stainless steel, plastic vinyl and various other materials often are preferred. All except stainless steel can be done in color to lessen the starkness of the room. Each panel may be sealed with heavy, metalized adhesive tape and cork-rubber composition tape. Panels may be snapped into position and firmly held by pressure so that no bolts, screws or nails are exposed. No wood, wax or paint is used.

The outside wall panels can be of hardboard or other material, but sections should be easily removable to permit access to electric and vacuuming equipment for servicing from the outside. The walls are fully insulated, and the entire framework is repeatedly vacuum cleaned as it is being constructed to remove dust particles before the walls are sealed. Each wall has an escape panel that can easily be pushed open from the inside in event of an emergency.

The interior walls are rounded at the top, bottom and each corner to form easily cleaned, curving connections, thus eliminating all sharp angles. The ceiling is of Plexiglas or tinted glass fused to steel with translucent, sealed and shadowless light panels that can be serviced from an outside catwalk above the Clean Room. The floor is of vinyl or similar material in wide sheets and may be sealed together with a hot iron so that virtually all cracks are eliminated. Various other materials can be used for the interior, depending on the degree of cleanliness necessary and on the price that can be profitably paid for a Clean Room. Cost of construction alone may vary from around thirty dollars to well over fifty dollars per square foot—or about $15,000 for an empty shell the size of an ordinary living room. With minimum equipment for workers, the cost rises to at least $100 a square foot; but, in addition, virtually all Clean Rooms have special equipment costing many thousands of dollars.

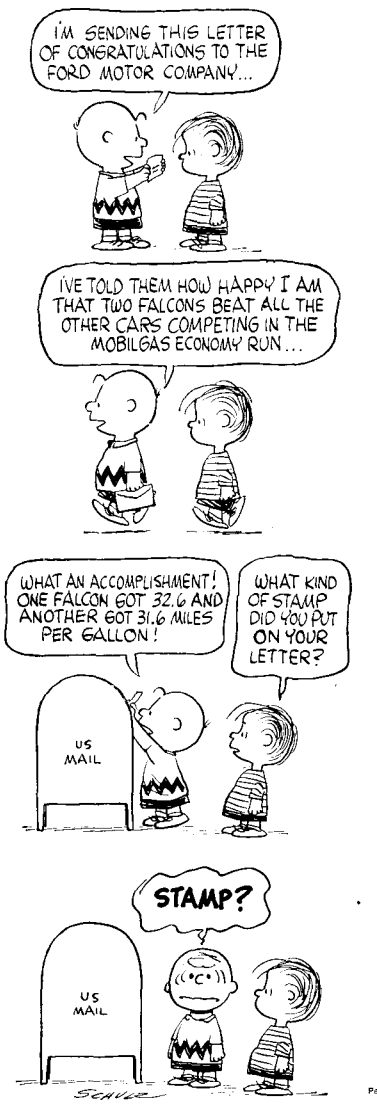
Stainless steel is perhaps the most satisfactory material for equipment such as workbenches, but chrome plating, anodized aluminum, plastics, Formica and other materials are often suitable. Benches are mounted on pedestals for easy cleaning and are no more than thirty inches high, so the operators will keep their feet on the floor and avoid scraping against anything. Chairs are made to glide on the floor so they may be nudged around easily without being touched by the worker's gloved hand. Intercommunications systems and outside telephones make it easy for the workers to talk to one another or to other parts of the plant without moving around. Soft kid or plastic gloves are worn to prevent finger perspiration that causes rust.

In the Clean Rooms I visited there was always at least one man cleaning with a long plastic vacuum hose or plastic sponges or nylon mops soaked in filtered isopropyl alcohol. Spot cleaning goes on constantly, and an over-all job is done at regular intervals. Since the cleaners cannot normally see the dust or particles they

---

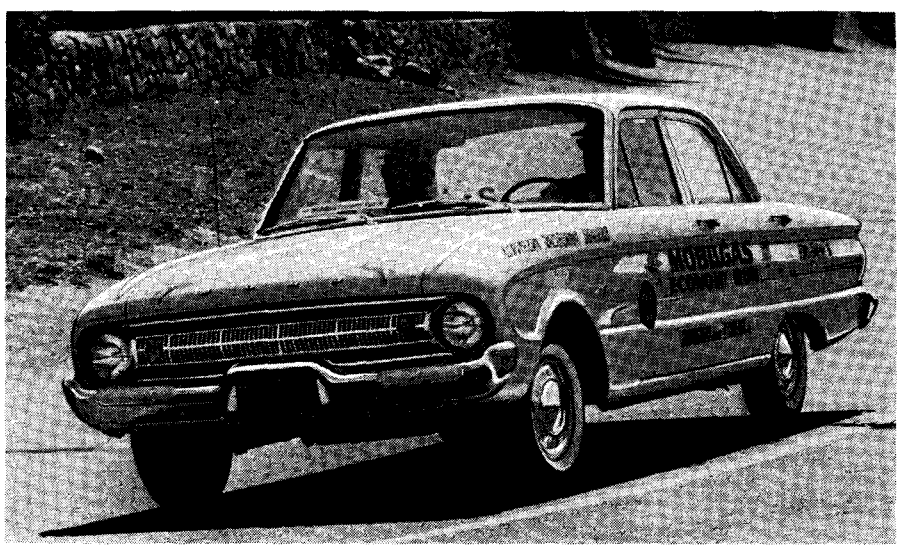
Just about all that some women's bathing attire leaves to the imagination is the color of the eyes behind the dark glasses.

HAL CHADWICK


I'M SENDING THIS LETTER OF CONGRATULATIONS TO THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY...
I'VE TOLD THEM HOW HAPPY I AM THAT TWO FALCONS BEAT ALL THE OTHER CARS COMPETING IN THE MOBILGAS ECONOMY RUN...
WHAT AN ACCOMPLISHMENT! ONE FALCON GOT 32.6 AND ANOTHER GOT 31.6 MILES PER GALLON!
WHAT KIND OF STAMP DID YOU PUT ON YOUR LETTER?
US MAIL
STAMP?
US MAIL
SCHULZ

Peanuts Characters © 1950 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

Thank you for writing, Charlie Brown. Naturally we're tickled pink about Falcon's 1-2 success under the cross-country test conditions of this year's Mobilgas Economy Run...especially since all the drivers in the Run were experts . . . and really out to win! The winning Falcon with standard shift scored the best gas mileage ever for a 6- or 8-cylinder car in the 25-year history of the Run . . . *32.6 miles per gallon!* Here's another way Falcon saves . . . it's America's lowest priced 6-passenger car*! See all the '61 Falcons, including the brand-new Falcon Futura, compact cousin of the Thunderbird, at your Ford Dealer's. FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*



FORD *Falcon* '61

AMERICA'S BEST SELLING COMPACT

*Based on a comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail delivered prices.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are trying to remove, they must clean in a carefully designed pattern to be sure that they cover the entire surface of a wall or a floor.

Materials used in assembly work are carefully cleaned before being moved into the Clean Room through an air lock in the wall. They move along the assembly line in some instances on a stainless-steel belt and may never be touched except with superclean tools. The parts are repeatedly cleaned after entering the Clean Room, with hot-air blowers and in ultrasonic tanks of liquid where 40,000-cycle-per-second vibrations shake free virtually every particle. Final stages of assembly may be done in what appears to be the cleanest work space on earth—a glass-and-metal shield, or actually a kind of box, into which the operator can put his hands and tools through small openings. Filtered air is forced into the shield so that a constant outward flow prevents any stray particle in the Clean Room from entering.

Parts in production are moved about in stainless-steel pans covered with a sheet of plastic. But in final assembly of gyroscopes, for example, there is danger that dust or particles on the plastic cover might be dislodged and contaminate a vital part. This danger can be reduced by setting up a long shield at which half a dozen men can work. The thoroughly cleaned parts enter at one end, move from man to man on a stainless-steel conveyor belt inside the long shield and at the other end are permanently sealed inside a container before being ejected into the Clean Room air.

It should be emphasized that, since the building of Clean Rooms is still a new science, experts frequently disagree on how to achieve the best results. At Sperry Gyroscope on Long Island, for example, there is no insulation in the walls, but the Clean Room is surrounded by a sealed double wall that encloses an eight-inch dead-air space. James B. Steed, who has engineered four Clean Rooms for American Bosch Arma, believes large rooms are most satisfactory even if they are harder to keep clean. Steed's largest room, in which extremely delicate gyroscopes and accelerometers for missile guidance systems are assembled, covers 11,000 square feet and accommodates up to eighty operators. Some experts regard fifty workers as a maximum for any Clean Room and prefer to divide the area into several chambers.

In any event, operators are widely spaced—perhaps eighty square feet per person—to avoid spread of contamination. Workers cannot have mustaches or beards or long sideburns. At one time Ernest Griesbach of Sperry even went so far as to require visitors to the Clean Room to cover mustaches with gauze and adhesive, but he lost his nerve when escorting a dignified and high-ranking admiral with a huge, bristling crop of hair on his upper lip, and that precaution has since been abandoned. The hair of all workers should be cut as short as is "socially acceptable," and every haircut must be followed by a thorough shampoo. Rouge, powder, aftershave lotions, lipstick, nail polish, rings, watches and earrings are forbidden in most ultra-Clean Rooms, and women are instructed to wear lint-free underwear of synthetic material if smocks instead of coveralls are allowed.

There usually is a high ratio of supervisors to workers—sometimes as many as one to ten—and supervisors are frequently shifted around to prevent laxity. Workers generally are chosen for their experience and skill, but a question of temperament may also be considered because they are more or less isolated. All go through a period of indoctrination in which they are impressed with the fact that failure to obey a rule may cost the company thousands of dollars for one rejected mechanism. They may smoke and eat only in the lunchroom within the Clean Room, and they must air-shower and wash again as they return to their benches. They may not carry anything into the Clean Room, not even keys and especially not handkerchiefs or facial tissues. If they feel a cold developing or have a skin irritation, they must report immediately to the supervisor. Experience has shown, incidentally, that the normal flaking off of skin occurs more rapidly in blonds and that, in this respect, a dark-skinned—and bald—person is likely to cause the least contamination in a Clean Room.

Normally there are plenty of men and women who like to work in the Clean Room, although they do not receive extra pay. There is a certain prestige about the job. Surroundings are quiet, the atmosphere is perfect, and there's certainly not much danger of getting your hands dirty. But the foreman of a Clean Room always has his troubles too. He can never let his guard down against carelessness or violation of rules. Inspection is practically continuous and for a good reason. For example, a foreman recently observed a worker, who had passed inspection earlier, removing his wrist watch from his plastic boot where, for some unfathomable reason, he had hidden it. He was promptly transferred to a less clean job.

Some workers don't like the Clean Room because they suffer from claustrophobia or because they get tired of seeing the same few faces all day and every day. One man was shifted at his own request because he wanted to eat lunch with his buddies in another department. Women often complain that they don't want to go without make-up or that the clothes are unbecoming. "I changed my job," one girl explained, "because that darned cap made me look awful. The supervisor tried out five different styles before most of the girls were satisfied, but I didn't even like the fifth."

The rules about make-up are not always strictly enforced in some Clean Rooms where, as the engineers say, "we can live" with less than maximum cleanliness. When I saw one girl wearing earrings, I asked her if she wasn't violating the rules. "Not any more," she replied. "Earrings were barred at first, but we all complained so that they let us try wearing them and discovered that in this particular room it doesn't matter." In the White Room of the Leach Corporation, a Los Angeles electronics firm, women complained so vigorously about the rule against lipstick that the company let them try a special no-flake, no-smear variety. It was satisfactory, but the problem arose as to whether some of the girls might cheat and wear another kind. To be on the safe side, the foreman bought a large supply of the proper kind and handed it out free. "The only apparent alternative," an employee quipped later "was to hire an inspector to kiss each girl each morning to see if her lipstick came off."

Occasionally some fantastic detective work is necessary to keep a Clean Room clean. In one instance a plague of lint particles appeared about every seventh day, although there was not a scrap of material in the Clean Room that might shed lint. For days a careful inspection was made of everything and everybody, but sampling of the air showed that, at regular intervals, there was a drastic increase of lint. Finally microscopic examination of the workers' coveralls one day showed they had lint on them; but this merely increased the mystery because the coveralls were made of lint-free nylon. A step-by-step pursuit eventually showed that the lint was on the coveralls wher they were returned by a local laundry, and examination of the laundry revealed that the lint was picked up when the coveralls were put into machines in which cotton materials previously had been washed. Even though the washing machines were thoroughly cleaned between washings, some lint remained and clung to the coveralls. As a result, the laundry bought new machines in which nothing but the clothes from the Clean Room is washed. A special detergent is used, and the work is done in a dustproof room, where the coveralls are then sealed into polyethylene containers and delivered directly to the Clean Room lockers.

A complicated system of "fingerprinting" airborne dust in order to eliminate its source has been developed by D. P. Hoffman and his staff at the Convair (Astronautics) Division of General Dynamics Corporation in California. Samples of the atmosphere in various parts of the Clean Room are automatically taker at frequent intervals and examined by optical microscope to determine particle size and type distribution, by emission spectrograph to determine chemical elements present and by infrared spectrophotometer to determine types of organic molecules present. These "fingerprints" of dust help the experts trace down its source and they are filed away on detailed charts so that they may be easily compared with the "fingerprints" of future contamination to facilitate its elimination.

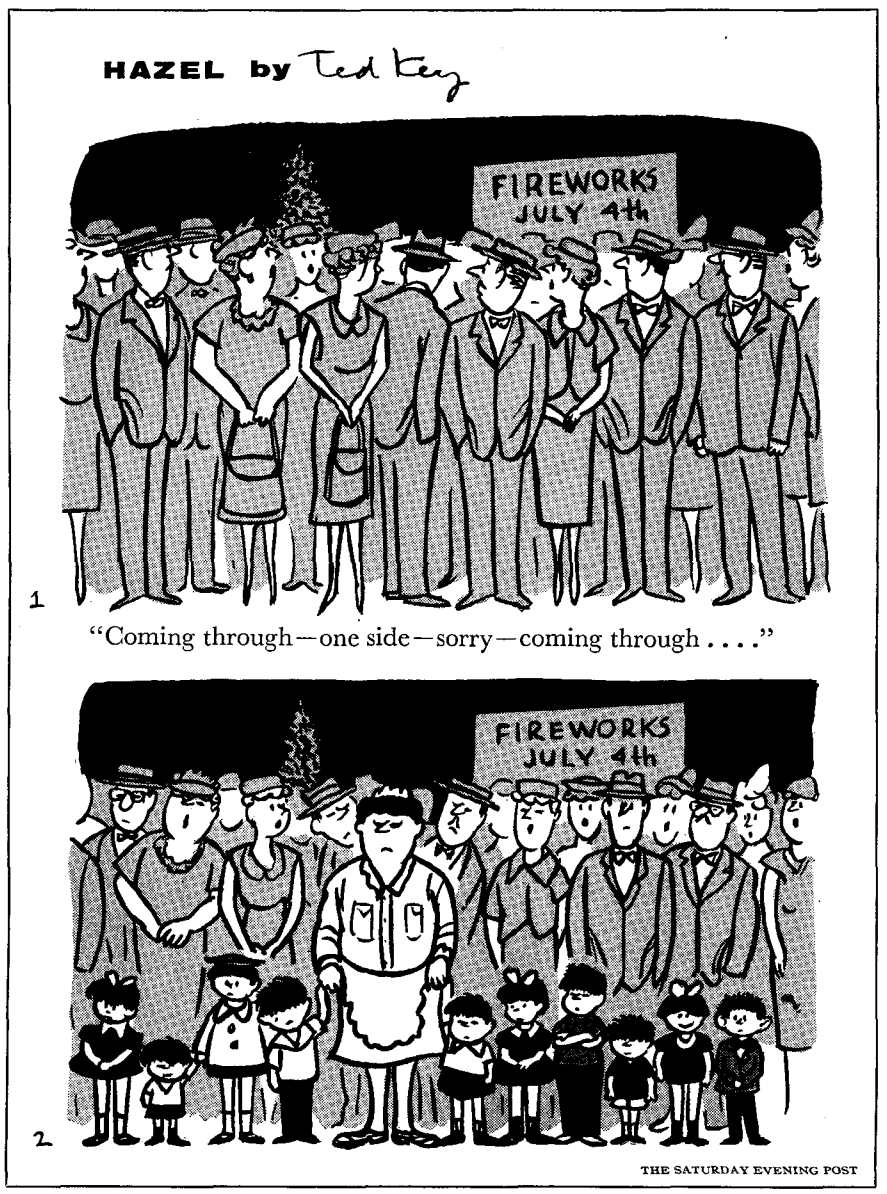
The steadily increasing demand in industry for microminiaturization—that is, reducing of all kinds of parts to smaller and smaller sizes—is now putting great pressure on the experts to make Clean Rooms cleaner and cleaner. New and ingenious ideas pop up almost every time another room is constructed. At the New Departure miniature and instrument ball bearings plant in Sandusky, Ohio, for example, a very modern Clean Room completed late in 1960 has glass-and-stainless-steel walls that "lean" inward about thre degrees off plumb in the most critica areas. This is to enhance the force of gravity on any particles that might tend to amalgamate through static attraction and cling to a straight wall. All metal in the walls is grounded by concealed copper wires to discourage static. The room also has a forty-mile-per-hour air shower that blows from front and back as well as from the ceiling to shake dust from workers' clothes, and in critical areas women employees wear a kind of hood that leaves only part of their faces exposed.

In an effort to promote and develop the technology of super Clean Rooms, engineering experts at a convention in Phoenix, Arizona, last November formed the American Society for Control of Contaminated Atmospheres. Out of this or some similar organization may come agreement on standards or classification of Clean Rooms so that in the future, cor tamination will be still further reduced.

"But," remarked one experienced engineer, "no room is really going to be 100 per cent perfect. Even if all the mechanical problems could be solved, you've still got human beings inside. You can vacuum them or scour them or dip them, but you just can't get them completely clean. Now, maybe someday we can build a robot who will. . . ."

Maybe—but not tomorrow.

THE END



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wherever you go...go first by Long Distance

You'll be sure of extra pleasure all along the way.

And folks will be expecting you when you drop in.

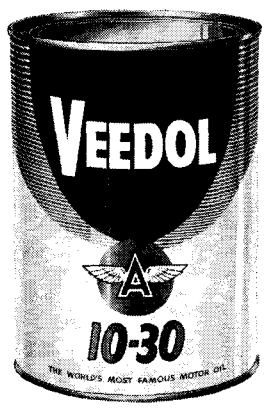
Calling ahead is a good idea—don't you agree?

Keep in touch by Long Distance BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why is one motor oil famous in 82 countries?

Because it's been proven the world over, under all driving conditions. Veedol protects against engine wear *full time* —even under the most trying climate and road conditions. Hot or cold, fast or slow—Veedol solves any lubrication problem. It's the world's most famous motor oil. For distinguished service in your car, ask for Veedol at your favorite service station, garage, or car dealer.



TIDEWATER OIL COMPANY

Keeping Posted

From Surrey and Saskatchewan To the Shores of Tripoli

England's John Prebble.

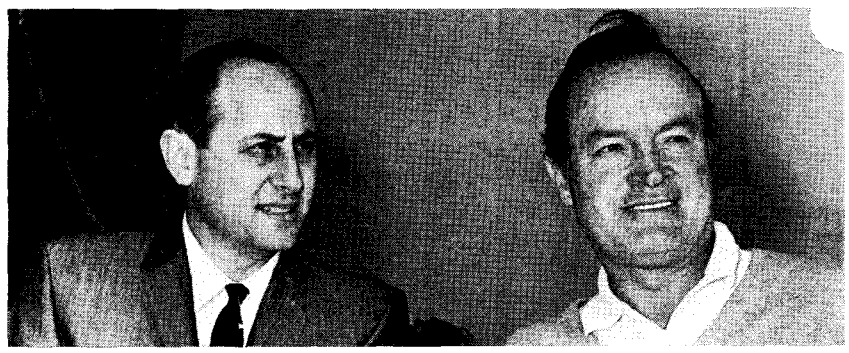
John Prebble, author of A Town Named Hate, the disquieting Western drama on page 16, is a resident of a town named Coulsdon, in Surrey, England. He was born in England, but spent his early boyhood in Saskatchewan, Canada, where began his romance with American history. This romance stems in part from Prebble's tenuous kinship to the United States: On a distant branch of his family tree is Commodore Edward Preble USN, who commanded a naval expedition against the pirates of Tripoli in 1803; and he claims a great-great-uncle who served the Union in the Civil War, later went buffalo hunting for the Army, married an Indian girl and brought her home to Kent. Our Mr. Prebble has been a rent collector in the London slums, a soldier in the Royal Artillery and a Fleet Street newspaperman. Now a free-lancer, he has written ten books, including two Western novels, *Spanish Stirrup* and *The Buffalo Soldiers*. *The Christian Science Monitor* has called him "this Zane Grey of the Thames," and the Western Writers of America have elected him to their society. He considers the latter achievement a singular honor, cowboy country being a long way from Surrey.

Olaf Ruhen, who writes this week of crocodile hunting in New Guinea, is a resident of Sydney, Australia. Late last year, he says, the administration of New Guinea was disturbed about the appetites of a pair of crocodiles in the Rigo district. The beasts had killed eight Melanesian natives in two years, sinking canoes and attempting to take one woman from the deck of a boat. The administration asked Tom Cole, an expert croc hunter, to dispatch the two killers. Cole succeeded and told Ruhen of his experiences. Ruhen shuffled the facts—"I felt that Tom was altogether too efficient to lend drama to the situation, so I went to the other extreme to turn him into a lady and a tyro at that"—and along came The Unwilling Huntress, of page 31.

The author of The Little Store on Bleecker Street (page 28) is a Greek-American who specializes in stories of other Greek-Americans. **Harry Mark Petrakis** was born in St. Louis, but has lived in Chicago since before his first birthday. His Bleecker Street story originated with a sad and gentle little Greek who for years operated a hole-in-the-wall sweetshop alongside a Chicago motion-picture house and who told fine stories of ancient Greece. But "progress" prevailed. Soon after the theater introduced a candy counter and popcorn machine, the sweetshop proprietor went broke and became a janitor.

Joe Alex Morris, once the managing editor of *Collier's*, is not managing editor of his home Guilford, Connecticut. While working at home on his article about industry's Clean Rooms (How To Be Really Clean, page 30), he wondered aloud why cigarette ashes were permitted to remain undisturbed on the living-room rug. Mrs. Morris answered his question with a question. "Why should I slave over a hot vacuum cleaner, now that I know that millions of invisible micron-size specks of dust would drift in as soon as anybody opened the front door? What this place needs is a few improvements—like nonmagnetic, stainless-steel walls, air-conditioning, an absolute filter and an air shower. Must we live in this squalor forever?"

Melvin Durslag, sports colum for the Los Angeles *Examiner* a other Hearst newspapers and author of our profile on pitcher Don Drysdale (L.A.'s Fiery Strike-Out Artist, page 25), was one of a committee of judges who selected the athletes to be honored on NBC-TV's *Bob Hope Buick Sports Award Show* of four months ago. Hope termed the show "an Academy Awards with sweat socks." Durslag was unable to top Hope's quip at the time, but now he offers the following: "Hope owns a piece of the Cleveland Indians, who, being in another league, fortunately don't have to face Drysdale. Don has played a cowboy in TV Westerns—and you know how cowboys feel about Indians."



Mel Durslag of the *Examiner*, Bob Hope of the Indians.

They Make You Laugh:

J Monahan

Jeffrey J. Monahan was born in Cranford, New Jersey, between the wars—"never mind which wars"—and has supported himself since he was sixteen. In his precartooning years he was employed as salesman, soldier, house painter, theater manager and silent-movie bit player. He played bits, for instance, with Milton Sills in *Men of Steel* and with Jack Mulhall in *Subway Sadie*. You haven't seen these silent-era sagas on the late-late show—but you may have seen Monahan on The Jack Paar Show. He has been Paar's guest on a couple of occasions.

Monahan lives in Jamaica, Lo Island, where his work is edited a parakeet named Willie, who, are told, pecks on his master's dome when confronted by an unfunny cartoon. Not long ago, in a neighborhood pub, Monahan observed the plight of a timid barfly who hesitated to speak out when his shoe was mashed by a heftier customer. Naturally Monahan converted this into a cartoon. Willie approved it, and so did we. See page 53.

Printed in U. S. A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you what? you forgot to bring the beer?

Pity the poor crew that sets sail without the beer. Better to have forgotten the anchor! Beer really belongs on a day like this. Can you imagine . . . water, water everywhere and not a drop of beer to drink? For that matter, is there *any* warm weather activity that doesn't call for a tall, cool satisfying glass of good beer or ale? Now, don't *you* go forgetting the beer on your next outing. Guests have been known to mutiny, you know.

THE UNITED STATES BREWERS ASSOCIATION, INC.
. . . whose members make today's finest beer and ale

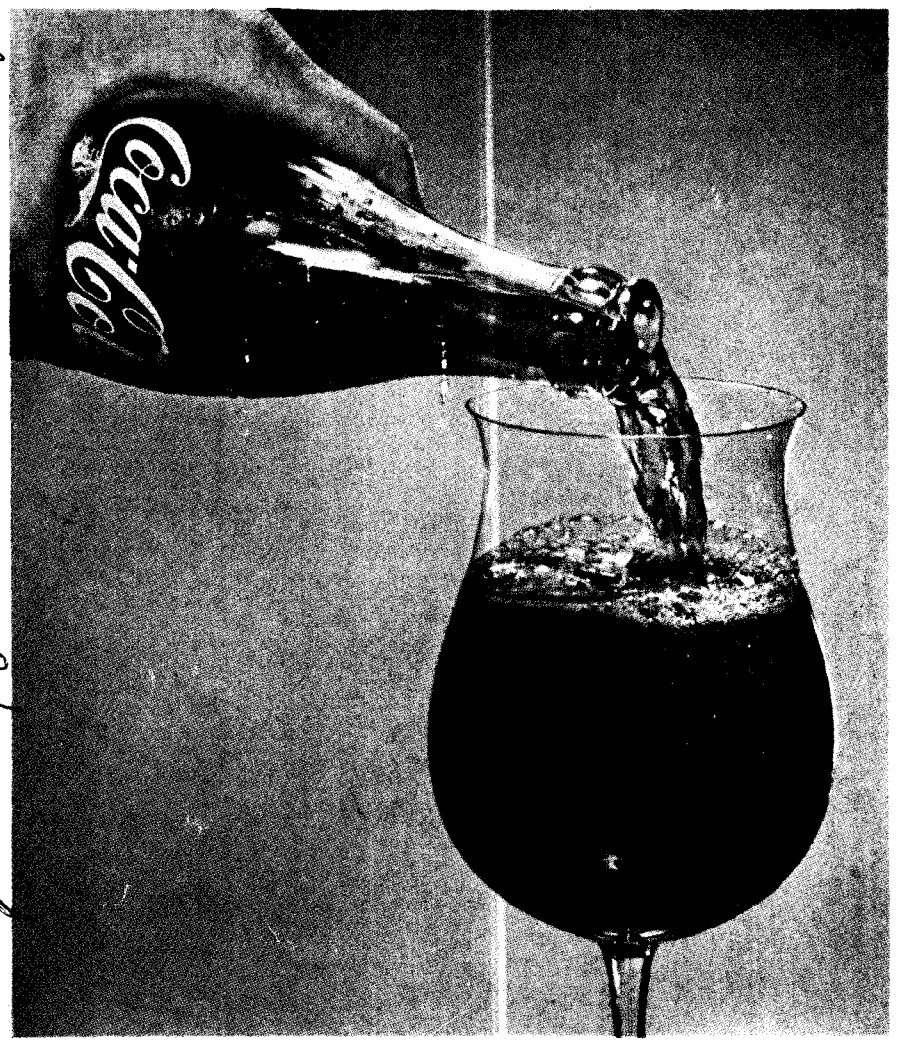
On a bright summer day: Nothing else is as good as a good glass of beer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

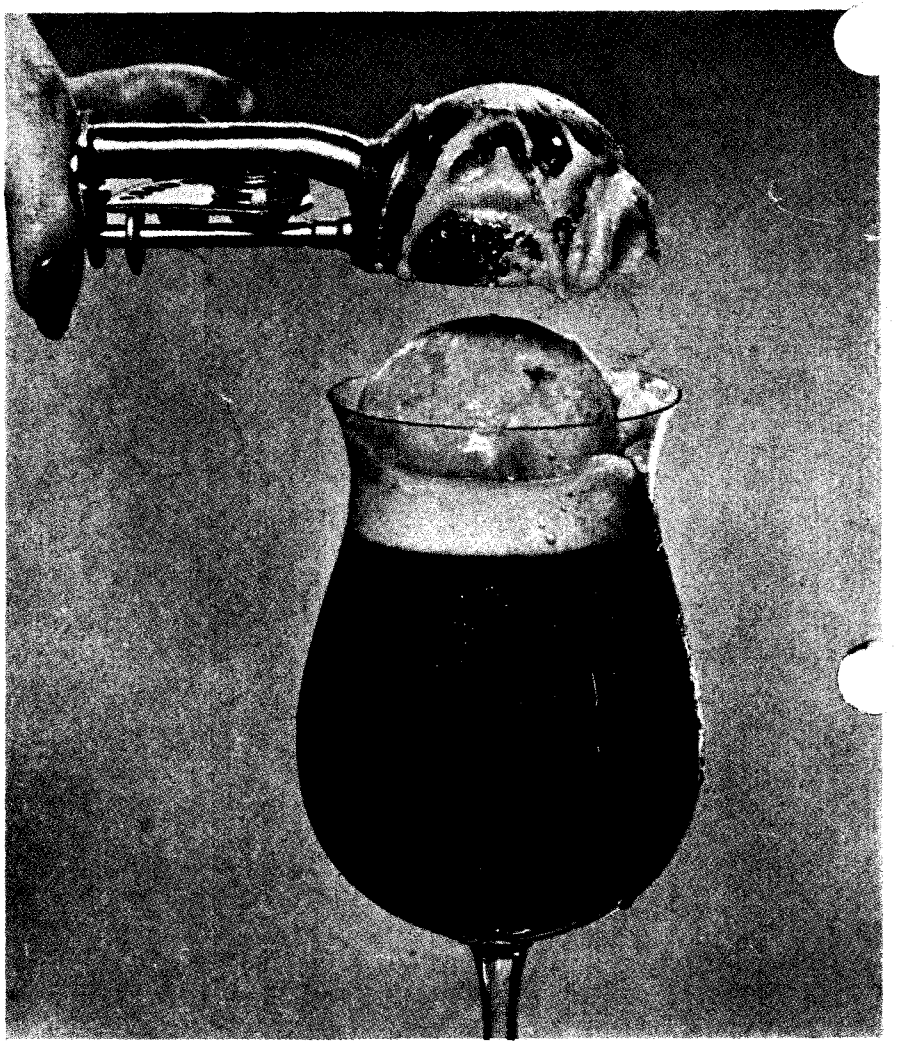
College Office — 363 Morse

1,2,3, ZING! (or how to make a Float with Coke)

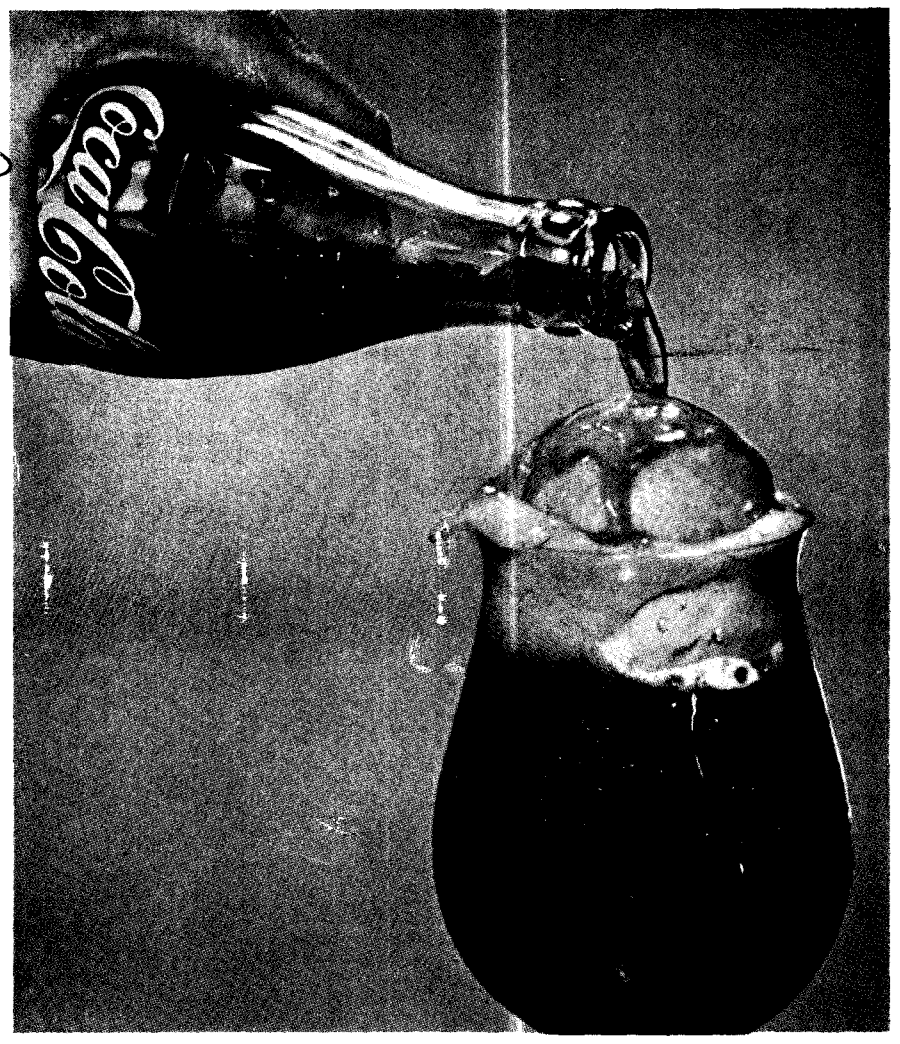
TRADE-MARK®



1. Pour a glass two-thirds full of ice-cold Coca-Cola...



2. Plunk a scoop of ice cream (or sherbet) into glass.



3. Top with more Coke...cherry, nuts, what have you.

ZING! enjoy that **REFRESHING NEW FEELING!**

COPYRIGHT © 1961 THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. "COKE" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED